McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX JULY 1907 No. 3

WILL THE "AMERICA" FLY TO THE POLE?

BY

WALTER WELLMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN seeking the North Pole in an airship, it is no toy that we are playing with. The "America" is no plaything, no fragile, short-lived balloon built to run for a few hours as the wind listeth, and then succumb — but a machine, big and stout, steel-muscled, full-lunged, strong-hearted, built for war, for work, for endurance, able to fight the winds that sentry the Pole and perhaps to defeat them. It is no flight of rhetoric to say that this airship is huge. It is gigantic. Its length is 183 feet, and its greatest diameter 52.5 feet. The steel car underneath it is 115 feet long; and from the bottom of this car to the top of the gas-reservoir, the distance is 65 feet, the height of a four-story house. The surface of the gas-reservoir or balloon is 24,000 square feet, or more than half an acre, and the weight of the envelop of cotton, silk, and rubber is two tons.

When the ship sets out upon its voyage, it will embrace, all told, 20,965 pounds — ten tons — of material and cargo.

If we add the weight of the hydrogen in the reservoir — 1,875 pounds — we have 22,840 pounds of men and materials moving northward in this engine of the air.

Chemistry is the foundation of our project. A cubic foot of air seems an intangible trifle, but wonderful is the power of the almost infinite multiplication of the infinitesimal. This cubic foot of air weighs less than one-tenth of a pound — or, to be precise, .080723 pounds if at 32° Fahr., and with the normal atmospheric pressure of 760 mm. But if we build a reservoir large enough to hold 265,490 cubic feet of air, a simple sum in arithmetic shows that the total weight of the air enclosed in it reaches the enormous amount of 21,431 pounds, avoirdupois. Pure hydrogen gas weighs only .00559 pounds per cubic foot, and is 14½ times lighter than air. If we could fill our reservoir with pure hydrogen, the weight of the hydrogen would be only 1,484 pounds, hence the lifting power would be 19,947 pounds. Practically it is not possible to secure pure hydrogen on so large a scale. But we can come very near it. With the specially built gas apparatus of the Expedition — a pretty piece of chemical engineering — we expect to make at Spitzbergen gas almost 80 per cent pure, weighing .007061 pounds per cubic foot. We may even be able to do a little better; but at that, taking the air at normal atmospheric pressure and temperature 32° Fahr., we shall have:

	POUNDS
Weight of one cubic foot of air . .	.080723
Weight of one cubic foot of hydrogen	.007061
Lifting power per cubic foot .	.073662

Copyright, 1907, by The S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

In the machine shop at Camp Wellman

It doesn't look like much; it is only a little more than one and one-tenth ounces; or, more exactly, 1.178592 ounces per cubic foot. But multiply it by 265,490, and we have the surprising total of 19,556 pounds. Thus inflated, the big bag will lift from the ground nearly ten tons, including, of course, its own weight — ten tons so nicely poised in the air that with your little finger you could move the whole mass to and fro. The following table gives the approximate distribution of weight among the parts of the airship:

	POUNDS
Gas-reservoir, or balloon, with valves, suspension of steel cables, all appurtenances	4,190
Steel *nacelle* or car, 115 feet long, with its silk covering, perpendicular and horizontal planes, etc.	1,325
Steel tank, 18 inches diameter, 115 feet long, metal 1 mm. thick, capacity 1,200 gallons gasolene	1,100
Motor 70-80 horse-power, motor 5 horse-power, screws, gearing, ventilator, radiator, air-heating apparatus, etc.	1,325
Retarder "serpent" or drag anchor, cable, and windlass for working it and the guide-rope "serpent"	440
Tools, spare parts, water, lubricant, etc.	550
Expedition — 4 men, 12 dogs, sledges, instruments of all sorts, sleeping and cooking gear, boat, oars, skees, guns, ammunition, etc.	2,200
Food carried in car and retarder serpent	1,590
Gasolene in the tank	6,830
Approximate total weight on the airship	19,550
Additional weight:—	
Guide-rope serpent (130 feet long) on surface of water or ice at the start and not on the airship	265
Reserve food carried in this guide-rope serpent	1,150
Approximate grand total of all weight carried	20,965

How the Gas is Kept in the Bag

Hydrogen is the life-principle of an airship. It is the lungs of the aërial athlete. Like gold, it is hard to get and hard to hold. It has such small density, its molecular composition is so minute, it has such strong affinity for air, that it is difficult to restrain and to keep. Nothing but metal will hold it absolutely, and even then one has to be very careful with the joints. In the

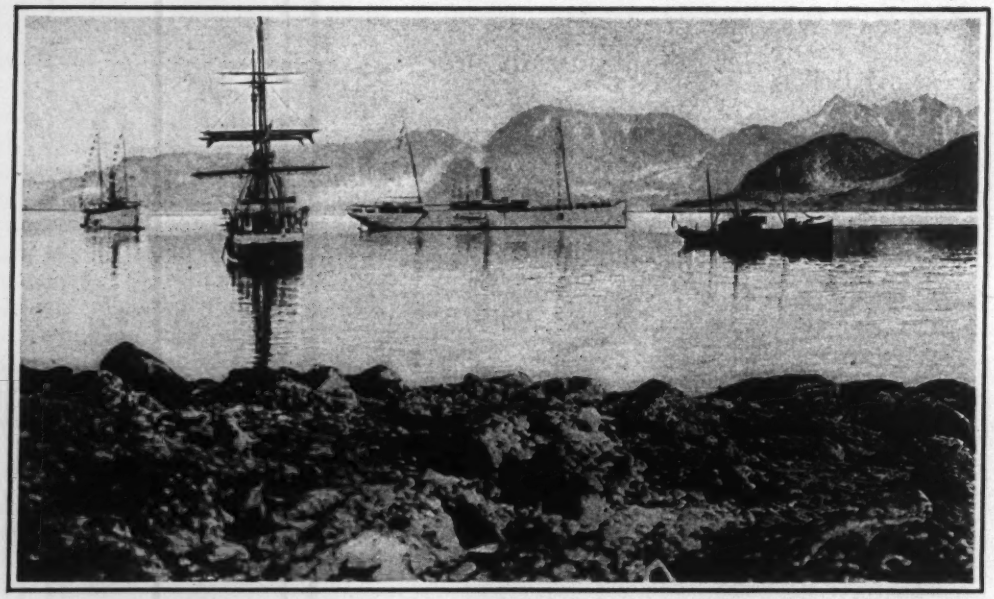
present state of the arts a metal envelop is practically out of the question. Nor is it necessary. Modern balloon fabrics are quite good enough for the purpose. Ordinary spherical balloons, like the one used by Andree, like those which will be seen in the coming balloon race at St. Louis, are usually of a single thickness of silk or cotton, several times varnished. But for larger airships, subjected to greater strains, two or more fabrics are used, each coated with a thin emulsion of rubber, applied hot under steel rollers much as paper is glazed or calendered in the mills. The "Lebaudy" and the "Patrie" * were built of two cottons, each rubbered, and they have given excellent results. We have used three cottons, each rubbered, or two cottons and one silk, all rubbered, in the central part of the reservoir, where there is the greatest pressure of gas, and two cottons in the ends. These fabrics are stuck together in one piece of cloth, and though the thickest weighs only a little more than one-tenth of a pound per square foot, the tensile strength runs as high as 500 pounds to the foot, or five times the maximum work put upon the fabric by the pressure of the gas. This factor of safety is carried throughout. In addition to the tensile strength of the cloth, every seam is lapped about one inch and doubly sewn. Inasmuch as there is danger of the gas escaping through the needle holes, all the sewing lines are covered by double bands of silk cemented to the envelop — first a band covering the seam, then over that another and wider one. The primary purpose of these bands is to make the envelop as gas-tight as possible, but incidentally they add enormously to the strength of the skin. The outer surface of the balloon is caoutchouc, vulcanized, quite smooth, well calculated to shed rain and snow and prevent moisture entering the fabric. There is no netting of cordage or wires on the outside of the balloon to hold snow, frost, or rain-water.

This excellent gas-reservoir was calculated to have a maximum loss of gas equal to one and one-half per cent of the whole volume per twenty-four hours. But when

* These successful airships, described by Mr. Wellman in an article in McClure's for June, were in a measure the prototypes of the "America."— Editor.

ENGINEER VANIMAN (AT THE LEFT) WITH HIS HALF BUILT CAR

The platform immediately covering the gasolene tank forms the flooring of the car. Upon it rests, by chance, a section of the guide-rope serpent. At the left is shown a blade of one of the twin steel screws



The "Frithjof" (with the spars) and tourist ships in the harbor at Danes Island

inflated with illuminating gas in the Galerie des Machines, Paris, last January, and kept inflated and under interior pressure for seven days, the rate of loss was less than one-fifth of one per cent daily. Hydrogen being a much lighter and more volatile gas, the loss with it will probably run as high as eight-tenths of one per cent daily.

Now, let us admit more than that. Let us assume that the daily leakage of gas through the envelop decreases each day the lifting force 1.35 per cent of the whole amount, 19,556 pounds. This will mean each day a diminution of 264 pounds, or 11 pounds an hour. Unless we have some means of diminishing in like proportion the weight of the load carried, the ship must soon be forced down to the earth. But we have such means. In the cargo is 6,800 pounds of gasolene. Every hour the motor is in operation it consumes 44 pounds of this. For reasons which I shall advance later, we calculate that on an average day the motor will work something like fifteen hours, thus consuming 660 pounds of gasolene. Ten days at this rate will mean the consumption of 6,600 pounds of gasolene, somewhat less than our total store. Thus, if we lose 660 pounds of dead-weight each day and only 264 pounds of lifting force, the lightening of the cargo is going on much more than twice as fast at the loss of lifting force. If, indeed, the rate of leakage were to go as high as three per cent, it still would not equal the weight of fuel burned in the motor. Besides, there is always a probability that the motor may be worked more than fifteen hours per day, thus reducing the dead-weight still further. On the other hand, if the leakage does not exceed our calculations, it will only be necessary to motor about six hours a day in order to counter-balance the loss of lifting force by leakage during the whole twenty-four hours.

Using Surplus Gas as Fuel

It will thus be seen that we need have little fear lest the lungs of our machine fail us. In point of fact, it is pretty certain that we shall have gas to spare, and it is unnecessary to give further answer to the oft-asked questions: "Can you make more gas on the way?" "Can't you carry a supply of gas with you, compressed in steel tanks?" Actually, instead of needing new supplies of gas *en route*, we shall have gas "to burn." And we propose to burn it — that is to say, burn the surplus, be it much or little. The more we work the motor, the more rapidly we reduce the weight of the load carried; and the more the load is reduced, the more gas we have to dispose of. Ordinarily, this surplus gas is released, deliberately, through the valves into the surrounding air. But when we remembered the high calorific value of

hydrogen, that its heating power per pound is more than three times that of gasolene, we said: "A pity to waste so much energy, to throw it away, when it lies within ten feet of our motor. Can't we burn it as fuel?"

In response to this, Chief Engineer Vaniman rigged a motor with a two-way valve. Through one inlet came gasolene, through the other hydrogen. To experiment, he started the motor with the liquid fuel, then shut off the gasolene and turned on the gas. Instantly the motor accelerated its rate. This change from fluid to gas, and from gas back to fluid, was effected by the mere turn of a valve. The system worked perfectly. With check-valves to avert the danger of back-fire, and a small metal pipe leading to the gas-reservoir overhead, we see no reason why the surplus hydrogen cannot be used as so much fuel for our engine. The value of this somewhat daring innovation is this: The gasolene carried is expected to run the motor about 150 hours. Each hour the loss of lifting force through leakage of gas is, as I have said, only 11 pounds. But during the same period 44 pounds of fuel are consumed. This means a net gain of 33 pounds of lifting force, representing 450 cubic feet of surplus gas on hand, no longer needed, which must be permitted to escape if we do not utilize it. In ten hours of motoring the total is, of course, 330 pounds of lifting force, about equal to 4,500 cubic feet of gas, which weighs 31 $\frac{5}{10}$ pounds, and in calorific power is the equivalent of about 96 pounds of gasolene,* or more than our motor consumes in two hours. Broadly speaking, without working the calculation too fine, for every ten hours of full motoring with liquid fuel, we gain two hours of motoring with the gaseous fuel, which is relieved of its load as a buoyant force. Hence the store of fuel carried in our ship, roughly, is as follows: Hours of motoring with gasolene, 150; with hydrogen, 30; total, 180 hours. Circumstances will effect the value of the gas fuel one way or the other, and the number of hours of motoring with hydrogen may be more or less than the figure we assumed, but 30 hours is a fair approximation.

PAUL BJOERVIG

Norwegian sailor, now at Danes Island for the winter. Bjoervig has thrice accompanied Mr. Wellman on his Arctic expeditions. In the winter of 1898-9 he was one of two men left by Mr. Wellman at an outpost in Franz Josef Land. His companion died, and for two months of Arctic darkness he slept beside the body of his dead comrade, which he was unable to bury

And how many miles per hour can the ship make at full speed? From fifteen to eighteen statute miles, which is equivalent to from thirteen to sixteen sea-miles. This, of course, is the rate of progress it could make in a calm. The French call this the "proper speed" of an airship, meaning thereby its movement by its own motive power through still air, regardless of the effect of the wind. If we reckon the speed at fifteen miles per hour, and assume that the ship must go against a wind of ten miles per hour, the progress will be five miles per hour. But if the wind is blowing ten miles per hour with the course, the progress will be twenty-five miles per hour. It is apparent that, if our engineering has been sound, and the "America" can make about fifteen sea-miles per hour for 150 hours with the gasolene carried, or 180 hours with both liquid and gaseous fuel, our radius of action, assuming the winds neutral, would be from 2,250 to 2,700 sea-miles — an allowance which seems to us ample.

The distance from our base in Spitzbergen to the Pole and back again is 1,236 sea-miles; the distance to the Pole and thence to North

* Our actual tests show that the calorific value of the hydrogen is probably twenty-five per cent higher than the value assumed in this statement.—AUTHOR.

Greenland is 1,000 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to Alaska, 1,750 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to northern Norway, 1,740 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence to northern Siberia, an average of 1,550 sea-miles; to the Pole and thence as far south in Europe as Christiania, Stockholm, or St. Petersburg, or in America as far south as the northern limits of settlement in Canada, 2,400 sea-miles.

It may be asked how we can speak with so much confidence of the speed of an airship that has never been tried in the air, that has not even been launched. The answer is that, just as in marine engineering it is practicable to design a vessel with certain displacement, weight, lines, and power, and to calculate within a fraction of a knot her speed in actual trial, so with airships the art has now so far developed that, with a little less certainty and accuracy perhaps, the performance may be known in advance.

It appears, therefore, that our ship is much like a large yacht, able to carry enough fuel for a voyage of 2,000 to 2,500 miles, and reasonably certain to arrive at her destination if the storms and winds do not too much hamper her, and she can avoid the dangers of shipwreck or other disaster. There is this difference: the voyage of the ocean yacht would be in known waters, and the adverse effect of the winds upon her progress would probably be not very great. In our case the influence of the winds or other weather conditions might be controlling, and it behooves us to inquire with care what these conditions are likely to be and how well our craft is adapted to meet them.

The Arctics the Best Field for Airships

Most people think of the Arctics as the region of all the world least favorable for an airship voyage. They have in mind the intense cold, the frightful storms, of which they have read so much. They wonder how a sane man can propose to encounter such dangers in a fragile contrivance of silk, cotton, steel, and gas. But the truth tells quite another story. In point of fact, the Arctics, instead of the worst, are actually the best region in which to navigate an airship through a long distance. We do not mean that it is the best region in all particulars — there are disadvantages as well as advantages. But comparing the polar ocean with France or America, and writing up the debit and credit account for each, the balance strikes heavily in favor of the far northern field.

The intense cold of which one instinctively thinks when the Arctics are mentioned, does not exist — in summer. In winter it is a grim reality. The Arctic summer is relatively mild. At the North Pole itself, as we know from scientific inference, the mean temperature for July and August is only two or three degrees below freezing in the shade. This condition obtains in all the region lying about the Pole. Here nature has formed on a scale of a million of square miles the very conditions known in the laboratory of physics as "the melting point of ice": an ice-sheeted sea, the sun constantly in the heavens, at midnight as well as at midday, great and constant evaporation from wastes of snow and ice, high humidity, much cloudiness, fog, and mist.

More important than the relative mildness of the temperature is the fact that over the polar ocean the summer temperature is *the most constant to be found anywhere in the world*. The curve of daily or weekly variation on the sheet of a thermograph is almost a straight line. There is no alternating day and night, as in the temperate zones, with high temperature at noon and low at midnight. When the sun's heat has a tendency to produce higher temperature, the great evaporation gives birth to fogs and clouds, the sun's rays are obscured, and the absorption of its heat by the moisture in the air smooths the thermal factors into an almost dead level — cool, humid, steady, about the median point of 32° Fahr., or the melting point of ice.

How advantageous this is to aëronautics may be readily seen. Gas expands or contracts $\frac{1}{492}$ of its volume for each degree Fahrenheit change of temperature. Rapid variations of temperature exhaust the vitality of a balloon or airship. Dilatation by the sun's heat means sacrifice of gas to keep from going too high, contraction from cold means loss of ballast to keep from going too low; gas is the breath of life, ballast the muscle, of the aërial courser.

Storms, properly speaking, are unknown in the Arctics in the summer months of July and August. The best meteorological records in that region were obtained by Dr. Nansen during the three years' drift of the "Fram" across the polar basin. The highest rate of wind encountered in the three years was thirty-eight miles per hour. This was in

CAIRN MARKING THE SPOT WHERE ANDREE INFLATED HIS BALLOON

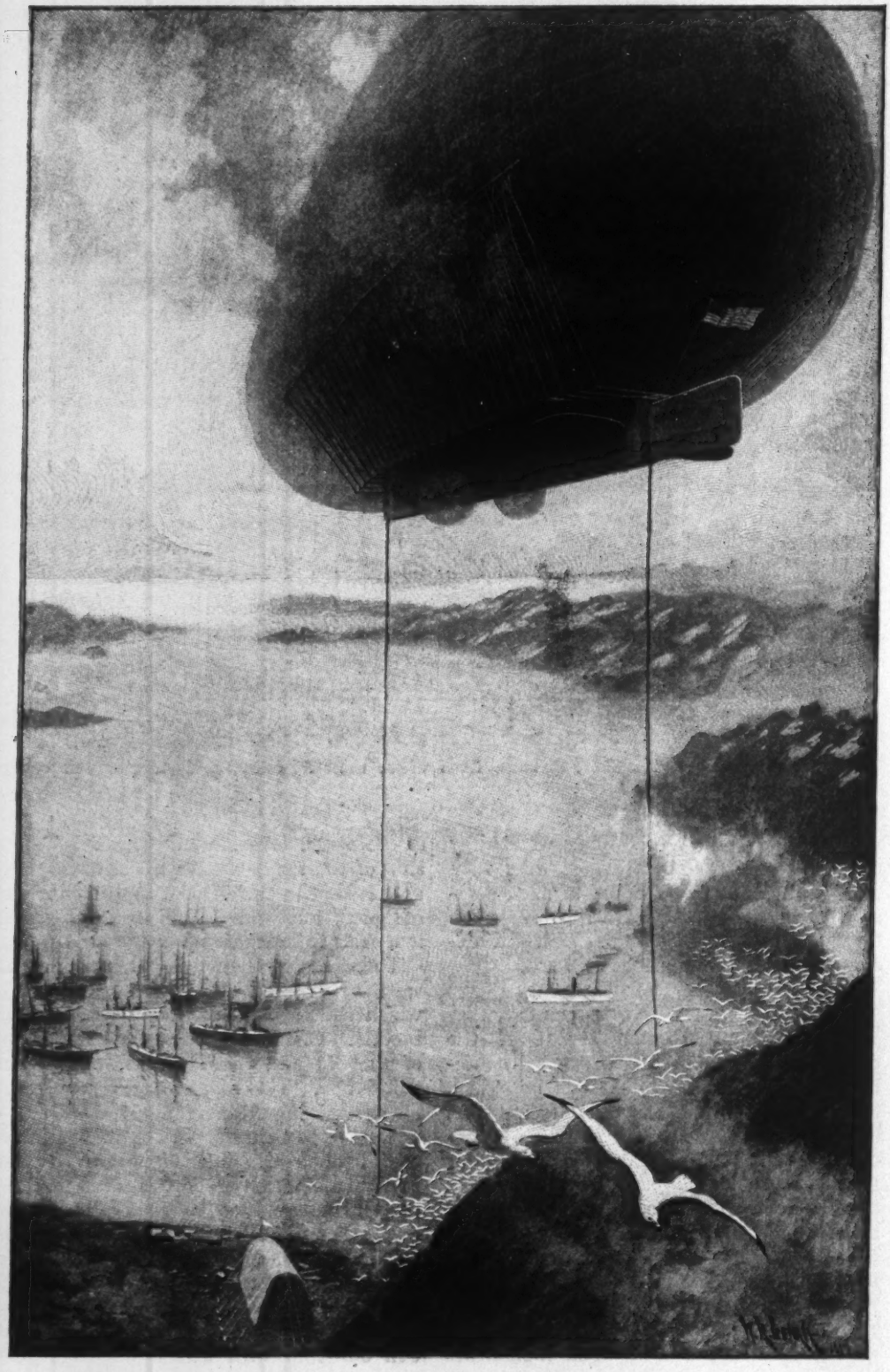
This unlucky spot is but a short distance from where the "America" will start on her voyage

winter. The highest in summer was thirty miles per hour, and such winds were very rare, lasting only a few hours in each summer. In general, the North Polar area has a relatively light wind movement — a decided advantage in aëronautic work.

The Dangers of Fog and Sleet

The most unfavorable aspect of the polar area, so far as meteorological conditions are concerned, is the high humidity, the prevalence of fogs, and the precipitation of snow or rain. We have to take into account the probability that almost any hour the huge surface of our gas-reservoir may take on several hundred pounds' weight of snow or moisture, and the possibility that in a snow- or sleet-storm of unusual severity it may take on as much as a thousand pounds. At all hazards, we must prevent the "America" being overloaded in this manner and forced down upon the surface of the earth. A ship of the air is like a ship of the sea — usually all right as long as it is kept in the element for which it was designed, but pretty sure to go to smash if it tries to navigate upon the land.

To help us meet these peculiar conditions, we have adopted two ingenious appliances which should contribute materially to our success. One is a very modern adaptation of the old and thoroughly tested balloon guide-rope. This rope, or rather, cable, will fill several important functions. First, it will serve as ballast. In the navigation of any balloon or airship certain frequent vertical oscillations — bobbings, as it were — are inevitable. To overcome them, the method employed by such airships as the "Lebaudy" and "Patrie" is either to let gas escape, or to carry ballast-sand and throw it overboard when necessary. Now, we early made up our minds not to burden our ship with useless material. Our



THE START FOR THE POLE

ballast must be serviceable in other ways. Most of it, as I have said, consists of the fuel in our tanks, but besides this we have the guide-rope, the primary purpose of which, as it hangs from the car with its lower end trailing on the surface of the earth, is to keep the airship in continuous contact with terra firma. This guide-rope is an automatic regulator of the vertical variations of the ship carrying it, since, by simple self-adjustment, it places its weight on the ground as the ship falls, or on the car as the ship rises. In the Arctics we can use this valuable auxiliary to its full advantage, because of the absence of houses, forests, shrubbery, fences, railway and telegraph lines, and all the obstructions which civilization puts in the way of cross-country traveling.

Important as it is to overcome these minor fluctuations, it is still more essential to prevent the airship from rising too high. In the Arctics great altitude means danger to an airship; the experiments of Professor Hergozell of Berlin, made with small balloons from the decks of the yacht of the Prince of Monaco, only last summer, demonstrated that at an elevation of from three to five thousand feet the temperature is likely to fall twenty or thirty degrees below the normal of zero Cent. (32° Fahr.) at the sea level. The risk of exposure to this sudden change of temperature is obviated by the extra ballast furnished by the guide-rope; on the other hand, in case the airship descends too low, the guide-rope would relieve it of its extra weight by paying off on the ground.

We were certain, then, that a guide-rope was necessary, but how best to make it was a question. Obviously, it should have considerable weight, else it would fail to perform the functions expected of it in the handling of such a large ship. The more weight, within reasonable limits, the more safety. An ordinary steel cable would not only cut through the crust of snow generally found upon the surface of the polar ice-floes and so offer great resistance, but it would also sink in water, and should the airship pass over the sea, the steel line would become a mere dead weight dragging the ship down — and, furthermore, all the weight would be of material useless for other purposes.

What we wanted was a snake, a gliding serpent, moving over the ice-floes with the minimum of resistance, riding the snow-crust instead of cutting through it, and swimming, if need be, upon the water. Above all, the interior of this serpent must be stuffed full of good food, well protected from loss or injury, and the weight of this useful material, in proportion to the unuseful skin of the snake, must be as great as possible. The principle was easily framed, but it remained for the ingenuity of Chief Engineer Vaniman to find the practicable means of putting the principle into effect.

The Sausage Guide-Rope

The serpent is made of leather, one-eighth of an inch thick, fashioned into a long tube six inches in diameter. This leather has high tensile strength, and the snake will withstand a pull of four tons before parting — an ample margin of safety. It is divided into sections of about ten feet in length, each section a closed compartment, so that if, by chance, water should get into one, it could not pass into its neighbors. Within the skin of the serpent we pack food — bacon, ham, bread, and butter, the bread inside the meat and butter. Should a little salt water get in, it could not hurt the fat meats and could not reach the ship's biscuit enclosed in them. There was at least a little danger that the outer surface of this snake, in crawling a thousand miles over polar sea ice, might be abraded, torn, or disrupted. What to do about that? Again Mr. Vaniman was equal to the occasion. He riveted upon the leathern tube, all round, thousands of little scales of thin steel, one lapping the other, like the scales of a fish, protecting the leather from abrasion and forming an ideal gliding surface, since the snake is expected to crawl but in one direction, and that, of course, as a fish swims, with the tips of his scales to the rear. This serpent or sausage guide-rope displaces 13.4 pounds of sea-water per foot of its length, itself weighs two pounds per foot, its stuffing 8.8 pounds, making the total 10.8 pounds per foot, leaving for buoyancy in water 2.6 pounds per foot, or about 20 per cent. With a snake 130 feet long, we have a grand total of 1,150 pounds of useful material against only 265 of unuseful, so to speak, a percentage of 81. Certainly this is vastly better than carrying a simple steel cable of a thousand pounds or more, which might do fairly well as a guide-rope (though not as well as the serpent), but would prove dreadfully disappointing if, through some mischance, the crew should wish to eat it.

The guide-rope serpent is made to glide with the least possible friction or resistance. Experiment has shown us that its retardation of the speed of the "America" is likely to equal about one and a half miles per hour at the beginning of the voyage, when all of the weight of the serpent is down upon the ice, and to only half a mile per hour after thirty hours of motoring and gasolene-burning has lifted a thousand pounds of the snake from contact with the earth. In compensation for this small loss of speed, due to friction, we gain safety of operation and more than a thousand pounds of reserve food.

Sail When You Can — Anchor When You Must

One other appliance, somewhat similar in form, was invented to meet a very different purpose. My former explorations had proved to me that the polar fields of ice afford an excellent surface for anchoring a balloon or airship in case of need. I have already pointed out that our ship is to have a proper speed of about 15 knots per hour for from 150 to 180 hours. But as we do not by any means intend to confine the voyage to that number of hours,— indeed, we reckon upon twice or perhaps thrice as many in the aggregate,— the question arises as to what we intend doing during the hours the motor is not working. This brings us to one of the most important features of the project.

Our plan is to use the fuel in the motor and keep the screws in motion only in favorable winds or in the lighter of the unfavorable winds. When winds are both strong and contrary,— that is, when it would be uneconomical to use the motor, because we should get very little result in miles covered, for the fuel expended,— we propose to profit by the peculiar advantages offered by the presence of ice-floes underneath, and anchor the ship to the surface of the earth. Thus, while unfavorable conditions prevail, we lose neither fuel nor position, but hold our own without cost.

By anchorage we do not mean a fast and firm anchorage, but the employment of a simple device — and here is the second appliance I spoke of — called the retarder. It is the strange-looking object that hangs from the forward part of the car, like a huge snake, covered with pointed steel scales, designed to offer the maximum of resistance in proportion to its weight, in gliding over the surface of the ice-floes. This surface, by the way, is not as rough as it is generally pictured or imagined; instead of mountains of ice and rugged masses of irregularly shaped pieces, it is, generally speaking, a series of undulating, snowy plains. The resistance of this retarder, or drag-anchor (for the principle is the same as that employed by sailors for many centuries), is the result of experiment on similar surfaces to a maximum of about 1,000 pounds, which corresponds to the pull of the airship stationary in a wind of nineteen miles an hour. In winds of less force than this, the retarder would hold the ship firmly; in higher winds it would drag, the ship's speed being proportionate, of course, to the velocity of the wind. In a twenty-mile breeze we should lose a mile or two an hour; in a thirty-mile wind, eleven or twelve miles an hour. By using a gliding instead of a fixed anchor, we keep the strain upon tackle, car, and balloon within the limits of safety. With firm anchorage there would always exist danger that high winds or gusts might cause something to give way and involve us in serious trouble, if not actual disaster. With the retarder, all strains will be limited, and, moreover, will be cushioned to softness through the weight and sag of the long steel cable by which the serpent is let down upon the ice.

The retarder serpent is made in the same way as the guide-rope, save that here the intention is to get the greatest maximum resistance in the snow and ice in proportion to the weight of the device. Instead of with smooth scales, we coat this serpent with sharp, protruding points of steel, which are made to engage in the snow; taking care to have nothing so large or strong that it could by any possibility hold fast enough to make firm anchorage.

I have said that we carried no useless material; but to be strictly accurate, I must explain that we do carry at the outset a small quantity of sand ballast which we throw over at the very beginning of our ascent. The airship, thus lightened, rises until the steel cable of the guide-rope is lifted, and the balloon balances in the air. After that, equilibrium is maintained automatically, the guide-rope adjusting all small fluctuations, and the loss of buoyancy through the burning or the leakage of gas equalizing the weight of the gasolene consumed and the food eaten.

At the beginning of the voyage the retarder is carried on the airship, without

touching the surface of the earth, but ready to be let down at any moment. The guide-rope serpent is trailed on the ice or in the water. Both serpents are worked on the same cable, which passes through a winch in the car, and is therefore under the control of the crew. They can raise one and let the other down at will.

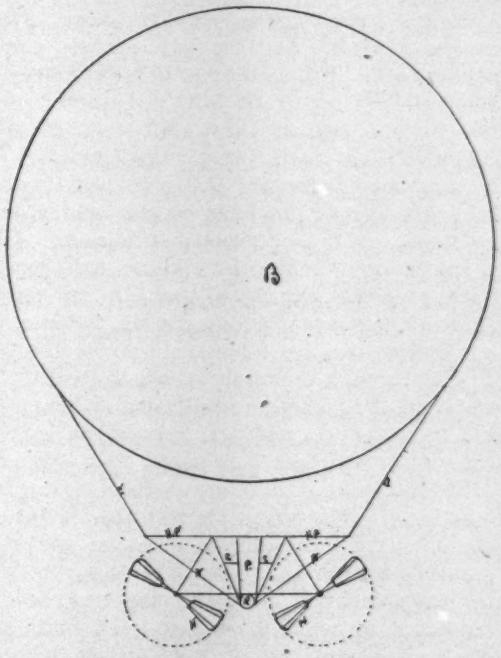
At the start of the voyage, 1,400 pounds is to be the weight of the guide-rope serpent in contact with the earth. But as each hour of motoring makes a net gain of 33 pounds of lifting force, instead of burning or letting out gas at this stage of the voyage, we hold the gas and use it to lift from the earth its equivalent of the weight of the serpent. At the end of 30 hours of motoring, about 1,000 pounds would have been so lifted, and would then hang vertically from the car. Now, if there should come a great accumulation of snow or frost or moisture upon the ship, tending to over-weight it, we have between the craft and the ice the combined weight of the two serpents and their operating cable, a total of more than 1,500 pounds. All this could go down upon the ice in case of need, relieving the ship of its load to that extent, and compensating the weight accumulated from the elements, even if this accumulation were much in excess of a thousand pounds.

The precipitation of rain and snow in the Arctics in summer is fairly constant, but not heavy. It averages about 19 millimeters per month, equal, as we know by automatic process of the mind, if we use the beautiful metrical system, to 19 kilos per meter square, or, as we are told by a somewhat elaborate calculation, to $3\frac{8}{10}$ pounds per square foot.

It would be extraordinary if more than one-tenth of a month's average precipitation were to appear in a few hours. The total surface of the reservoir is 24,000 square feet, and if the 12,000 square feet above the middle — the roof, so to speak — were all at once to take on that one-tenth, the total would be over 4,000 pounds — a fatal quantity. This however, is impossible, for all that falls cannot stay upon a smooth, sharp-sloping roof like this; the bulk of it must slip away. But if as much as one-third of this quantity were to remain, we should still have the means of counterbalancing it.

Melting the Snow Cap Off the Balloon

Rain we do not fear. But wet snow or sleet might produce a considerable adhesion of weight to the envelop. Against this we have a second method of protection. Every hour the motor runs, it burns, as I have said, 44 pounds of gasolene, releasing in combustion about 200,000 calories of heat. Four-fifths of this heat is converted into useful work, or taken up by the jacket-absorption. One-fifth, or 40,000 calories per hour, is thrown off in the exhaust which makes such a clatter in the surrounding atmosphere. It occurred to us that this was an enormous



LONGITUDINAL CROSS-SECTION OF BALLOON AND CAR

B Balloon at its greatest diameter
CC Steel cables supporting car
HP Horizontal planes enabling the ship to keep a level course
P Passageway for crew
HH Helices or propellers
SS Sleeping berths
R Reservoir for gasolene.

quantity of heat to throw away, since one calorie is sufficient, theoretically, to raise the temperature of a quart of water nearly two degrees Fahrenheit. Why not throw this waste heat, or a part of it, up into the balloon to warm the gas and, by keeping the skin of the reservoir a few degrees above the temperature of the surrounding air, melt away any snow or sleet that might adhere to the roof?

This device is a part of our system. In a steerable balloon, it should be noted, provision is made to pump air into the interior of the balloon, or, rather, into a balloon within the balloon, called the balloonet, for the purpose of preserving a fairly constant pressure within the gas-reservoir. The use of this pressure is to maintain the form of the balloon, to keep its skin taut, so that it may always present a smooth outward surface to the wind, without infolding. This interior pressure takes the place of stiffening frames such as have been tried with ill-success in some constructions, and it usually ranges at from two to four pounds per square foot. The method is old and highly efficient. To pump air into the interior of the balloon, which must be done quite frequently, a small, independent motor is usually carried, though the air-pump may be worked from the large motor, and also by hand, as an additional precaution.

Instead of pumping in cold air, as others have done, we propose to pump in hot air. And observe how ingeniously Mr. Vaniman has economized his forces. First he draws cold air through the radiator, which cools the water in the jacket or circulating system of the motor, a contrivance needed to keep the motor cylinders properly cool. This cold air aids radiation and is itself warmed a little. It then passes through the exhaust chamber (best described, perhaps, as resembling a water-tube boiler), through which run a number of flues carrying away the red-hot gases which have just been burned in the engine. In this exhaust-chamber the air becomes heated to a high temperature and is then pumped up into the balloonet, there being, of course, no possibility of actual connection between this air and the exhaust gases enclosed in the flues. By manipulation of the valves we can cause the air to escape from the balloonet after the heat has radiated from it into the gas, and so maintain a fairly constant supply of hot air, in slow circulation through the balloonet. The quantity of heat available, which would otherwise be wasted, is more than ample to achieve the result at which we aim. The weakness of the method lies elsewhere — in the faint power of absorbing and carrying away heat which is possessed by stagnant masses of air or gas. Were hydrogen an acute absorbent and distributer of heat, we should have no difficulty in keeping the contents and skin of our balloon ten or twelve degrees Fahrenheit above the temperature of the surrounding air. But we have to take gases and all other things as they are, and not as we should like to have them. Still, we believe the radiation going on slowly but constantly from the heated air in the balloonet to the mass of gas above and around it, will prove sufficient to keep the skin of the balloon a little warmer than the circumambient air, and therefore aid in removing any frost or sleet that may form on the exterior.

Our Chances For a Fair Wind

In a former article I have referred to the circumpolar winds, which must prove a potent factor in our success. Of these winds in summer we know something specific. By an analysis of thousands of observations taken in different years, we found that for a period of ten days, 240 hours, the wind *probabilities* would enable us to reckon upon a mean of 10 miles per hour, a maximum of 30, and a minimum of zero or calm. But as to their *direction*, nothing whatever can be predicated. The winds are exceedingly variable; they rarely blow more than two or three days together from any one quadrant of the compass. It would be a most extraordinary thing if in a region of great variability all were to blow in our favor, and equally extraordinary if all were to be contrary to our course. By the laws of averages, some must be for us and some against; but in what proportion the values are likely to be mixed, we have not the slightest idea — and wish we had.

Inasmuch as we can reckon with a fair degree of confidence upon the velocity of the average winds, but can count nothing at all upon the direction in which they are likely to blow, is it possible to arrange a plan of navigation which will enable us to achieve success with the mean velocity, if we consider *all winds throughout the entire voyage as directly contrary to our course?*

Selecting Our Own Winds

If the average wind is to be ten miles per hour, directly contrary, and the airship is to make fifteen miles per hour for 150 hours, the net gain per hour over the wind would be five miles, or a total of 750 miles with the supply of fuel carried — more than equal to the distance to the Pole.

But by applying the retarder system we can do this: Motor only in the lighter

winds, and anchor or retard against the stronger winds. Thus, from our table of ten-day periods compiled from "Fram" records, we find that we shall be able, provided these averages are maintained, to select from the total of 240 hours with a mean of 10 miles an hour, 150 hours which have a mean of but 7 miles an hour, during which our ship, with its speed of 15 miles, will gain an average of 8 miles per hour. Eight miles per hour for 150 hours gives a total of 1,200 miles, virtually equal to the distance to the Pole and back again. In the ninety hours of the retarding period, or higher winds, only five hours will then show velocities superior to the holding power of the retarding serpent. In other words, through 85 hours of winds, ranging from eleven to eighteen miles per hour, we can hold our position with the retarder and in five hours drift backward a mean of six or eight miles per hour.

Thus, with all winds *directly contrary*, we should compass nearly the whole of the contemplated distance, and have in reserve something like thirty hours of motoring with the hydrogen, in addition to the 150 hours with the gasolene. Of course it is unreasonable to suppose that all the winds will be directly against us. Some of them must be favorable. At least, we expect to start the voyage in a southerly or favorable breeze, and that may continue from ten to thirty hours. And with the method of anchoring or retarding, it is obvious we have at command the means of waiting for winds either lighter or more favorable in direction. A few hours of wind blowing in the direction we wish to take would make a tremendous difference in the totals.

These figures are based upon grand averages of the season and region, comprising thousands of observations. Curious to learn how greatly the winds of actual ten-day periods would differ from these averages, we arbitrarily chose fourteen such periods, in July and August, and took the winds as they actually blew, as recorded aboard the "Fram" during her drift through the polar sea. To these we applied the navigation method used in the foregoing calculation, still considering *all winds* directly *contrary*. In twelve of the fourteen cases we calculated that we should reach the Pole and make all, or very nearly all, of the return journey; in six of them that we should be able to do much more than this; and in two only would the total number of miles achieved be discouragingly small—one 112 miles and the other 400. (In twelve of the fourteen examples the wind does not at any time rise above twenty miles per hour.) My point is, that if, with all the winds adverse, the chance of a fortunate outcome is so great, the project seems fairly sound in view of the fact that actually the net effect of the wind should be to our help instead of to our hindrance, because the essence of our method is to take advantage of all the favoring winds, and add their force to our motor-speed, while contrary winds, for the most part, will cost us nothing, either in position or fuel, thanks to the retarder serpent.

Our Unique Car

Now for the car of the "America." Aëronautic engineers in France have expressed their admiration for the skill and adaptability shown in its design and construction. V-shaped, it realizes the highest possible ratio of strength and rigidity to the weight of the materials employed. It was a genuine achievement for Chief Engineer Vaniman to build a car 115 feet in length, 8 feet high, and 3 feet wide at the top, all in steel tubing, with joints of steel castings, and cords and binders of the strongest steel wire, and yet not to exceed the limit of weight allowed him. Inasmuch as we had to provide for the storage of about 1,150 gallons of gasolene (6,800 pounds), which must be carried in absolute safety and therefore in strong metal tanks, and inasmuch, further, as the weight of such tanks must be from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, the question arose: Was it not possible to avoid carrying so much dead weight or useless metal, and make the tank a structural part of the car? The problem was solved by constructing a tank as long as the car itself, forming the bottom of the V, and thus becoming a stiffening and strengthening part of the structure as well as a place of storage. The tank is made of thin steel, divided into fourteen sections, so that if by chance there should be leakage in one, there need be no loss from the adjacent sections. As required, the gasolene can be pumped from any of the sections, thus trimming ship. The form of our gas-reservoir, rather short for the diameter, also makes for stability. Inasmuch as we were not going in for speed, we preferred a stable and evenly managed ship. The more even the keel of an airship,

the less the resistance of the atmosphere. Moreover, Mr. Vaniman has arranged an ingenious device by which a platform, containing 600 pounds of food, can be run to and fro on a little railway at the top of the car, enabling us to use this sliding weight as an additional means of balancing the ship.

Each of the fourteen sections of this car is eight feet, two and a half inches in length. Three of the forward sections are built triangular, for great strength. In the first of these is the navigating deck, in the second the motors and machinery, and the third is the cabin where the crew sleep and eat and where spare supplies are carried. The driving-shaft runs through the motor, and by bevel-gearing works the two screws, placed at either side and securely braced and held. We chose a twin screw cruiser, because a single screw placed forward or aft produces a gyratory or twisting motion throughout the car liable to disrupt the structure. The screws are of the finest steel, they measure eleven and a half feet in diameter, and their pitch, being changeable, has been worked out through trials to the angle of greatest effectiveness. The thrust or effective work of the screws, measured by dynameter in a long series of trials, is from ten to eleven pounds per horse-power, giving a total of from 600 to 650 pounds, equal to a forward motion of the entire craft of about fifteen sea-miles per hour. For our motor, we have chosen, after much investigation, a Lorraine-Dietrich, because, in spite of its considerable weight (750 pounds), it is wonderfully economical of gasolene. At a given weight of motor and fuel combined, it will carry us farther than a lighter motor, which uses a greater proportion of gasolene. It can develop from 70 to 80 horse-power, running steadily, smoothly, and safely. In an aëroplane or mechanical flight machine of any sort, it is of great importance to have a motor of the least possible weight in proportion to the energy developed, and it matters little whether the engine runs but a short time and has a high rate of fuel-consumption, since in the present merely experimental state of the art only short flights are practicable. But in an enterprise like ours the reverse is true. We have a ship that can carry so much weight. Out of that weight we wish to get the greatest possible number of miles. It is easy to see that a light motor, burning a large amount of gasolene per horse-power hour, might produce a result, in the long run, much inferior to that secured by a heavier motor burning a more moderate quantity.

Upon the top of the great tank is placed a light board runway, giving the crew access to every part of the car — a deck 115 feet in length and only 2½ feet wide. The top of the car is only six feet from the bottom of the balloon, and hence all the valves and rigging are within reach of the hands of a man standing upon the framework. All the suspension apparatus which binds the car to the balloon is of steel cables of the highest tensile strength. The spreaders to which these cables are attached carry a wide horizontal plane of silk stretched taut, and, with the silken sides of the car, give us both horizontal and perpendicular planes, well calculated to steady the ship and prevent most of that pitching and rolling which have attended former aërial craft under way.

What it Means to Navigate An Airship

The navigation of this ship of the air, running through an uncharted sea, is not going to be a simple thing. For our direction we must, of course, depend largely upon the compass, though at times we can steer roughly by the sun. Our compasses must be carefully adjusted and compensated, and we shall find it necessary to "swing the ship" for this purpose at our base, precisely as is done in preparing the compasses of any other steel ship for her voyage on the ocean. We shall carry three main compasses, two in the car, and one, a "jump" compass, swung below the car, beyond the influence of the steel of that structure, and designed to serve as a standard or corrector, from time to time, of the other instruments. The needle of the compass works normally in the Arctic Ocean — that is, as it is expected to work. The magnetic pole is far to the south of the mathematical pole — 1,200 miles. In other words, the magnetic pole is as near Winnipeg, Canada, as to the North Pole. Professor Bauer, of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, has provided us with a magnetic chart of the polar cap of the earth, worked out from the latest data, and we believe that the actual variation of the needle will follow almost exactly the theoretical lines laid down thereupon. In the region of the Pole, of course, the needle's north is actually south.

From the compass we shall get our direction with fair accuracy. But it is not going to be easy to write the log of the ship. We

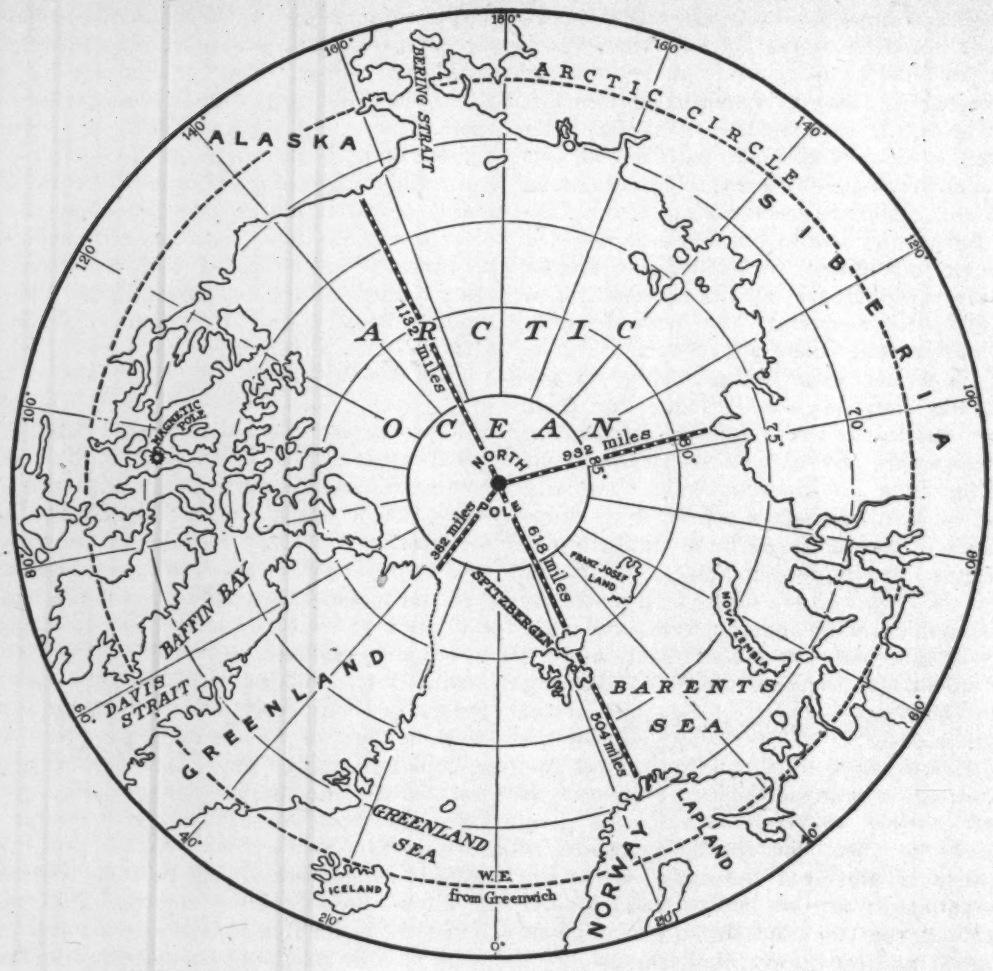
shall know quite accurately the rate of movement imparted to the craft by the screws, but we shall be able only to guess what the influence of the winds is upon the movement, favorable or unfavorable. With a little practice we may be able to guess with fair accuracy, should the weather conditions be such as to enable us to see the icy surface of the earth. But in mists and fogs, which are quite frequent, we shall be floating in space with but faint idea of the velocity at which we are moving. We have designed a log, an instrument attached to a cable, which we let down to the earth's surface, learning from the rate at which the cable runs out an approximation of the speed at which we are moving. But it can be nothing better than an approximation. The real test of position must, of course, be by observation of the sun for latitude and longitude — especially the former, since, in the Arctic regions, longitude is a minor factor, steadily diminishing as we approach the Pole, till, at the Pole itself, it becomes zero. It is not at all improbable that days together may pass without our being able to make more than a guess as to our longitude; but the latitude we hope to be able to secure almost every day. The sun is the only heavenly body visible, and it is often obscured by clouds or fogs; but there is the double chance of getting it, because it is high at midnight as well as at midday. We can get the sun more often than we get a good natural horizon, and the use of an artificial horizon is, of course, as impossible in an airship as in marine vessels. Hence the great care we are employing to make sure of good observations. We have a sextant fitted with a spirit level or bubble, a German invention, which gives the horizon automatically. We have also a sextant fitted with a gyroscope, as used in the French navy, and developed more particularly for use in submarines. A gyroscope or spinning-top is set in motion by a magnet. At a rapid rate of revolution it assumes a plane exactly perpendicular to the axis of the earth at the spot — in other words, it gives us the sea level. Thus, if fog or mist or rain or driving snow obscure the natural horizon, and the sun is visible, we shall still be able to get observations. The answer to the question so often asked, "How will you know when you are at the Pole?" is here: We shall know precisely as the navigator at sea knows where he is at noon of a given day — by observation of the sun for its latitude and longitude. There is no other way. In our case, the difficulty is to get to the Pole, not to know when we are there.

Once there, if conditions are favorable, we can anchor the "America," and, by means of tackle we carry for the purpose, one or two of us can climb down and carry out a series of observations arranged for us by the scientific committee of the National Geographic Society and by other scientific bodies.

A Busy Voyage

To navigate toward the Pole a craft that most people call a balloon, but which is no more a balloon than a raft is a steamship, may seem a simple matter; actually it is very complex. We must watch our barograph for our height above the earth, which we hope always to keep between two and six hundred feet; our statoscope, to know whether we are rising or falling; our various manometers, which tell us of the pressure of the gas in the reservoir and of the air in the balloonet, as steam gages tell of the pressure in boilers. The log must be thrown every few minutes for the rate of our progress; the compasses must be watched every moment for direction; and every fifteen minutes the record or log of the voyage must be written in a book prepared for that purpose. Gasolene must be pumped, now from one and now from another section of the tank, to trim the ship; the motor and all the machinery must be watched with eagle eyes for the first signs of trouble; the valves of the aërostat must frequently be tested, to make sure there is no derangement; solar observations must be taken at every opportunity; the retarder and guide-rope serpents must be worked according to circumstances; and, above all, in fogs or thick weather all ears must be strained for the first signals from the automatic alarm which is to tell us of our too near approach to the earth, since contact of our delicate steel car with the rough ice-floes might spell destruction.

Such an automatic alarm we have; it is simple and should be effective; a steel bottle containing mercury is suspended by a cord 100 feet long; when the ship is within 100 feet of the earth, the bottle touches, is tilted as it drags, the mercury in the bottom of the receptacle makes contact, an electrical circuit is established, and a bell is set ringing



MAP SHOWING THE ALTERNATIVES FOR A RETURN JOURNEY

The figures given indicate sea-miles

in the navigating deck. On the whole, we are likely to be quite busy.

The Personnel of the Crew

Our intention is always to have three men on duty — the navigator in charge, a man in the engine-room, a third to attend to the winch which controls the retarder and guide-rope serpent and other apparatus. This will necessitate at least eighteen hours per day for each man, with the man off duty liable to be called into action at any moment. There will not be much sleeping during the cruise of the "America"; no one will wish to sleep more than is absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. We shall have comfortable bunks, and hot meals are to be served if we can find time to cook them.

The three men who, together with the writer, will constitute the crew of the "America," are provisionally as follows: First, Major Henry Blanchard Hersey, member of the Rough Riders, inspector in the United States Weather Bureau, representative with the Expedition, last year and this, of the Government and of the National Geographic Society of Washington. He was aide to Lieutenant Frank Lahm in winning the James Gordon Bennett Cup in Europe in September, 1906, and is executive officer and scientific observer of this Expedition. The second is Melvin Vaniman, an American now resident in Paris, where he has built a mechanical flight machine which shows great promise, and where, for the past nine months, his skill and energy as designer and constructor have been devoted to the rebuilding of the airship "America,"

which contains nothing whatever of last year's construction except a part of the envelop of the gas-reservoir. The third man will probably be either Dr. Walter N. Fowler, of Bluffton, Indiana, surgeon of the Expedition last year and this, and also a competent mechanic, or Felix Riesenberg, of Chicago, now in charge of the Expedition headquarters at Spitzbergen — sailor, navigator, scientific observer. With a crew of only four, each man must be a specialist; not only that, every one must be an understudy in the parts of all the others.

How long do we expect the voyage to take? We have only a vague idea. With a south wind of ten or fifteen miles per hour, it would be practicable to go to the Pole in a single day. With calms, or neutral winds, it would take two days. With winds directly contrary, blowing at the mean force of the region and season, ten miles per hour, it would take five days. With winds blowing always contrary and at a mean force considerably higher than the general average, we could not get there at all.

Four Strings to Our Bow

We intend to return. We have no desire to pose as martyrs. There are four strings to our bow, as follows:

First — We believe we have a fair chance to go to the Pole and back to our headquarters or to other land within ten days or two weeks from our departure, navigating with our own power as a true ship of the air.

Second — If that fails, and the motor and fuel serve only to carry us to the Pole, after the gasolene is exhausted we can use motor and machinery, much of the car and tank, and many other appurtenances, for ballast, throwing them overboard piecemeal, and thus counteract the losses of lifting force through leakage and keep the "America" afloat in the air, simply as a drifting balloon, for a total of from twenty-five to thirty-five days from the start. And in that length of time the chance that the wind would drift us far to the south is a very good one indeed, since the distance from the Pole to land and safety is a mean of only 860 miles, which a fresh breeze might compass in two or three days.

Third — Should the airship serve to carry us to or near to the Pole, we have in our equipment a complete sledging outfit, with a dozen picked dogs from Siberia, and we believe that within the two months or more of light remaining it would be practicable to sledge back over the ice to Spitzbergen or Greenland. Sledge expeditions propose to travel from land to the Pole and back again; if the airship takes us to the Pole, we have but the return journey to make, with the drift of the ice helping us on our way, an average of from two to four miles per day.

Fourth — Thanks to the increased carrying capacity of our enlarged airship, and to the economical disposition we have made of the serpent principle, we are able to carry with us enough food so that if by any chance the "America" should be blown to some remote spot in the great unexplored area, far from any land, or if accident or ill conditions or other circumstances should make it inadvisable to attempt a sledging return in the autumn, we can pass the entire winter where we come down, making a snug hut of the immense quantities of cloth and other material of which the ship is composed, and leading the simple life, hibernating like bears, without fear of starvation, subsisting wholly upon the supplies taken with us. If this should happen, we should sledge back the following spring, when polar-ice traveling is better then in the autumn, and have enough food to carry us till the first of June.

In anticipation of all possible emergencies, we are taking with us the latest, most minute and authoritative data, maps, and charts of all the lands surrounding the Pole, procured through the coöperation of our own and other governments, and of various geographical societies — information as to tribes, game, outposts, trails, timber, water courses, depots of supplies, in Franz Josef Land, Novaya Zemlya, the great stretch of Siberian coast, Greenland, the northern part of British America and its outlying islands, and Alaska. No matter where the wheel of fortune may drop us, we hope we are prepared for all eventualities — food enough for a wintering in our own larder, and much more food, if nature favors, in our rifles and cartridges.

Should it be necessary, we could pass the long night of the winter at the North Pole itself, be it land or ice-sheeted sea, — the six-months' night, with the moon, the stars and the glorious aurora for our illuminant — and there await the coming of the six months' sun, before setting out on the long journey homeward.

THE STORY OF SHEELAH

BY

MAUDE L. RADFORD

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

THE six o'clock whistle sounded. For a moment the tall, grim stock-yards buildings stood silent; then they broke into life, as the thousands of men and women workers poured out of the doors and spread into irregular streams over the yards, hurrying homeward, north, south, and west. Their haste was without energy, however; there was little talking and almost no laughter; they were vacant-minded after their hours of rushing, mechanical toil.

Sheelah Doyne almost ran, with short, sobbing breaths, until she had crossed the tracks. She was a slim, delicate girl, with the deep gray eyes and black hair which proclaimed her Irish blood. But she had none of the smiles of Ireland in her eyes; her face showed the haunting Celtic melancholy which is a gift for a poet, but a curse to one whose daily work can bring no happiness.

Big Maggie Kehoe caught up with her as she paused, panting, on the west side of the tracks.

"My Lord, what makes you always give out right here?" Maggie asked, as she drew her arm through Sheelah's.

"'Tis not that," said Sheelah; "'tis that I am always afraid wan uv the childher will come to meet me and get killed by thim backing freights. Hardly a week that some wan don't get hurt."

"Well, tell 'em not to, and slap 'em over the face at the same time, and I bet they'll mind," suggested Maggie.

"Oh, I cudn't," said Sheelah. "My sister niver slapped thim."

"Well," said Maggie, as they turned southward, "if a woman had died and left her five kids to me without a thankye, I bet I'd bring 'em up the way I wanted. Here's the twins, ain't it?"

Two little brown-haired girls were worming their way through the crowd toward Sheelah, their gray eyes alight with shy love.

"There's Auntie," they said.

As Sheelah bent to kiss them, Maggie remarked:

"Well, you certainly keep 'em dressed nice, Sheelah. How you can, I don't see. Does Terence Horan help you out?"

Sheelah blushed, as she said angrily:

"I'd not ask a gurrl a question like that."

"Well, you needn't get huffy," said Maggie. "Lots of girls do, that's just as good as you are, 'specially when they've been goin' with a fella long's you have with Terence."

"I've had a hard pull, Mag," said Sheelah; "but I hope I'll never come to borryin'. But I ain't so strong as I was, and it sometimes drives me most crazy thinkin' what will I do if I fall behind on the piece-work."

"Oh, well, you ain't, so fur," said Maggie; "but I tell you, Sheelah Doyne, there's ways we could get more money — honest ways, I mean."

"Well, I wish I knew thim," said Sheelah absently.

"Well, if ever you get in earnest enough to want to know, you come to me, and I'll put you on," said Maggie. "Here's my corner. So long."

Sheelah took the hands of the twins and went on down the shabby street, turning in finally at a little three-room cottage, whose clean white blinds were tied with Irish green ribbon. Inside the cottage there were more evidences of Erin, for Sheelah was very patriotic — the more so because of a stain in her blood. Ireland hates traitors, and yet some one of her children is always betraying her. In the '98, Sheelah's great-grandfather, Malachy Doyne, had turned informer, bringing to the gallows many a poor boy that had worked and sung by his side in the fields. His widow (for informers

usually died quickly in those days) had moved with her sons to another county, but the disgrace had followed the family from generation to generation, with all the curious Irish tenacity of memory for inherited disgrace or honor. And Sheelah's father had taken his two daughters to America, where, swallowed up in the huge Chicago stock-yards, they found that nobody cared what their name was nor where they came from, as long as they paid their way and did not ask too much of their neighbors.

When Sheelah opened the door, three little boys ran to meet her.

"H'lo, Auntie," they said.

"Have you been good in school to-day?" asked Sheelah, sitting down wearily among them.

"Sure," they chorused.

"You've not carried tales to the teacher?" she asked, ever sub-consciously aware of the necessity of staving off from the children the influence of Informer Doyne.

"Sure, we ain't," they said.

"And you did your lessons nice?"

"Sure, we did."

"And I set the kettle bilin', Auntie," said Larry.

Ten-year-old Larry, the eldest, was Sheelah's favorite. She patted his curly head lovingly. Then she turned with a sigh to the second, Ulick.

"Eyes hurt to-day?"

"No, Auntie. I was tellin' the byes how awful much you had to pay the doctor, and they said I lied."

"Niver mind," muttered Sheelah.

Her tears rose as she thought of the oculist's bill, twenty-five dollars! It had taken her more than a year to save that much.

"Auntie," said Larry anxiously, "wasn't that the money that was goin' to help you marry Uncle Terry?"

"Niver mind, avic," said Sheelah, wiping her eyes.

"But can't people get marrud widout money?" asked Ulick, his blue eyes widening.

"Now, don't you be lettin' out that sob behind your teeth, Ulick," she replied; "coorse people get marrud widout money. Well, I guess we'll all go out to the kitchen and get the supper."

She prepared the meager meal, hindered and helped by the little ones. The children chattered and ate, but Sheelah did not answer their questions and scarcely touched her food. After supper she put the younger children to bed, while Larry washed the dishes. At eight o'clock she carried the lamp into the parlor bedroom, where she slept, with the two little girls. She bent over them a moment, lifting the brown curls from their flushed cheeks and listening to their sighing breathing. Then she sat down to some sewing, waiting for the footsteps of Terence Horan.

Presently he came up the rickety steps, whistling, and opened the front door. He was a stout, smiling young man, so full of life that even before he spoke he seemed to infuse some of his energy into tired Sheelah.

"Well, Acushla Macree, and how are you the night?" he asked.

"All right," she said, with a faint smile. "How's yoursilf?"

"Grand." He bent over her and kissed her, passing his big hand clumsily over her thin shoulders. Then he sat opposite her, smiling at her across the table.

"You don't ask what I have in this package," he said.

"You'll tell me."

"Maybe you've forgot the day?"

Sheelah dropped her eyes.

"Sure, did you remember, Terry?" she said.

"Hear that! Could I forgit, when three years ago this day a little flower bends over and whispers, 'Tis your heart I'm fur, wan uv these days. I'm yours when the time comes fur pickin'.' "

Tears rose to Sheelah's eyes.

"Three years; and we thought ——"

"Yes; we thought we could be marrud in three months. Well, 'twasn't our faults me mother tuk sick, and your father and sister died, and the strike came."

Sheelah put down her work.

"Ah, Terence," she said; "the poor have no right to love."

"Sure, the love uv the poor's best uv all. If things went smooth, how'd we know how good love was? But luk at the present I've brought; the furrst uv our own weddin' things, a rale plated silver tay-pot."

He unwrapped it and held it up proudly to her gaze. Suddenly Sheelah threw her arms across the table, dropped her head, and sobbed wildly.

"Darlin' rose uv me hearrt, what is ut at all?" cried Horan. "Is ut sick you are?"

"Oh, sick, sick, heart-sick," she moaned. "Oh, Terry; that I'd niver seen you!"

"What is ut?" he demanded. "Is ut some other man?"

"Oh, no," she cried; "but I can't marry you, Terry. There's no use. You might just as well think uv some other gurrl ——"

"Ah, you're tired," he said; "you've tried this talk on me once before, and you're as silly now as you were then."

Sheelah raised her face.

"Sit you over there," she said, "and listen. Every day my stren'th is less. I must kape on wid the can-paintin', fur it pays the best, but the smell uv the paint makes me sick ——"

"Darlin'," he cried, "if only I could say to you to sthop ut, but there's that fifty dollars a year I've got to pay, that I'll tell you the why uv wan uv these days; and you say yoursilf we shud put by. But annyway, you'll not have to worrk so hard ——"

"Oh, I know you'd be good to me if you could," she said; "but wid these five childher ——"

"Larry'll soon be able to go to worrk," he suggested.

"Ah, would you say that if 'twas your own bye?" she asked passionately. "What is there fur little Larry here? I can lie his age up to fourteen, and they'll put him in the bristle-room! The bristle-room! God uv heaven, the sthrongest bye you can put in shows ut in a week, and in two years he's useless, or dead wid the bristles in his lungs ——"

"Well, well, there'll be somethin' else," he began.

"The bristle-room!" she went on wildly. "My God, Terence, if a man goes to certain death to take people out uv a fire or somethin' like that, they cheer him and make a hero uv him. But here a child goes to death to help out the family, and not an eye has a tear fur him. The bristle-room! I'd rather kill the bye mesilf than send him there."

Her delicate figure was shaking.

"There, there," soothed Terence; "there'll be other worrk fur him, then."

"There's nawthin' else here! And annyway, I want him to have a chanct. I'd like him to go to high school and maybe be a teacher, and the little gurrls, too. I want thim all to have the aisy life I haven't had."

"Sure, maybe they will," he said. "I'll worrk harder. I'll see can't I git somethin' fur the avenin's and Sundahs."

Sheelah drew a long breath.

"Ah, no; ah, no," she said; "Terry, darlin', I can't marry you. Look at the childher uv these stock-yards, half-fed. Look at their mothers draggin' day afther day to worrk, sick and sorry. A child ought to have a chanct in the world."

Terence pushed back his chair.

"Well, in the name uv the blessed saints, ain't you done your best by the childher that are none uv your own? They're well-fed and happy. 'Tis you I'm thinkin' uv, draggin' yourself out day afther day. And when I'm willing to help shouldher thim ——"

"I know you are, darlin'," she said, reaching her hand to touch his, clenched on the table. "Not wan in a hundred would stand ready to help, as you are. And but fur the presents you've given me fur thim, how we'd have got on, I dinnaw. And maybe if nawthin' ever happened to you, and I got no sicker, 'twud be all right ——"

"Well, we'll take the risk," he said confidently. His tone was a little hard and impatient.

"Ah, I'm afraid! Look at how manny men get sick and hurt. Jim Hanrahan was as strong as you, yesterday, and to-day he's lyin' in a pulp at the hospital. Maybe 'tis the coward blood in me that makes — me afraid ——"

"That's fool nonsense," said Horan sternly; "so drop ut. Your blood's all right. I wish your common sense was."

"Terence, don't make ut harder fur me be the crass worrds," she said pitiably. "And — and you've not undherstood me ——"

"I'm gettin' tired uv the talk," he said sullenly.

"This is it," she said, flushing deeply; "'tis all we can do to get along as we are,— all six uv us. If we marrud, I'd have childher uv me own. The five there'd take away the chances uv me own. I — I can't. I can't let a child uv mine face life in this stock-yards. I can't marry you."

There was a long silence. Then Horan rose.

"I could break you bechune me fists, and then I could kiss the wounds I made," he said hoarsely. "Now, I tell you, you're talkin' fool nonsense. I'm goin' away from you. You send fur me when your sense gets back, fur I'll not come nigh you till then."

She clung to his arm.

"Ah, Terry, alannah, would you lave me like this?"

He bent over her and kissed her.

"I'm heart-scorched you should be makin' sich a fool uv me," he said. "But I'll not lave you widout sayin' agin, there'll niver be anny wan but you fur me."

When he had gone, Sheelah blew out the lamp and went to bed, lying awake almost all night beside the tossing little girls.

She could hardly drag herself to work next day, and when she went into the can-painting room, the odors made her sick and dizzy. She stood in her place at a long table, working quickly, doggedly. Whenever trays of cans were brought in, she rushed to get them, fighting among the other women for the "one- and two-pounders," which paid best. Once or twice big Maggie Kehoe, the acting forewoman, pushed a pile of the coveted tins toward her.

"I'm goin' home with you and cook you a beefsteak," said Maggie, when work was over. "You look sick's a dog."

Sheelah was too tired to protest, and Maggie marched her homeward, buying on the way materials for a magnificent supper.

"Oh, gee!" said Ulick, when he saw the purchases; "'tis almost as if 'twas fur Auntie's weddin'."

Sheelah burst into tears, and Maggie made her lie down, amid the wailing of the twins and the youngest boy, while she and Larry and Ulick prepared the supper. When the children saw the table, they were so delighted that Sheelah smiled faintly. Maggie stood over her and made her eat the choice morsels, and then she sent her back to the front room. After the children were put to bed, and all was quiet, Maggie went in and sat by Sheelah.

"Now, tell's all about it," she said; "for somethin's up."

So Sheelah told her poor little story, and Maggie pondered on it.

"Well," she said, taking out her side-comb and smoothing her big auburn pompadour, "I ain't goin' to butt in, but it's hard lines on Horan."

"I know," sighed Sheelah; "and suppose I get sicker, what'll be the good uv ut all, annyway? I'll get less and less money, and I've not a cent laid by now."

Maggie looked at her meditatively.

"Well, now, swear you won't tell, and listen to what I've got to say to you. You can see what a lot of good the unions have done the men, can't you?"

"Terry says so," agreed Sheelah.

"Well, us girls ought to have a union. There's no other way of getting the wages put up where they should be and kep' up. And us can-painters ought to lead the van. If us girls have a union, the other women will, too."

Maggie used a number of arguments which she had picked up from the organizer who had converted her to unionism, and Sheelah listened attentively. At the end she said:

"Mag, 'tis a matther uv dollars and cents wid me — and time. I might make time to go to the union meetin's, but I couldn't squeeze out a cent fur dues."

"Well," said Maggie, after a pause, "all the safe girls are willin' but you. If it's on'y the money, I'll see if I can fix it. The girls might meet in this room; it's prettier than any place any of us got, and we'd let it go on rent, or somethin'. I'll fix it. But mind you, don't peep a word to any one. We got to get several unions started before the bosses and them hear of it. They think it's bad enough to have the men in unions, without us."

"You're sure it'll raise our wages?" asked Sheelah wistfully.

"Sure thing; sooner or later. And we got to think of the hull class of working women."

"Sure, it's harrd, when you have five lanin' on you, to think of the other girls," sighed Sheelah. "I'll join, but Mag, honest, I can't feel anny rale interest in ut."

"That'll come," said Maggie.

But poor Sheelah spent little thought on the union. During the next month it met in her front room every week, Maggie conducting the business with a fine air of competence. Sheelah vaguely admired the girls who were able to talk so fluently about their rights and plans, but she had no desire to take part herself. Her mind was either wearily empty, or struggling with questions of food and clothes for the children, or else dwelling painfully on Terence Horan.

He had kept his word; for a month she had not seen him. There were hours when she felt that he did not love her or he would surely come. It was cruel of him to leave her to answer as best she could the wondering questions of the children. Perhaps he was learning to care for some one else. And there were moments when she would forget that they had parted and would find herself listening for his footsteps on the street and for his gay whistle.

It was increasingly hard to keep up her work. To her terror, she found that she was doing less and less piece-work. Each week she fell behind; at first, it was ten cents less than the week before, and now it had grown to twenty-five cents. Sheelah had moments when she put her fingers in her ears and counted out loud to shut away her terrifying thoughts. One day, when her work was over, the boss called her away from the group of women hastily donning their wraps.

"Say, Miss Doyne," he said; "ain't keepin' up your work so well, are you?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Sheelah, trembling; "I do more piece-worrk 'n lots the gurrls."

"Don't you get scared," said the boss. He was an alert, quick-voiced, dark young man who had changed his name from Hennissey to Hanecy, and was rising in the world. "Nothin' to be scared of," he went on; "I mean well by you. Say, ain't heard any talk of unions among the women, have you?"

"No, sir," said Sheelah, dropping her eyes.

"That's right. We don't want 'em here. Those that are in 'em 'll wish they weren't, if they form unions," he threatened.

"Yes, sir."

He nodded dismissal, and she went home with a quaking fear lest the boss hear of the can-painters' union and discharge her. Every time he looked at her during the next few days, she trembled and averted her eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked her, a week later. "You look like you was guilty of stealin'."

"Nothing, sir," said Sheelah.

"You ain't forgot what I told you of the unions? If you hear of one forming, you tell me, and I'll make it worth your while."

"Yes, sir," Sheelah said.

That week her wages fell behind fifty cents, and Ulick became sick and needed a bottle of medicine. She had to sell a little harp-shaped clock that her father had brought from Ireland. There were moments when she thought of applying to Terence Horan for money, but she could not bring herself to it. She lay awake night after night, and sometimes her loud sobbing woke the children.

At the end of a fortnight, she went to the boss, wide-eyed and white.

"What'll you give me for the information you want?" she asked. "I'm sick; the childher'll starve. My great-grandfather was an informer in the '98, Mr. Hanecy, and I'm uv his own black blood."

She looked at him tearlessly.

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Miss Doyne; I am, honest. I wish for your sake it was some one else tellin', though, mind you, it's your duty to the company ——"

"I know jist how much that talk is worth," said Sheelah. "I thried to fool mesilf wid ut. I know I'm the black thraitor to the gurrls. What'll you give me?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to be made forewoman."

"We-el," he meditated, "Miss Kehoe is acting forewoman — but of course she belongs to the union. She'll be bounced, of course. We-el, yes, you can have it, and I'm glad it's easier work and better pay."

"I'll pay high fur't before I'm through," said Sheelah. "What do you think the gurrls'll say?"

"I'm sorry," he said, kindly enough. "All the girls of the union'll have to go, and two or three others to make it look right. At the end of a week I'll take you back; yes, and I'll pay you for the week you lay off. And now, the names of the girls, please, Miss Doyne, and what you've done so far."

At the week's end, half the can-painters were told that, on account of slack times, there would be no further need of their services. Sheelah stood miserable among the girls who were dismissed. One was laughing hysterically. Two or three looked as if work or starvation meant equally cheerless prospects to them. She caught remarks out of the medley of voices. "And I got my mother and little brother to take care of." "Oh, my Lord, I promised maw I'd pay the two months' rent she owes." "I don't dare tell my old man I got sacked; he'd skin me alive."

"Well," said Maggie Kehoe, looking at her companions, "I can't tell from their faces who sneaked on us; but just let her wait!"

As Maggie put on her hat and coat, she tried to cheer the women about her, telling them that they would be taken back soon; that times were not slack, and quick painters were scarce enough.

"It comes hard on you," she said to Sheelah; "I'm goin' lookin' fur a job tomorra, and I'll see if I can't find somethin' fur you, too."

Sheelah let the week go by in dull apathy. None of the girls seemed to suspect her;

they would, of course, know, when she went back to work. She tried to enjoy her rest, lying late in the mornings and doing all the little odds and ends of sewing for the children for which she had never before had time. But nothing could change the dull misery of her long hours. Sometimes she wondered what Terence would think of her when he found out. Her treachery would strike the love from his heart, she felt sure. And this was her most gnawing fear.

All too soon came the day that she had to go back to work. From the moment that she took her place at the head of the tables, her punishment began. The girls under her were silent, but their glances at each other said all that their tongues dared not. She ate her lunch alone, and at night waited fearfully till all the workers had gone.

"Say," the boss said to her, "I'm goin' to walk home with you, Miss Doyne. I know what'll happen if I don't."

"No," said Sheelah dully; "I'd have to stand ut sometimes, thank you, sir."

As soon as she had passed out of the stockyards, she met Maggie Kehoe. Sheelah stopped short and waited. Maggie's face was red and tense. She stared at Sheelah blazingly a moment, and then she said:

"I've been waitin' fur you, you dirty sneak! After all I've done for you, too! You sickenin' thing, I'd like to scratch your face!"

"I wish you would," said Sheelah. "I'm as low as you say, Maggie. You can't hate me anny more than I hate mesilf."

"Aw, shut up, you scab," said Maggie. "Some of the girls you got bounced needed the money every bit as bad as you."

She accompanied Sheelah until she had exhausted her power of reviling. Other girls joined her, and some of their relatives. One or two did not keep their hands from Sheelah, but she took the blows steadily. Maggie hurt her most by calling out to the brown-haired twins who were coming to meet her:

"Here's your scab Auntie, kids."

Sheelah got into the house at last, the frightened twins crying under their breath, the three little boys staring in terrified wonder. She knelt on the floor by them and drew as many of them as she could into her embrace.

"Oh, darlin's," she sobbed; "if 'twas only right to go and drownd all uv us in the lake! 'Twould be aisier."

They wept together until Larry quietly withdrew and began to get the supper. The familiar habit helped quiet them, but when they drew around the table, their talk was subdued and broken, the children casting fearful glances at the windows and doors.

"Don't be afraid, dears," said Sheelah; "'tis only me the gurrls don't like. They won't hurt youse."

At dark some one stumbled up the steps. A hand fumbled at the door, and Terence Horan entered. For a moment, Sheelah felt only that he had come to revile her, too.

"Oh, Terry, Terry," she cried; "don't! I desarve ut, but don't you say thim worrds to me."

Then she saw his white, drawn face, his bandaged arm.

"What is ut?" she cried, as he sank into a chair. "Terry, alannah, what has come to you?"

"I got out uv the house," he said hoarsely. "The doctor'll go seekin' his dyin' patient in the marnin'."

She knelt by his side, and he put a feeble hand on her head.

"I should not have left you, my hearrt's flower," he murmured; "and oh, but it's been harrd fur you."

"Do you know what I've done?"

"Ah, yes; and how could you help ut? God knows, I'm a strong union man, but Sheelah, I know how the wants uv thim childher tugged at your hearrt, and I've no blame for you, Acushla."

He leaned back groaning in his chair.

"Oh, what, what!" she cried.

"Blood-poisin, darlin'. You were right, annyway, when you were afraid to take the risk."

Sheelah laid her head against his breast with a long, shuddering sigh. When she looked up, he had fainted from pain. She leaped to her feet. Then she called Larry, and she and the frightened child lifted him to her bed and undressed him.

"I'm not goin' to let him come to till he has to," she said. "You go and tell the settlement doctor where he is and ask what I'm to do."

When the boy had gone, she leaned over her lover and kissed his white face. Her mind was full of vague memories of other days. She remembered the first time he had sat in their home, talking to her father, but looking at her. She saw them the Sunday they had ridden away over to the park

by the lake, and Terence had told her that her face was sweeter than any flower there. And then she remembered their first kiss. She felt no pain. There was only a dull wonder that she could ever have been happy or hopeful.

The doctor came, and went, leaving Terence conscious. Sheelah had not needed to be told that there was no hope; her father had died of blood-poisoning. She sent Larry to bed, and then she sat looking deeply into Terence's face.

"Well, now," he said weakly, "I want to talk while I can. You'll not nade the priest till to-morra. You know that fifty dollars I had to pay away every year?"

She nodded.

"If was fur a life-insurance. You see, Acushla, you had put into me your own fear of throuble. It'll be near three thousand dollars. It'll come to you."

She did not understand for a moment.

"You get some uv thim settlement people to invest ut fur you. You should get a hundred and fifty a year out uv it, annyway."

"A hundred and fifty a year! Oh, Terry!"

"Larry naden't go to the bristle-room," he said, with a dim smile.

She bent over and kissed his fingers.

"Ah, darlin', if only I had you well instead."

"I want you to get away from the yards," said Terence, with a spasm of fierce energy. "'Tis no place fur a woman. They'll help you at the settlement. I've been thinkin' uv manny things this day."

Suddenly Sheelah sat on the bed beside him.

"Terry, darlin', I undherstand all about the business," she said. "Rest your head, alannah."

He put his arm about her.

"Ah, darlin'," he said; "the pain's bad, but I jist kape thinkin' 'tis you and me together agin."

Sheelah kissed him passionately.

"Maybe we should have took our youth while we had the chanct," she said. "Well, ut don't matther now. I'm not unhappy," she added, with a kind of surprise. "You're lavin' me, but I'm not unhappy!"

"No; nor me," Terence said.

"Maybe 'tis because I'd give up all hope," she murmured; "but 'tis somethin' to have a few hours ——"

"I wonder," said Terence, after a pause, "I wonder can people's memories count to help thim? You'll remember I loved you well?"

"Ah, I will," she cried passionately; "and I'll teach the childher to grow up like you."

The moments slipped by in a gentle peace. Horan put his head on Sheelah's shoulder and looked up into her deep eyes. Presently he laughed a little.

"I bet I know what you're thinkin'. You're thinkin' you'll spend some uv that money on a grand funeral and a big gravestone for me."

"I was thinkin' uv ut a while back," confessed Sheelah. "I'll do as you like, darlin'."

"Nawthin' but a little shmall stone," he said.

After a time he slipped down on the pillows.

"Well," he said wearily, "there's manny a wan in all the years uv his life hasn't had more happiness than we've had the last hour. Would you lay your head beside me, Acushla?"

She put her face by his, kissing him long and tenderly.

"Ah, Sheelah," he whispered, "God's good. 'Tis a queer wedding in death fur us, but when I've left you, remember I told you God is good. He let us love ach other."

They clasped each other's hands, and after a time both slept.

From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron

ELLEN TERRY AT SEVENTEEN, AFTER HER MARRIAGE TO GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

WHEN I WAS MARRIED*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

FROM July to September every year the leading theatres in London and the provincial cities were closed for the summer vacation. This plan is still adhered to more or less, but in London, at any rate, some theatres keep their doors open all the year round. During these two months most actors take their holiday, but when we were with the Keans, we were not in a position to afford such a luxury. Kate and I were earning good salaries for our age,* but

* Of course, all salaries are bigger now than they were then. The "stars" in old days earned large sums, — Edmund Ke..n received two hundred and fifty pounds for four performances, — but the ordinary members of a company were paid at a very moderate rate. I received fifteen shillings a week at the Princess', until I played Puck, when my salary was doubled. — E. T.

*Copyright in Great Britain. All rights reserved
No portion of this article may be reprinted without special permission from the publishers

KATE TERRY AT EIGHTEEN

the family at home was increasing in size, and my mother was careful not to let us think that there never could be any rainy days. I am bound to say that I left questions of thrift, and what we could afford and what we couldn't, entirely to my parents. I received sixpence a week pocket-money, with which I was more than contented for many years. Poor we may have been at this time, but, owing to my mother's diligent care and cleverness, we always looked nice and neat. One of the few early dissipations

ELLEN TERRY AT SIXTEEN

I can remember was a Christmas party in Half Moon Street, where our white muslin dresses were equal to any present! But more love and toil and pride than money had gone to make them. I have a very clear vision of coming home late from the theatre to our home in Stanhope Street, Regent's Park, and seeing my dear mother stitching at those pretty frocks by the light of one candle. It was no uncommon thing to find her sewing at that time, but if she was tired, she never showed it. She was

KATE TERRY AS "DIANA"

ELLEN TERRY AS "CUPID"

The Terry sisters played these parts in "Endymion" at Bristol during 1862

always bright and tender. With the callousness of childhood, I scarcely realised the devotion and ceaseless care that she bestowed on us, and her untiring efforts to bring us up as beautifully as she could. The knowledge came to me later on, when, all too early in life, my own responsibilities came on me and quickened my perceptions. But I was a heartless little thing when I danced off to that party! I remember that when the great evening came, our hair, which we still wore down our backs, was done to perfection, and we really looked fit to dance with a King! As things were, I *did* dance with the late Duke of Cambridge! It was the most exciting Christmas Day of my life!

I

PLAYING ON THE ROAD

1859-1861

OUR summer holidays, as I have said, were spent at Ryde. We stayed at Rose Cottage (for which I sought in vain when I revisited the place the other day), and the change was pleasant, even though we were working hard. One of the pieces father gave at the theatre to amuse the summer visitors was a farce called, "To Parents and Guardians." I played the fat, naughty boy, Waddilove, a part which had been associated with the comedian Robson in London, and made the unsophisticated audience shout with laughter by entering with my hands covered with jam! Father was capital as the French usher, Tourbillon; and the whole thing went splendidly. Looking back, it seems rather audacious for such a child to have attempted a grown-up comedian's part, but it was excellent practice for that child! It was the success of these little summer ventures at Ryde which made my father think of our touring in a "Drawing-room Entertainment" when the Keans left the Princess'.

The entertainment consisted of two little plays,—"Home for the Holidays," and "Distant Relations,"— and they were written, I think, by a Mr. Courtney. We were engaged to do it first at the Royal Colosseum, Regent's Park, by Sir Charles Wyndham's father, Mr. Culverwell. Kate

ELLEN TERRY, HENRIETTA HODSON AND KATE TERRY

"Henrietta Hodson as 'Endymion' and Kate as 'Diana' had a dance with me which used to bring down the house"

E. A. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY"

"I admired him — I could not help doing that — but I dreaded his jokes and thought some of them very cruel"

and I played all the parts in each piece, and we did quick changes at the side worthy of Fregoli! The whole thing was quite a success, and after playing it at the Colosseum, we started on a round of visits.

I Impersonate a Young Terror

In "Home for the Holidays," which came first on our little programme, Kate played Letitia Melrose, a young girl of about seventeen, who is expecting her young brother "home for the holidays." Letitia, if I remember right, was discovered soliloquising somewhat after this fashion: "Dear little Harry! Left all alone in the world, as we are, I feel such responsibility about him. Shall I find him changed, I wonder, after two years' absence? He has not answered my letters lately. I hope he got the cake and toffee I sent him, but I've not heard a word." At this point I entered as Harry, but instead of being the innocent little school-boy of Letitia's fond imagination, Harry appears in loud peg-top trousers (peg-top trousers were very fashionable in 1860), with a big cigar in his mouth, and his hat worn jauntily on one side. His talk is all of racing, betting, and fighting. Letty is struck dumb with astonishment at first, but the awful change which two years have effected gradually dawns on her. She implores him to turn from his idle, foolish ways. Master Harry sinks on his knees by her side, but just as his sister is about to rejoice and kiss him, he looks up in her face and bursts into loud laughter. She is much exasperated, and, threatening to send some one to him who will talk to him in a very different fashion, she leaves the stage. Master Hopeful thereupon dons his dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and, lying full length upon the sofa, begins to have a quiet smoke. He is interrupted by the appearance of a most wonderful and grim old woman in blue spectacles — Mrs. Terrorbody. This is no other than "Sister Letty," dressed up in

order to frighten the youth out of his wits. She talks and talks, and, after painting vivid pictures of what will become of him unless he alters his "vile ways," leaves him, but not before she has succeeded in making him shed tears, half of fright and half of anger. Later on, Sister Letty, looking from the window, sees a grand fight going on between Master Harry and a butcher-boy, and then Harry enters with his coat off, his sleeves tucked up, explaining in a state of blazing excitement that he "*had* to fight that butcher-boy, because he had struck a little girl in the street." Letty sees that the lad has a fine nature in spite of his folly, and appeals to his heart and the nobility of his nature — this time not in vain!

"Distant Relations" was far more inconsequent, but it served to show our versatility, at any rate. I was all things by turns, and nothing long! First I was the page boy who admitted the "relations" (Kate in many guises). Then I was a relation myself — Giles, a rustic. As Giles, I suddenly asked if the audience would like to hear me play the drum, and "obliged" with a drum solo, in which I had spent a great deal of time perfecting myself. Kate gave an imitation of Mrs. Kean as Constance so beautifully that she used to bring tears to my eyes, and make the audience weep, too!

KATE TERRY AS "PUCK"

A very early photograph, published through the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Evart Jansen Wendell

Both of us, even at this early age, had dreams of playing all Mrs. Kean's parts. We knew the words, not only of them, but of every female part in every play in which we had appeared at the Princess'. "Walking on is so dull," the young actress says sometimes to me now, and I ask her if she knows all the parts in the play in which she is "walking on." I hardly ever find that she does. "I have no understudy part," is her excuse. Even if a young woman has not been given an understudy, she ought, if she has any intention of taking her profession as an actress seriously, to constitute herself an understudy to every part in the piece! Then she would not find her time as a "super" hang heavy on her hands.

Some of my readers may be able to remember the "Stalactite Caverns" which used to form one of the attractions at the Colosseum. It was there that I first studied the words of Juliet. To me the gloomy horror of the place was a perfect godsend! Here I could cultivate a creepy, eerie sensation, and get into a fitting frame of mind for the potion scene. Down in this least imposing of subterranean abodes I used to tremble and thrill with passion and terror. Ah, if only in after years, when I played Juliet at the Lyceum, I could have thrilled an audience to the same extent!

All in the Family

After a few weeks at the Colosseum, we began our little tour. It was a very merry, happy time. We travelled, a company of five, although only two of us were acting. There were my father and mother, Kate and myself, and Mr. Sydney Naylor, who played the very important part of orchestra. With a few exceptions we made the journeys in a carriage. Oh, those delightful journeys on the open road! I tasted the joys of the strolling player's existence, without its miseries. I saw the country for the first time. . . . When they asked me what I was thinking of as we drove along, I remember answering: "Only that I should like to run wild in a wood!" At night we stayed in beautiful little inns which were ever so much more cheap and comfortable than the hotels of to-day. In some of the

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R. A.

From a photograph by Julia Margaret Cameron, made about the time of his marriage to Ellen Terry, when he was in his forty-seventh year

places we were asked out to tea and dinner and very much fêted. An odd little troupe we were! Father was what we will call for courtesy's sake "Stage-manager," but in reality he set the little stage himself and did the work which generally falls to the lot of the stage-manager and an army of carpenters combined. My mother used to coach us up in our parts, dress us, make us go to sleep part of the day so that we might look "fresh" at night, and look after us generally. Mr. Naylor, who was quite a boy at the time, besides discoursing eloquent music in the evenings, during the progress of the "Drawing-room Entertainment" would amuse us — me most especially — by being very entertaining, himself, during our journeys from place to place. How he made us

Photograph by the Autotype Company, London

"THE SISTERS" (KATE AND ELLEN TERRY)

From the painting by George Frederick Watts

laugh, about — well, mostly about nothing at all!

We travelled in this way for nearly two years, visiting a new place every day, and making, I think, about ten to fifteen pounds a performance. Our little pieces were very pretty, but very slight, too; and I can only suppose that the people thought that "never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it," for they received our

entertainment very well. The time had come when my little brothers had to be sent to school, and our earnings came in useful.

When the tour came to an end in 1861, I went to London with my father to find an engagement, while Kate joined the stock company at Bristol. We still gave the "Drawing-room Entertainment" at Ryde in the summer, and it still drew large audiences.

I Make Acquaintance with the French Temperament

In London my name was put on an agent's books in the usual way, and presently he sent me to Madame Albina de Rhona, who had not long taken over the management of the Royal Soho Theatre and changed its name to the Royalty. The improvement did not stop at the new name. French workmen had swept and garnished the dusty, dingy place, and transformed it into a theatre as dainty and pretty as Madame de Rhona herself! Dancing was Madame's strong point, but she had been very successful as an actress, too, first in Paris and Petersburg, and then in London at the St. James' and Drury Lane. What made her go into management on her own account, I don't know. I suppose she was ambitious, and rich enough for the enterprise.

At this time I was "in standing water," as Malvolio says of Viola when she is dressed as a boy. I was neither child nor woman — a long-legged girl of about thirteen, still in short skirts, and feeling that I ought to have long ones. However, when I set out with father to see Madame de Rhona, I was very smart! I borrowed Kate's new bonnet — pink silk trimmed with black lace — and thought I looked nice in it. So did father, for he said on the way to the theatre that pink was my color! In fact, I am sure it was the bonnet that made Madame de Rhona engage me on the spot!

She was the first Frenchwoman I had ever met, and I was tremendously interested in her. Her neat and expressive ways made me feel very "small," or rather *big* and clumsy, even at the first interview. A quick-tempered, bright, energetic little woman, she nearly frightened me out of my wits at the first rehearsal by dancing round me on the stage in a perfect frenzy of anger at what she was pleased to call my stupidity. Then something I did suddenly pleased her, and she overwhelmed me with compliments and praise. After a time these became the order of the day, and she soon won my youthful affections. "Gross flattery," as a friend of mine says, "is good enough for me!" Madame de Rhona was, moreover, very kind-hearted and generous. To her generosity I owed the first piece of jewellery I ever possessed — a pretty little brooch, which, with characteristic carelessness, I promptly lost! Besides being flattered by her praise and grateful for her kindness, I was filled with great admiration for her. She was a wee thing, — like a toy, — and her dancing was really exquisite. When I watched the way she moved her hands and feet, despair entered my soul. It was all so precise, so "express and admirable." Her limbs were so dainty and graceful — mine so big and unmanageable! "How long and gaunt I am," I used to say to myself, "and what a pattern of prim prettiness she is!" I was so much ashamed of my large hands, during this time at the Royalty, that I kept them tucked up under my arms! This subjected me to unmerciful criticism from Madame Albina at rehearsals.

"Take down your hands!" she would call out. "*Mon Dieu!* It is like an ugly young *poulet* going to roost!"

In spite of this, I did not lose my elegant habit for many years! I was only broken of it at last by a friend saying that he supposed I had very ugly hands, as I never showed them! That did it! Out came the hands to prove that they were not so *very* ugly, after all! Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.

The greenroom at the Royalty was a very pretty little place, and Madame Albina sometimes had supper-parties there after the play. One night I could not resist the pangs of curiosity, and I peeped through the keyhole to see what was going on. I chose a lucky moment! One of Madame's admirers was drinking champagne out of her slipper! It was even worth the box on the ear that mother gave me when she caught me. She had been looking all over the theatre for me, to take me home.

The Ingénue and the Snake

My first part at the Royalty was Clementine in "Attar Gull." Of the play, adapted from a story by Eugène Sue, I have a very hazy recollection, but I know

that I had one very effective scene in it. Clementine, an ordinary fair-haired ingénue in white muslin, has a great horror of snakes, and, in order to cure her of her disgust, some one suggests that a dead snake should be put in her room, and she be taught how harmless the thing is for which she had such an aversion. An Indian servant, who, for some reason or other, has a deadly hatred for the whole family, substitutes a live reptile. Clementine appears at the window with the venomous creature coiled round her neck, screaming terribly. The spectators on the stage think that the snake is dead and that she is only screaming from nervous terror, but in reality she is being slowly strangled. I began screaming in a frantic, heartrending manner, and continued screaming, each cry surpassing the last in intensity and agony. This used to bring down the house, and I was assured by Madame de Rhona that I had made a great effect. How sweet and pleasant her flattering words sounded in my young and inexperienced ears, I need hardly say!

Looking back to it now, I know perfectly well why I, a mere child of thirteen, was able to give such a realistic display of horror. I had the emotional instinct to start with, no doubt, but if I did it well, it was because I was able to imagine what would be *real* in such a situation. I had never *observed* such horror, but I had previously *realised* it, when, as Arthur, I had imagined the terror of having my eyes put out.

Imagination! Imagination! I put it first years ago, when I was asked what qualities I thought necessary for success upon the stage. And I am still of the same opinion. Imagination, industry, and intelligence — "the three I's" — are all indispensable to the actress, but of these three the greatest is, without any doubt, imagination.

After this "screaming" success, which, however, did not keep "Attar Gull" in the bill at the Royalty for more than a few nights, I continued to play under Madame de Rhona's management until February, 1862. During these few months new plays were being constantly put on, for Madame was somehow not very fortunate in gauging the taste of the public. It was in the fourth production, "The Governor's Wife," that, as Letty Briggs, I had my first experience of what is called "stage fright." I had been on the stage more than five years and had played at least sixteen parts, so there was really no excuse for me. I suspect now that I had not taken enough pains to get word-perfect. I know I had five new parts to study between November 21st and December 26th.

What Stage Fright Feels Like

Stage fright is like nothing else in the world. You are standing on the stage apparently quite well and in your right mind, when suddenly you feel as if your tongue had been dislocated and were lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downwards from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet have been carefully iced, has begun to run about in the roots of your hair. The next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of a cold sweat all over. Then you are certain that some one has cut the muscles at the back of your knees. Your mouth begins to open slowly, without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this point, it is as well to get off the stage as quickly as you can, for you are far beyond human help.

Whether everybody suffers in this way or not, I cannot say, but it exactly describes the torture I went through in "The Governor's Wife." I had just enough strength and sense to drag myself off the stage and seize hold of a book, with which, after a few minutes, I reappeared and ignominiously read my part. Whether Madame de Rhona boxed my ears or not, I can't remember, but I think it is very likely she did, for she was very quick-tempered. In later years I have not suffered from the fearsome malady, but even now, after fifty years of stage life, I never play a new part without being overcome by a terrible nervousness and a torturing dread of forgetting my lines. Every nerve in my body seems to be dancing an independent jig on its own account.

It was at the Royalty that I first acted with Mr. Kendal. He and I played together in a comedietta called: "A Nice Quiet Day." Soon after, my engagement came to an end, and I went to Bristol, where I gained the experience of my life with a stock company.

II

LIFE IN A STOCK COMPANY
1862-1863

"I THINK anything, naturally written, ought to be in everybody's way that pretends to be an actor." This remark of Colley Cibber's long ago struck me as an excellent motto for beginners on the stage. The ambitious boy thinks of Hamlet, the ambitious girl of Lady Macbeth or Rosalind, but where shall we find the young actor or actress whose heart is set on being useful?

Usefulness! It is not a fascinating word, and the quality is not one of which the aspiring spirit can dream o' nights, yet on the stage it is the first thing to aim at. Not until we have learned to be useful, can we afford to do what we like. The tragedian will always be a limited tragedian if he has not learned how to laugh. The comedian who cannot weep will never touch the highest levels of mirth.

It was in the stock companies that we learned this great lesson of usefulness; we played everything — tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque. There was no question of parts "suiting" us; we had to take what we were given.

The first time I was cast for a part in a burlesque, I told the stage-manager I couldn't sing and I couldn't dance. His reply was short and to the point: "You've got to do it." And so I did it in a way — a very funny way at first, no doubt. It was admirable training, for it took all the self-consciousness out of me to start with. To end with, I thought it capital fun and enjoyed burlesque as much as Shakspere.

The Liberal Education of a Stock Company

What was a stock company? I forget that in these days the question may be asked in all good faith, and that it is necessary to answer it. Well, then, a stock company was a company of actors and actresses, brought together by the manager of a provincial theatre, to support a leading actor or actress — "a star" — from London. When Edmund Kean, the Kembles, Macready, or Mrs. Siddons visited provincial towns, these companies were ready to support them in Shakspere. They were also ready to play burlesque, farce, and comedy to fill out the bill. Sometimes the "stars" would come for a whole season; sometimes, if their magnitude were of the first order, for only one night. Sometimes they would rehearse with the stock company, sometimes they wouldn't. There is a story of a manager visiting Edmund Kean at his hotel on his arrival in a small provincial town, and asking the great actor when he would rehearse.

"Rehearse! I'm not going to rehearse — I'm going to sleep!"

"Have you any instructions?"

"Instructions! No! Tell 'em to keep five yards away from me and do their damned worst!"

At Bristol, where I joined Mr. J. H. Chute's stock company in 1861, we had no experience of that kind, perhaps because there was no Kean alive to give it to us. And I don't think that our "worst" would have been so very bad. Mr. Chute, who had married Macready's half-sister, was a splendid manager, and he contrived to gather round him a company which was something more than "sound." Several of its members distinguished themselves greatly in after years. Among these I may mention Miss Marie Wilton (now Lady Bancroft), and Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal).

Lady Bancroft had left the company before I joined it, but Mrs. Kendal was there, and so was Miss Henrietta Hodson (afterwards Mrs. Labouchere). I was much struck at that time by Mrs. Kendal's singing. Her voice was beautiful. As an example of how anything can be twisted to make mischief, I may quote here an absurd tarradiddle about Mrs. Kendal never forgetting in after years that in the Bristol stock company she had to play the singing fairy to my Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The simple fact, of course, was that she had the best voice in the company and was of such infinite value in singing parts that no manager in his senses would have taken her out of them. There was no question of my taking precedence of her, or of her playing second fiddle to me.

The Terryites and the Hodsonites

Miss Hodson was a brilliant burlesque actress, a good singer, and a capital dancer. She had great personal charm, too, and was an enormous favorite with the Bristol public. I cannot exactly call her a "rival" of my sister Kate's, for Kate was the "principal lady," or "star," and Henrietta Hodson

the "soubrette" and, in burlesque, the "principal boy." Nevertheless, there were certainly rival factions of admirers, and the friendly antagonism between the Hodsonites and the Terryites used to amuse us all greatly.

We were petted, spoiled, and applauded to our heart's content, but I don't think it did us any harm. We all had scores of admirers, but their youthful ardour seemed to be satisfied by tracking us when we went to rehearsal in the morning and waiting for us outside the stage-door at night.

When Kate and I had a "benefit" night, they had an opportunity of coming to rather closer quarters, for on these occasions tickets could be bought from members of the company, as well as at the box-office of the theatre.

Our lodgings in Queen Square were besieged by Bristol youths, who were anxious to get a glimpse of the Terrys. The Terrys demurely chatted with them and sold them tickets. My mother was most vigilant in her rôle of duenna, and from the time I first went on the stage until I was a grown woman, I can never remember going home unaccompanied by either her or by my father.

The leading male members of Mr. Chute's stock company were Arthur Wood (an admirable comedian), William George Rignold, W. H. Vernon, and Charles Coghlan. At this time Charles Coghlan was acting magnificently and dressing each of his characters so correctly and so perfectly that most of the audience did not understand it. For instance, as Glavis, in "The Lady of Lyons," he looked a picture of the Directoire fop. He did not compromise in any single detail, but wore the long straggling hair, the high cravat, the eye-glass, bows, jags, and tags, to the infinite amusement of some members of the audience, who could not imagine what his quaint dress meant. Coghlan's clothes were not more perfect than his manner, but both were a little in advance of the appreciation of Bristol playgoers in the sixties.

At the Princess' Theatre I had gained my experience of long rehearsals. When I arrived in Bristol I was to learn the value of short ones. Mr. Chute took me in hand, and I had to wake up and be alert with brains and body. The first part I played was Cupid in "Endymion." To this day I can remember my lines. I entered as a blind old woman in what is known in theatrical parlance as a "disguise cloak." Then, throwing it off, I said:

> "I'm not so blind as I appear,
> And so to throw off all disguise and sham,
> Let me at once inform you who I am!
> I'm Cupid!"

Henrietta Hodson as Endymion and Kate as Diana had a dance with me which used to bring down the house. I wore a short tunic which in those days was considered very scanty, and carried the conventional bow and quiver.

In another burlesque, "Perseus and Andromeda," I played Pictys; it was in this piece that Arthur Wood used to make people laugh by punning on the line: "Such a mystery (Miss Terry) here!" It was an absurd little joke, but the people used to cheer and applaud.

In March, 1863, Mr. Chute opened the Theatre Royal, Bath, when, besides a specially written play symbolic of the event, his stock company performed "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania was the first Shakspere part I had played since I left Charles Kean, but I think even in those early days I was more at home in Shakspere than anything else. Mr. Godwin, the architect and archaeologist, designed my dress, and we made it at his house in Bristol. He showed me how to damp it and "wring" it while it was wet, tying up the material as the Orientals do in their "tie and dye" process, so that when it was dry and untied, it was all crinkled and clinging. This was the first lovely dress I ever wore, and I learned a great deal from it.

Sothern and His Jokes

Almost directly after that appearance at Bath I went to London to fulfil an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, of which Mr. Buckstone was still the manager and Sothern the great attraction. I had played Gertrude Howard in "The Little Treasure," during the stock season at Bristol, and when Mr. Buckstone wanted to do the piece at the Haymarket, he was told about me. I was fifteen at this time, and my sense of humour was as yet very ill-developed. I was fond enough of "larking," and merry enough, but I hated being laughed *at!* At any rate, I could see no humour in Mr. Sothern's jokes at my expense. He played my lover in

"The Little Treasure," and he was always teasing me — pulling my hair, making me forget my part and look like an idiot. But for dear old Mr. Howe, who was my father in the same piece, I should not have enjoyed acting in it at all, but he made amends for everything. We had a scene together in which he used to cry, and I used to cry — oh, it was lovely!

Why I should never have liked Sothern, with his wonderful hands and blue eyes, Sothern, whom every one found so fascinating and delightful, I cannot say, and I record it as discreditable to me, not to him. It was just a case of "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." I admired him — I could not help doing that — but I dreaded his jokes and thought some of them very cruel.

Leaving My Character Behind Me

Another thing I thought cruel at this time was the scandal which was talked in the theatre. A change for the better has taken place in this respect — at any rate, in conduct. People behave better now, and in our profession, carried on as it is in the public eye, behaviour is everything. At the Haymarket there were simply no bounds to what was said in the greenroom. One night I remember gathering up my skirts (we were, I think, playing "The Rivals" at the time), making a courtesy, as Mr. Chippendale, one of the best actors in old comedy I ever knew, had taught me, and sweeping out of the room with the famous line from another Sheridan play: "Ladies and gentlemen, I leave my character behind me!"

I see now that this was very priggish of me, but I am quite as uncompromising in my hatred of scandal now as I was then. Quite recently I had a line to say in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," which is a very helpful reply to any tale-bearing. "As if any one ever knew the whole truth about anything!" That is just the point. It is only the whole truth which is informing and fair in the long run, and the whole truth is never known.

I regard my engagement at the Haymarket as one of my lost opportunities, which in after years I would have given much to have over again. I might have learned so much more than I did. I was preoccupied by events outside the theatre. Tom Taylor, who had for some time been a good friend to both Kate and me, had introduced us to Mr. Watts, the great painter, and to me the stage seemed a poor place when compared with the wonderful studio where Kate and I were painted as "The Sisters." At the Taylors' house, too, the friends, the arts, the refinements had an enormous influence on me, and for a time the theatre became almost distasteful. Never at any time in my life have I been ambitious, but at the Haymarket I was not even passionately anxious to do my best with every part that came in my way — a quality which with me has been a good substitute for ambition. I was just dreaming of and aspiring after another world, a world full of pictures and music and gentle, artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. The reality of such a world was Little Holland House.

The Perfection of Old Comedy

So I confess quite frankly that I did not appreciate, until it was too late, my advantages in serving at the Haymarket with comrades who were the most surpassingly fine actors and actresses in old comedy that I have ever known. There were Mr. Buckstone, the Chippendales, Mr. Compton, Mr. Farren. They one and all thoroughly understood Sheridan. Their bows, their courtesies, their grand manner, the indefinable *style* which they brought to their task were something to see. There was Miss Snowdon (Mrs. Chippendale), a dear, comfortable old body, who long afterwards played with me in "Faust" at the Lyceum and gave me the jewels I wore as Queen Katherine. We shall never know their like again, and the smoothest old comedy acting of this age seems rough in comparison. Of course, we suffer more with every fresh decade that separates us from Sheridan. As he gets further and further away, the traditions of the performances which he conducted become paler and paler. Mrs. Chippendale knew these traditions backwards. She might even have known Sheridan himself. Charles Reade's mother did know him, and sat on the stage with him while he rehearsed "The School for Scandal" with Mrs. Abingdon, the original Lady Teazle in the part.

Mrs. Abingdon, according to Charles Reade, who told the story, had just delivered the line, "How dare you abuse my relations?" when Sheridan stopped the rehearsal.

"No, no! that won't do at all! It mustn't be *pettish*. That's shallow — shallow — You must go up stage with . . . and then

turn and sweep down on him like a volcano! 'How *dare* you abuse my relations!' "

I hope that I shall refrain, in telling the story of my life, from praising the past at the expense of the present. It is an easy thing to do, as there are so few people who can contradict me. Yet even the fear of being classed with the man who liked every country but his own, shall not deter me from saying that although I have seen many improvements in actors and acting since I was at the Haymarket, I have never seen artificial comedy acted as it was acted there.

Not that I was much good at it myself. I played Julia in "The Rivals" very ill; it was too difficult and subtle a part for me,— ungrateful into the bargain,— and I even made a blunder in bringing down the curtain on the first night. It fell to my lot to finish the play — in players' language, to speak the "tag." Now, it has been a superstition among actors for centuries that it is unlucky to speak the "tag" in full at rehearsal. So during the rehearsals of "The Rivals," I followed precedent and did not say the last two or three words of my part and of the play, but just "mum, mum, mum!" When the first night came, I was all at sea with the line, and instead of dropping my voice with the last word in the conventional and proper manner, I ended with an upward inflection!

This unexpected innovation produced utter consternation all round me. The prompter was so much astounded that he thought there was something more coming and did not give the "pull" for the curtain to come down. There was a horrid pause while it remained up, and then Mr. Buckstone, the Bob Acres of the cast, who was very dear and had not heard the upward inflection, exclaimed loudly and irritably: "Eh! eh! What does this mean? Why the devil don't you bring down the curtain?" And he went on cursing until it did come down. This experience made me think more than ever of the advice of an old actor: "Never leave your stage effects to *chance*, my child, but *rehearse*, and find out all about it!"

How I wished I had rehearsed that "tag" and taken the risk of being unlucky!

It was not all old comedy at the Haymarket. "Much Ado About Nothing" was put on during my engagement, and I played Hero to Miss Louisa Angell's Beatrice. Miss Angell was a very modern Beatrice, but I, though I say it "as shouldn't," played Hero beautifully! I remember wondering if I should ever play Beatrice. I just *wondered*, that was all. It was the same when Miss Angell played Letitia Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem," and I was Lady Touchwood. I just wondered! I never felt jealous of other people having bigger parts, I never looked forward consciously to a day when I should have them myself. Wasn't this somewhat peculiar? There was no virtue in it. It was just because I wasn't ambitious.

Playing to Royalty

Louise Keeley, a pretty little woman and clever, took my fancy more than any one else in the company. She was always merry and kind, and I admired her dainty, vivacious acting. In a burlesque called "Buckstone at Home" (in which I played Britannia and came up a trap in a huge pearl which opened and disclosed me!), Miss Keeley was delightful. One evening the Prince and Princess of Wales (now our King and Queen) came to see "Buckstone at Home." I believe it was the very first time they had appeared at a theatre since their marriage. They sat far back in the royal box, the ladies and gentlemen of their suite occupying the front seats. Miss Keeley, dressed as a youth, had a song in which she brought forward by the hand some well-known characters in fairy tales and nursery rhymes — Cinderella, Little Boy Blue, Jack and Jill, and so on, and introduced them to the audience in a topical verse. One verse ran:

"Here's the Prince of Happyland,
Once he dwelt at the Lyceum;
Here's another Prince in hand,
But being *Invisible*, you can't see him!"

Probably the Prince of Wales must have wished the singer at — well, not the Haymarket Theatre; but the next minute he must have been touched by the loyal greeting that he received. When the audience grasped the situation, every one — stalls, boxes, circle, pit, gallery — stood up and cheered and cheered again. Never was there a more extraordinary scene in a playhouse — such excitement, such enthusiasm! The action of the play came to a full stop, but not the cheers. They grew louder and louder, until the Prince came forward and bowed his acknowledgments. I doubt if any royal personage has ever been more popular in England than he was.

III

SIXTEEN AND MARRIED

1864

IN the middle of the run of "The American Cousin" I left the stage and married. Mary Meredith was the part, and I played it vilely. I was not quite sixteen years old, too young to be married even in those days, when every one married early. But I was delighted, and my parents were delighted, although the disparity of age between my husband and me was very great. It all seems now like a dream, not a clear dream, but a fitful one which in the morning one tries in vain to tell. And even if I could tell it, I would not. I was happy, because my face was the type which the great artist who married me loved to paint. I remember sitting to him in shining armour for hours and hours and never realising that it was heavy until I fainted!

Little Holland House, where Mr. Watts lived, seemed to me a Paradise, where only beautiful things were allowed to come. All the women were graceful, and all the men were gifted. The trio of sisters — Mrs. Prinsep (mother of the painter), Lady Somers, and Mrs. Cameron, who was the pioneer in artistic photography as we know it to-day — were known as Beauty, Dash, and Talent. There were two more beautiful sisters, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Dalrymple. There were Gladstone and Disraeli. There was Browning. At Freshwater, where I went soon after my marriage, I first met Tennyson.

Gladstone, Disraeli, and Tennyson

As I write down these great names I feel almost guilty of an imposture! Such names are bound to raise high anticipations, and my recollections of the men to whom some of the names belong are so very humble!

I sat, shrinking and timid, in a corner — the girl-wife of a famous painter. I was, if I was anything at all, more of a curiosity, a side-show, than hostess to these distinguished visitors. Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano. His face was pale — calm, but the calm was the calm of the grey crust of Etna. To look into the piercing dark eyes was like having a glimpse into the red-hot crater beneath. Years later, when I met him again at the Lyceum and became better acquainted with him, this impression of a volcano at rest again struck me. Of Disraeli I carried away even a scantier impression. I remember that he wore a blue tie, a brighter blue tie than most men would dare to wear, and his straggling curls shook as he walked. He looked the great Jew before everything. But "there is the noble Jew," as George Meredith writes somewhere, "as well as the bestial Gentile." When I first saw Henry Irving dressed as Shylock, my thoughts flew back to the garden-party at Little Holland House, and Disraeli. I know I must have admired him greatly, for the only other time I ever saw him he was walking in Piccadilly, and I crossed the road, just to get a good look at him. I even went the length of bumping into him on purpose. He took off his hat, muttered, "I beg your pardon," and passed on, not recognizing me, of course; but I had had my look into his eyes. They were very quiet eyes and didn't open wide.

I love Disraeli's novels — like his tie, brighter in colour than any one else's. It was "Venetia" which first made me see the real Lord Byron, the real Lady Byron, too. In "Tancred" I recall a description of a family of strolling players which seems to me more like the real thing than anything else of the kind in fiction. It is strange that Dizzy's novels should be neglected. Can any one with a pictorial sense fail to be delighted by their pageantry? Disraeli was a heaven-born artist, who, like so many of his race, on the stage, in music, and elsewhere, seems to have had an unerring instinct for the things which the Gentile only acquires by labour and training. The world he shows us in his novels is big and swelling, but only to a hasty judgment is it hollow.

Tennyson was more to me than a magic-lantern shape, flitting across the blank of my young experience, never to return. The first time I saw him he was sitting at the table in his library, and Mrs. Tennyson, her very slender hands hidden by thick gloves, was standing on a step-ladder handing him down some heavy books. She was very frail and looked like a faint tea-rose. After that one time I only remember her lying on a sofa.

In the evenings I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset

— the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple.

A hat that I wore at Freshwater suddenly comes to my remembrance. It was a brown straw mushroom with a dull red feather round it. It was tied under my chin, and I still had my hair down.

It was easy enough to me to believe that Tennyson was a poet. He showed it in everything, although he was entirely free from any assumption of the poetical rôle. That Browning, with his carefully brushed hat, smart coat, and free society manners was a poet, always seemed to me far more incomprehensible than his poetry, which I think most people would have taken straightforwardly and read with a fair amount of ease, if certain enthusiasts had not founded societies for making his crooked places plain, and (to me) his plain places very crooked. These societies have terrorized the ordinary reader into leaving Browning alone. The same thing has been tried with Shakspere, but fortunately the experiment in this case has proved less successful. Coroners' inquests by learned societies can't make Shakspere a dead man.

The Child and the Poets

At the time of my first marriage, when I met these great men, I had never had the advantage — I assume that it *is* an advantage! — of a single day's schooling in a *real school*. What I have learned outside my own profession, I have learned from my environment. Perhaps it is this which makes me think environment more valuable than a set education, and a stronger agent in forming character even than heredity. Perhaps I should have written the *externals* of character, for primal, inner feelings are, I suppose, always inherited.

Still, my want of education may be partly responsible for the unsatisfactory blankness of my early impressions! As it takes two to make a good talker, so it takes two to make a good hero — in print, at any rate. I was meeting distinguished people at every turn and taking no notice of them. At Freshwater I was still so young that I preferred playing Indians and Knights of the Round Table with Tennyson's sons, Hallam and Lionel, and the young Camerons, to sitting indoors noticing what the poet did and said. I was mighty proud when I learned how to prepare his day pipe for him. It was a long churchwarden, and he liked the stem to be steeped in a solution of sal volatile, or something of that kind, so that it did not stick to his lips. But he and all the others seemed to me very old. There were my young knights waiting for me, and jumping gates, climbing trees, and running paper chases are pleasant when one is young.

It was not to inattentive ears that Tennyson read his poems. His reading was most impressive, but I think he read Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" better than anything of his own, except, perhaps, "The Northern Farmer." He used to preserve the monotonous rhythm of the galloping horses in Browning's poem, and made the words come out sharply like hoofs upon a road. It was a little comic until one got used to it, but that fault lay in the ear of the hearer. It was the right way and the fine way to read this particular poem, and I have never forgotten it.

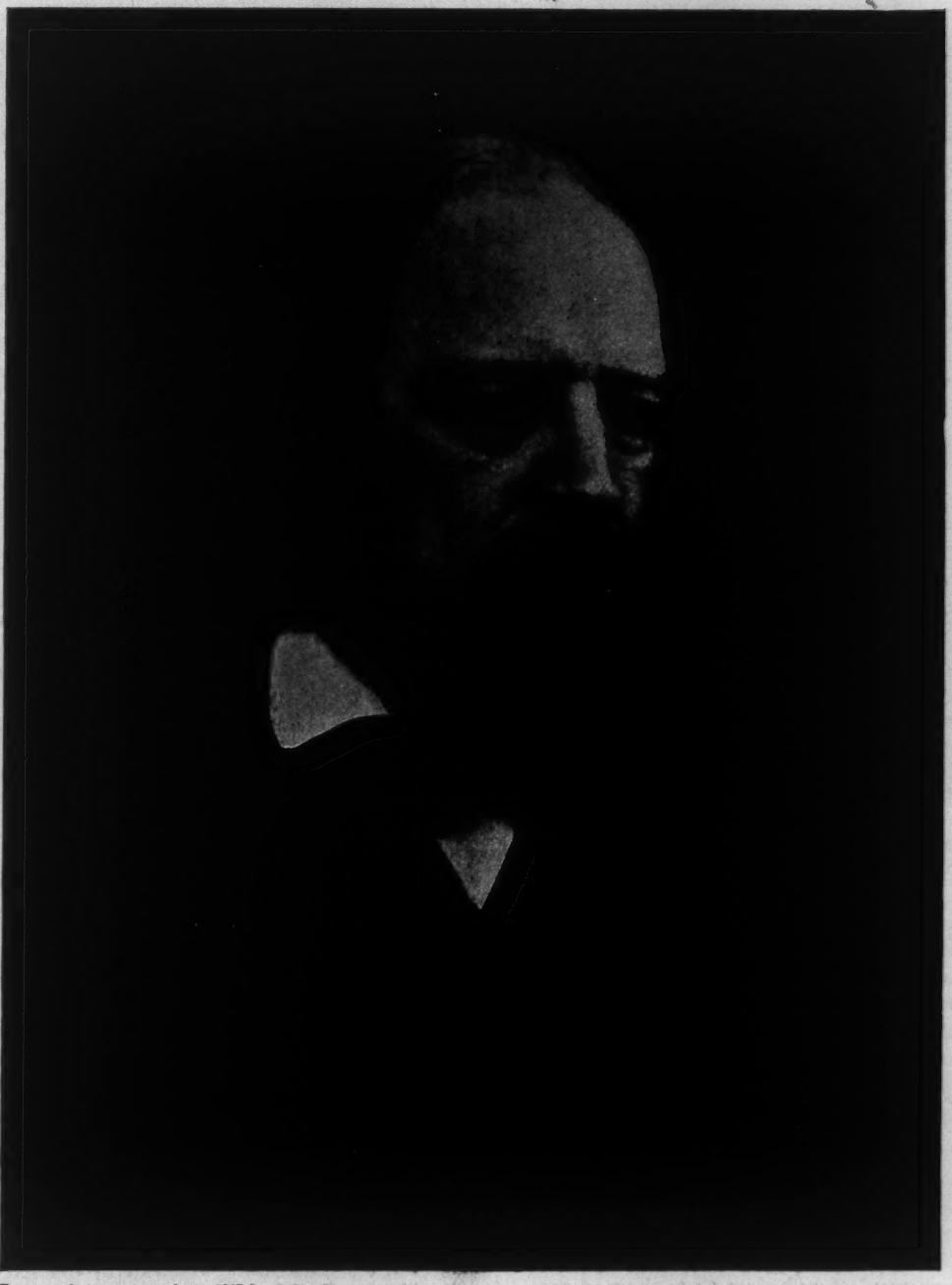
In after years I met Tennyson again, when with Henry Irving I acted in two of his plays at the Lyceum. When I come to those plays, I shall have more to say of him. Gladstone, too, came into my later life. Browning I saw once or twice at dinner-parties, but knew him no better than in this early period, when I was Nelly Watts, and heedless of the greatness of great men. "To meet an angel and not to be afraid is to be impudent." I don't like to confess to it, but I think I must have been, according to this definition, *very* impudent!

One charming domestic arrangement at Freshwater was the serving of the dessert in a separate room from the rest of the dinner. And such a dessert it always was! — fruit piled high on great dishes in Veronese fashion, not the few nuts and an orange of some English households.

It must have been some years after the Freshwater days, yet before the production of "The Cup," that I saw Tennyson in his carriage outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street.

"How very nice you look in the daytime," he said. "Not like an actress!"

I disclaimed my singularity, and said I thought actresses looked *very* nice in the daytime.



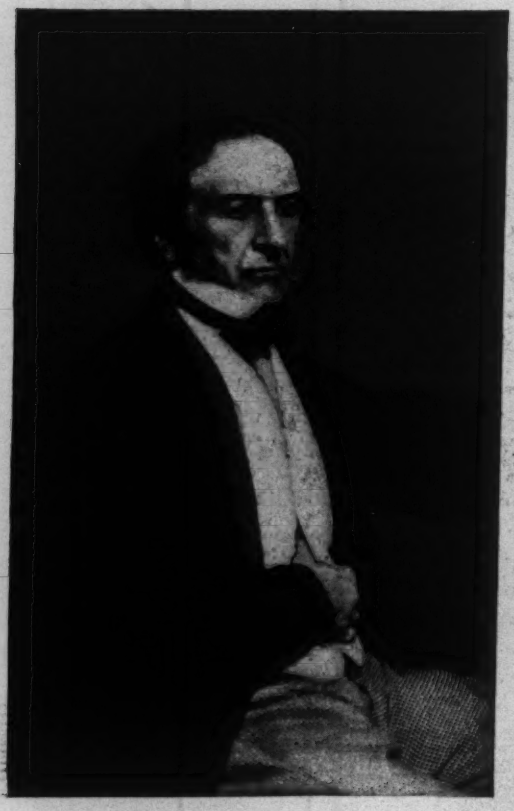
From a photograph made in 1867 by Julia Margaret Cameron

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple"

To him and to the others my early romance was always the most interesting thing about me. When I saw them in later times, it seemed as if months, not years, had passed since I was Nelly Watts.

Once, at the dictates of a conscience perhaps over fastidious, I made a bonfire of my letters and diaries. But a few letters were saved from the burning, more by accident than design. Among them I found



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

"Mr. Gladstone seemed to me like a suppressed volcano"

yesterday a kind little note from Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, which shows one that I must have known him, too, at the time of my first marriage and met him later on when I returned to the stage:

"You cannot tell how much pleased I am to hear that you have been as happy as you deserve to be. The longer one lives, the more one learns not to despair, and to believe that nothing is impossible to those who have courage and hope and youth — I was going to add beauty and genius." (This is the sort of thing that made me blush — and burn my letters before they shamed me!)

"My little boy is still the charm and consolation of my life. He is now twelve years old, and though I say it that should not, is a perfect child, and wins the hearts of all who know him."

That little boy, now in His Majesty's Government, is known as the Right Honourable Lewis Vernon-Harcourt. He married an American lady, Miss Burns of New York.

Many inaccurate stories have been told of my brief married life, and I have never contradicted them — they were so manifestly absurd. Those who can imagine the surroundings into which I, a raw girl, undeveloped in all except my training as an actress, was thrown, can imagine the situation.

Of one thing I am certain. While I was with Signor, — the name by which Mr. Watts was known among his friends, — I never had one single pang of regret for the theatre. This may do me no credit, but it is *true*.

I wondered at the new life and worshipped it because of its beauty. When it suddenly came to an end, I was thunderstruck; and refused at first to consent to the separation which was arranged in much the same way as my marriage.

The whole thing was managed by those kind friends whose chief business in life seems to be the care of others. I don't blame them. There are cases where no one is to blame. "There do exist such things as honest misunderstandings," as Charles Reade was always impressing on me at a later time. There were no vulgar accusations on either side, and the words I read in the deed of separation — "incompatibility of temper" (a mere legal phrase) *more* than covered the ground. Truer still would have been "incompatibility of *occupation*," — the interference of well-meaning friends. We all suffer from that sort of thing. Pray God one be not a well-meaning friend one's self!

"The marriage was not a happy one," they will probably say after my death, and I forestall them by saying that it in many ways was very happy indeed. What bitterness there was effaced itself in a very remarkable way.

My Later Correspondence with Mr. Watts

I saw Mr. Watts but once face to face after the separation. We met in the street at Brighton, and he told me that I had grown! I was never to speak to him again. But years later, after I had appeared at the Lyceum and had made some success in the world, I was in the garden of a house which adjoined Mr. Watts' new Little Holland House, and he, in his garden, saw me through the hedge. It was then that I received from him the first letter that I had had for years. In this letter he told me that he had watched

my success with eager interest, and asked me to shake hands with him in spirit. "What success I may have," he wrote, "will be very incomplete and unsatisfactory if you cannot do what I have long been hesitating to ask. If you cannot, keep silence. If you can, one word 'Yes,' will be enough."

I answered simply, "Yes."

After that he wrote to me again, and for two or three years we corresponded, but I never came into personal contact with him.

As the past is now to me like a story in a book that I once read, I can speak of it easily. But if by doing so I thought that I might give pain or embarrassment to any one else, I should be silent about this long-forgotten time. After careful consideration it does not seem to me that it can be either indiscreet or injurious to let it be known that the great artist honored and appreciated my efforts and strife in my art; that this great man could not rid himself of the pain of feeling that he "had spoiled my life" (a chivalrous assumption of blame for what was, I think, a natural, almost inevitable, catastrophe), and that long after all personal relation had been broken off, he wrote to me gently, kindly, — as sympathetically ignoring the strangeness of the position, as if, to use his own expression "we stood face to face on the brink of an universal grave."

When this tender kindness was established between us, he sent me a portrait-head that he had done of me when I was his wife. I think it a very beautiful picture. He did not touch it except to mend the edges, thinking it better not to try to improve it by the work of another time.

In one of these letters he writes that "there is nothing in all this that the world might not know." Surely the world is always the better for having a little truth instead of a great deal of idle inaccuracy and falsehood. That is my justification for publishing this, if justification be needed.

If I did not fulfil his too high prophecy that "in addition to your artistic eminence, I feel that you will achieve a solid social position, make yourself a great woman, and take a noble place in the history of your time," I was the better for his having made it.

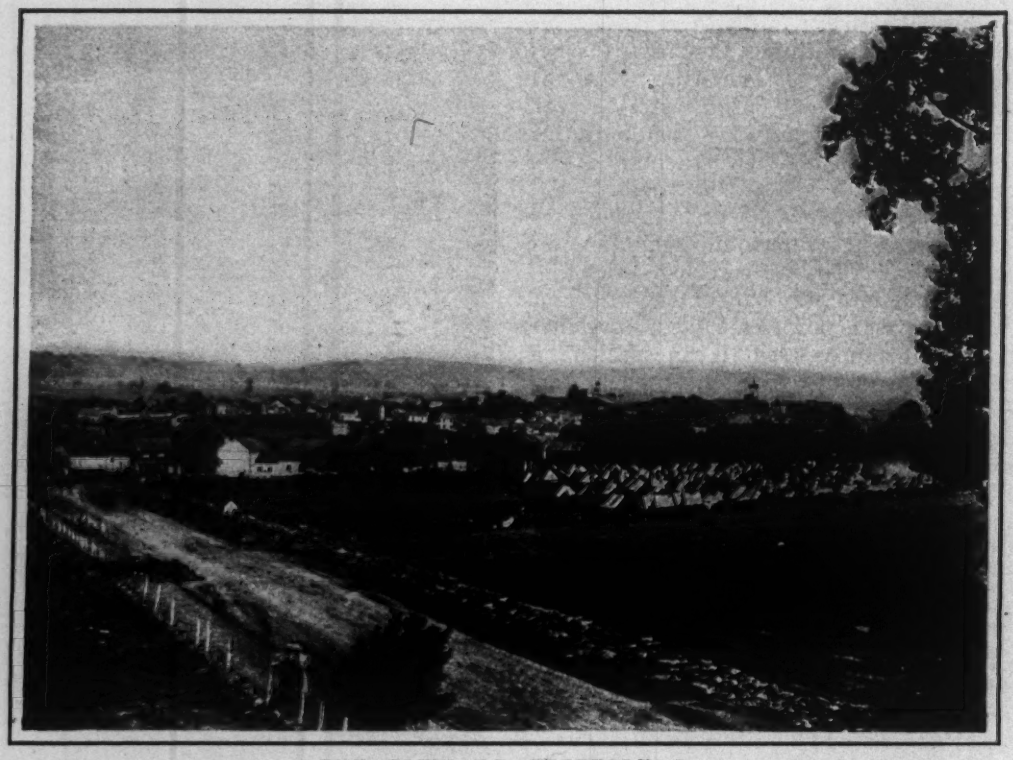
If I had been able to look into the future, I should have been less rebellious at the termination of my first marriage. Was I so rebellious, after all? I am afraid I *showed* about as much rebellion as a sheep. But I was miserable, indignant, unable to understand that there could be any justice in what had happened. In a little more than two years, I returned to the stage. I was practically *driven* back by those who meant to be kind — Tom Taylor, my father and mother, and others. *They* looked ahead and saw clearly it was for my good.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

"He looked the great Jew before everything"

It *was* a good thing, but at the time I hated it. And I hated going back to live at home. Mother furnished a room for me, and I thought the furniture hideous. Poor mother!

For years Beethoven always reminded me of mending stockings, because I used to struggle with the large holes in my brothers' stockings up-stairs in that ugly room, while down-stairs Kate played the Moonlight Sonata. I caught up the stitches in time to the notes! This was the period, when, though every one was kind, I hated my life, hated every one and everything in the world more than at any time before or since.



THE TOWN OF GETTYSBURG

Looking from a point near the position of the Eleventh Corps; from a photograph made in 1863

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG*

BY

CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Army of the Potomac recovered quickly from the disappointments and fatigues of the Chancellorsville campaign, and when, before the middle of June, the rumor spread that Lee had stretched forth his left toward the Shenandoah Valley to attempt another invasion of the North, it was ready and eager to march and fight.

On the 30th of June I had the good fortune of finding shelter in a nunnery, the St. Joseph's College at Emmitsburg in Maryland, a young ladies' school carried on by a religious order. I waited upon the Lady Superior to ask her for permission to use one of her buildings as my headquarters for a night, suggesting, and with perfect sincerity, that her buildings and grounds would be better protected by our presence within than by any guards stationed without. The next morning I was waked up by a marching order directing me to take the road to Gettysburg.

We did not know that we were marching toward the most famous battlefield of the War. Neither General Meade nor General Lee desired or expected to fight a battle at Gettysburg. Lee wished to have it at

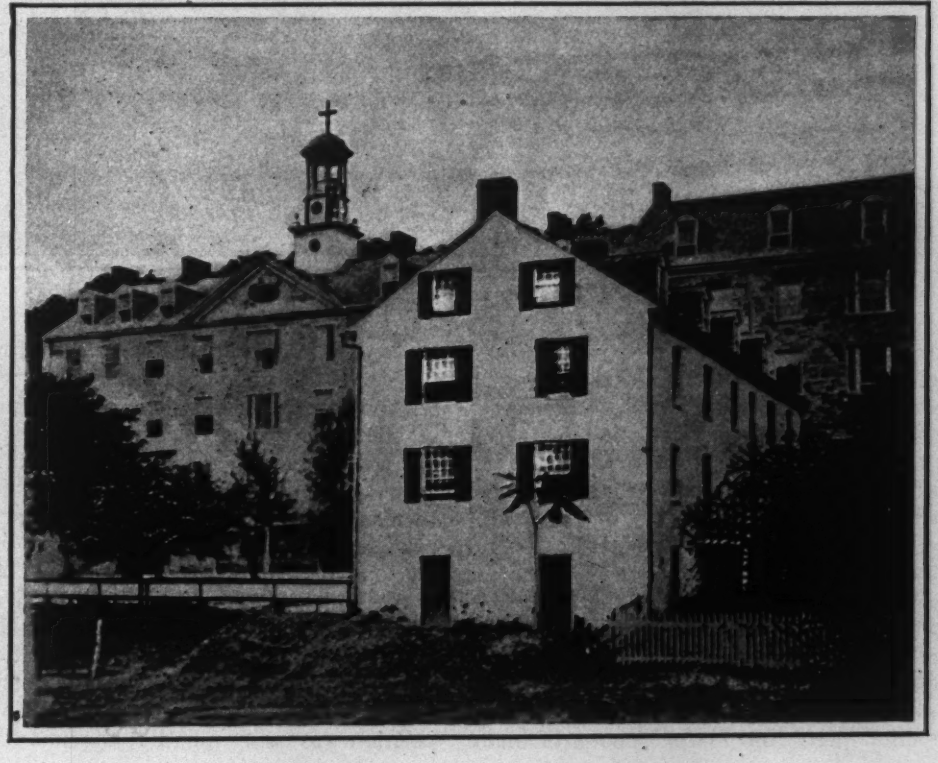
*Copyright, 1907, by Carl L. Schurz

Cashtown, Meade on Pipe Creek. Both were drawn into it by the unexpected encounter of the Confederate general, Heth, who hoped to find "some shoes" for his men at Gettysburg, and a Federal cavalry general on reconnaissance, both instructed not to bring on a general engagement, but rather cautioned against it. When we left Emmitsburg at seven in the morning, we were advised that the First Army Corps, under General Reynolds, was ahead of us, and there was a rumor that some rebel troops were moving toward Gettysburg, but that was all. At half-past ten, when my division had just passed Horner's Mills, I received an order from General Howard to hurry my command forward as quickly as possible, as the First Corps was engaged with the enemy in the neighborhood of Gettysburg. This was a surprise, for we did not hear the slightest indication of artillery firing from that direction. I put the Division to the "double quick," and then rode ahead with my staff. Soon I met on the road fugitives from Gettysburg, men, women, and children, who seemed to be in great terror. I remember especially a middle-aged woman who tugged a small child by the hand and carried a large bundle on her back. She tried to stop me, crying out at the top of her voice: "Hard times at Gettysburg! They are shooting and killing! What will become of us!" Still I did not hear any artillery fire until I had reached the ridge of a rise of ground before me. Until then the waves of sound had passed over my head unperceived.

About half-past eleven, I found General Howard on an eminence east of the cemetery of Gettysburg, from which we could overlook a wide plain. Immediately before us lay Gettysburg, a comfortable-looking town of a few thousand inhabitants. The elevated spot from which we overlooked this landscape was Cemetery Hill, being the northern end of a ridge which terminated due south in two steep, rocky knolls, partly wooded, called the Round Tops; half a mile distant on our right was a hill called Culp's Hill, covered with timber; and opposite our left, about a mile distant, a ridge running almost parallel with Cemetery Ridge, called Seminary

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE AT EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

Where General Schurz and his troops found shelter while on the way to Gettysburg

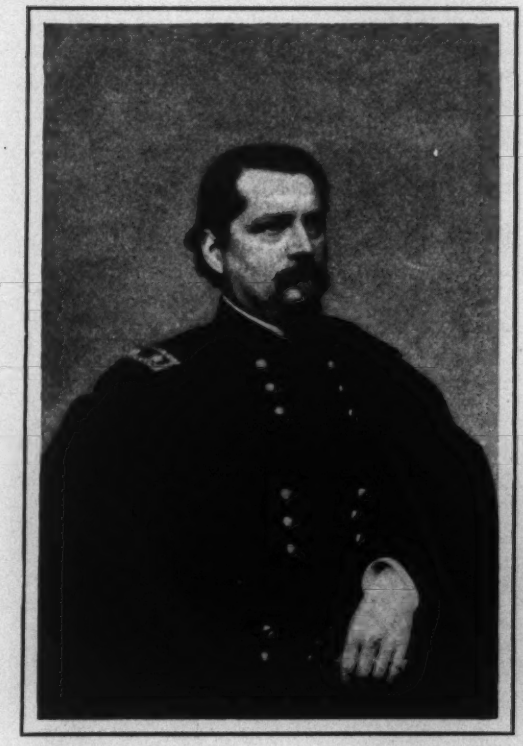


Ridge, from the Lutheran Seminary buildings on its crest,— the whole a smiling landscape inhabited by a peaceful people wont to harvest their crops and to raise their children in prosperous contentment.

The Death of Reynolds

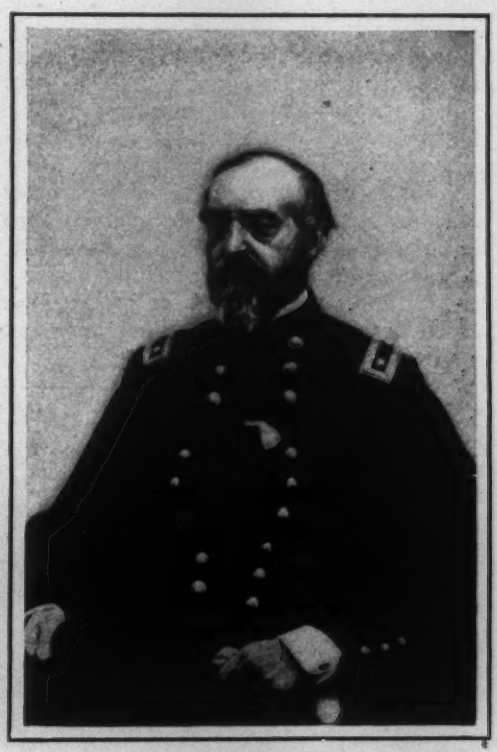
From where we stood we observed the thin lines of troops and here and there puffy clouds of white smoke on and around Seminary Ridge, and heard the crackle of the musketry and the booming of the cannon, indicating a forward movement of our First Corps, which we knew to be a little over eight thousand men strong. Of the troops themselves we could see little. I remember how small the affair appeared to me, as seen from a distance in the large frame of the surrounding open country. But we were soon made painfully aware of the awful significance of it. The dead body of General Reynolds, the commander of the First Corps, was being carried away from the field. He had been too far forward in the fire line, and the bullet of a Southern sharp-shooter had laid him low. So the action had begun with a great loss. He was known as an officer of superior merit, and in the opinion of many it was he that ought to have been put at the head of the Army of the Potomac. General Reynolds' death devolved the command of the First Corps upon General Doubleday, the command of all the troops then on the field upon General Howard, and the command of the Eleventh Corps upon me. The situation before us was doubtful. We received a report from General Wadsworth, one of the division commanders of the First Corps, that he was advancing, that the enemy's forces in his front were apparently not very strong, but that he thought that the enemy was making a movement toward his right. From our point of observation we could perceive but little of the strength of the enemy, and Wadsworth's despatch did not relieve our uncertainty. If the enemy before us was only in small force, then we had to push on as far as might seem prudent. But if the enemy was bringing on the whole or a large part of his army, which his movement toward General Wadsworth's right might be held to indicate, then we had to look for a strong position in which to establish and maintain ourselves until reinforced or ordered back. Such a position was easily found at the first glance.

GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG



GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK

Commanding the Second Corps. General Hancock was in temporary command of the Federal forces before the arrival of General Meade, on the first day of the battle



GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE

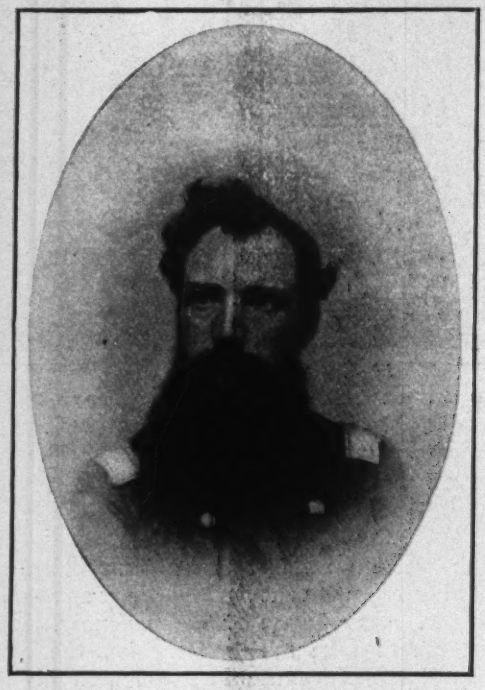
In command of the Federal troops at Gettysburg. "This simple, cold, serious soldier with his businesslike air did inspire confidence" but not enthusiasm

It was Cemetery Hill on which we then stood, and which was to play so important a part in the battle to follow. Accordingly, General Howard ordered me to take the First and Third Divisions of the Eleventh Corps through the town and to place them on the right of the First Corps, while he, General Howard, would hold back the Second Division, under General Steinwehr, and the reserve artillery, on Cemetery Hill and the eminence east of it, as a reserve.

About half-past twelve, the head of the column of the Eleventh Corps arrived. The weather being sultry, the men, who had marched several miles at a rapid pace, were streaming with perspiration and panting for breath. But they hurried through the town as best they could and were promptly deployed on the right of the First Corps. But the deployment could not be made as originally designed, by simply prolonging the First Corps' line; for in the meantime a strong Confederate force had arrived on the battlefield on the right flank of the First Corps, so that to confront it, the Eleventh had to deploy under fire at an angle with the First. General Schimmelfennig, temporarily commanding my division, the Third, connected with the First Corps on his left as well as he could under the circumstances, and General Francis Barlow, commanding our First Division, formerly Devens', deployed on his right. General Barlow was still a young man, but with his beardless, smooth face looked even younger than he was. His men at first gazed at him, wondering how such a boy could be put at the head of regiments of men. But they soon discovered him to be a strict disciplinarian, and one of the coolest and bravest in action.

I had hardly deployed my two divisions, about six thousand men, on the north side of Gettysburg, when the action very perceptibly changed its character. Until then the First Corps had been driving before it a comparatively small force of the enemy, taking many prisoners, among them the rebel general, Archer, with almost his whole

brigade. My line, too, advanced, but presently I received an order from General Howard to halt where I was and to push forward only a strong force of skirmishers. This I did, and my skirmishers, too, captured prisoners in considerable number. But then the enemy began to show greater strength and tenacity. He planted two batteries on a hillside, one above the other, opposite my left, enfilading part of the First Corps. Captain Dilger, whose battery was attached to my Third Division, answered promptly, dismounted four of the enemy's guns, as we observed through our field-glasses, and drove away two rebel regiments supporting them. In the meantime the infantry firing on my left and on the right of the First Corps, grew much in volume. It became evident that the enemy's line had been heavily reinforced and was pressing upon us with constantly increasing vigor. I went up to the roof of a house behind my skirmish-line to get a better view of the situation, and observed that my right and center were not only confronted by largely superior forces, but also that my right was becoming seriously overlapped. I had ordered General Barlow to refuse his right wing, that is, to place his right brigade, Colonel Gilsa's, a little in the right rear of his other brigade, in order to use it against a possible flanking movement by the enemy.



GENERAL SCHIMMELFENNIG

General Barlow's Peril

But I now noticed that Barlow, be it that he had misunderstood my order, or that he was carried away by the ardor of the conflict, had advanced his whole line and lost connection with my Third Division on his left, and in addition to this he had, instead of refusing, pushed forward his right brigade, so that it formed a projecting angle with the rest of the line. At the same time I saw the enemy emerging from the belt of woods on my right with one battery after another and one column of infantry after another, threatening to envelop my right flank and to cut me off from the town and the position on Cemetery Hill behind.

I immediately gave orders to the Third Division to reëstablish its connection with the First, although this made still thinner a line already too thin, and hurried one staff-officer after another to General Howard, with the urgent request for one of his two reserve brigades to protect my right against the impending flank attack by the enemy. Our situation became critical. As far as we could judge from the reports of prisoners and from what we observed in our front, the enemy was rapidly advancing the whole force of at least two of his army corps, A. P. Hill's and Ewell's, against us, that is to say, forty thousand men, of whom at least thirty thousand were then before us. We had seventeen thousand, counting in the two brigades held in reserve by General Howard, and not deducting the losses already suffered by the First Corps. Less than fourteen thousand men we had at that moment in the open field, without the slightest advantage of position. We could hardly hope to hold out long against such a superiority of numbers, and there was imminent danger that, if we held out too long, the enemy would succeed in turning our right flank and in getting possession of the town of Gettysburg, through which our retreat to the defensive position on Cemetery Hill would probably have to be effected. For this reason I was so anxious to have one of the reserve brigades posted at the entrance of the town, to oppose the flanking movement of the enemy which I saw going on.

But before that brigade came, the enemy advanced to the attack along the whole line with great impetuosity. Gilsa's little brigade, in its exposed position "in the air" on Barlow's extreme right, had to suffer the first violent onset of the Confederates and was fairly crushed by the enemy rushing on from the front and both flanks.

General Barlow, according to his habit always in the thickest of the fight, was seriously wounded, as happened to him repeatedly, and had to leave the command of the division to the commander of its second brigade, General Adelbert Ames. This brigade bravely endured an enfilading fire from two rebel batteries placed near the Harrisburg road. But it was forced back when its right flank was entirely uncovered and heavy masses of rebel infantry pressed upon it.

At Close Quarters

Now, about four o'clock, the attack by the enemy along the whole line became general and still more vehement. Regiment stood against regiment in the open fields, near enough almost to see the white in one another's eyes, firing literally in one another's faces. The slaughter on both sides was awful. At that moment it was reported that the right wing of the First Corps, which had fought heroically all day, had been pressed back, and one of General Doubleday's aides-de-camp brought me a request for a few regiments to be sent to his assistance. Alas, I had not a man to spare, but was longing for reinforcements myself, for at the same time I received a report that my Third Division was flanked on its left, on the very spot where it should have connected with the First, General Doubleday's corps. A few minutes later, while this fearful butchery was still going on, an order reached me from General Howard, directing me to withdraw to the south side of the town and to occupy a position on and near Cemetery Hill.

While I was doing my utmost, assisted by my staff-officers, to rally and reform what was within my reach of the First Division, for the purpose of checking the enemy's advance around my right and holding the edge of the town, the reserve brigade I had so urgently asked for, the first brigade of the Second Division, Eleventh Corps, under Colonel Coster, at last arrived. It came too late for that offensive push which I had intended to make with it in order to relieve my right, if it had come half, or even a quarter of an hour earlier. But I led it out of the town and ordered it to deploy on the right of the junction of the roads near the railway station, which the enemy was fast approaching. There the brigade, assisted by a battery, did good service in detaining the enemy long enough to permit the First Division to enter the town without being seriously molested on its retreat. The Third Division was meanwhile still sustaining the murderous contest. To break off an engagement carried on at long range, is comparatively easy. But the task becomes very difficult and delicate in a fight at very close quarters. Still, the Third Division, when ordered to do so, fell back in good form, executing its retreat to the town fighting, step by step, with great firmness. . . .

As we ascended Cemetery Hill from the town of Gettysburg, we met General Hancock, whom General Meade had sent forward to take command of the field. The line was soon formed. The second brigade, Colonel Orland Smith's, of Steinwehr's division, was already in position on Cemetery Hill, fronting the town and occupying the nearest houses. Coster's brigade, and next, the First Division, under Ames, were posted on the right, and my division, the Third, was on the left. The First Corps was placed on my left, except Wadsworth's division, which was sent to the extreme right to occupy Culp's Hill. The batteries were put in proper position, and breastworks promptly constructed wherever necessary. All this was accomplished in a very short time. This done, General Hancock sat down on a stone fence on the brow of the hill, from which he could overlook the field, on the north and west of Gettysburg, occupied by the Confederates. I joined him there, and through our field-glasses we eagerly watched the movements of the enemy. We saw their batteries and a large portion of their infantry columns distinctly. Some of those columns moved to and fro in a way the purpose of which we did not clearly understand. I was not ashamed to own that I felt nervous, for while our position was strong, the infantry line in it appeared, after the losses of the day, woefully thin. It was soothing to my pride, but by no means reassuring as to our situation, when General Hancock admitted that he felt nervous, too. Still, he thought that with our artillery so advantageously posted, we might well hold out until the arrival of the

Twelfth Corps, which was only a short distance behind us. So we sat watching the enemy and presently observed to our great relief that the movements of the rebel troops looked less and less like a formation for an immediate attack. Our nerves grew more and more tranquil as minute after minute lapsed, for each brought night and reinforcements nearer. When the sun went down, the Twelfth Corps was on the field and the Third Corps arriving.

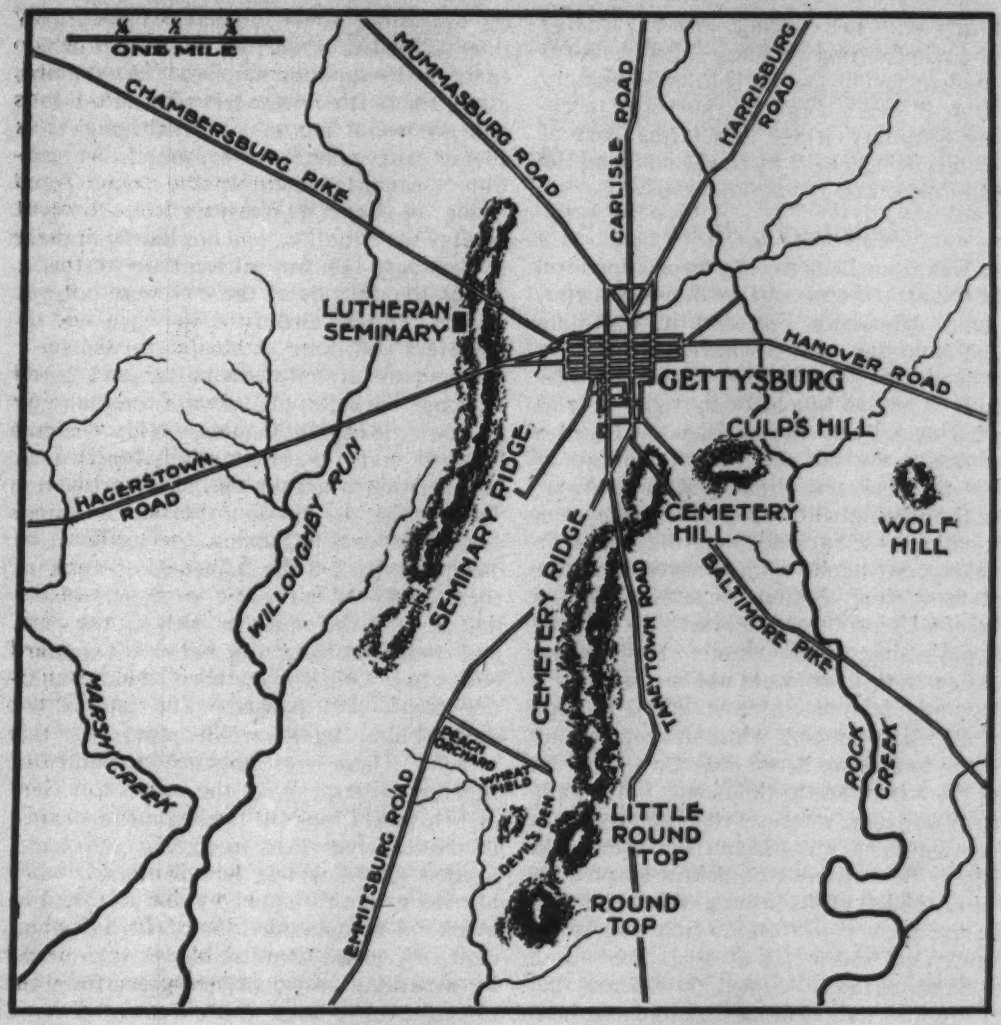
I remember a picturesque scene that happened that night in a lower room of the gatehouse of the Gettysburg Cemetery: in the center of the room a barrel set upright, with a burning tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle, on top; around the walls six or seven generals accidentally gathered together, sitting some on boxes, but most on the floor, listening to the accounts of those who had been in the battle of the day, then making critical comments and discussing what might have been, and finally all agreeing in the hope that General Meade had decided or would decide to fight the battle of the morrow on the ground on which we then were. There was nothing of extraordinary solemnity in the "good-night" we gave one another when we parted. It was rather a commonplace, businesslike "good-night," as that of an ordinary occasion. We of the Eleventh Corps, occupying the Cemetery, lay down, wrapped in our cloaks, with the troops, among the gravestones. There was a solemn stillness in the graveyard, broken by no sound but the breathing of men and here and there the tramp of a horse's foot; and sullen rumblings mysteriously floating on the air from a distance all around.

General Meade Takes Personal Command

The sun of the 2nd of July rose brightly upon these two armies marshaling for battle. Neither of them was ready. But as we could observe the field from Cemetery Hill, the Confederates were readier than we were. There was a rumor that Lee's army was fully as strong as ours — which, however, was not the case — and from what we saw before us, we guessed that it was nearly all up and ready for action. We knew, too, that to receive the anticipated attack, our army was, although rapidly coming in, not nearly all up. It was indeed a comforting thought that Lee, who, as rumor had it, had wished and planned for a defensive battle, was now obliged to fight an aggressive one against our army established in a strong position. Yet we anxiously hoped that his attack would not come too early for our comfort. Thus we watched, with not a little concern, the dense columns of our troops as they approached at a brisk pace on the Taneytown road and the Baltimore Pike, to wheel into the positions assigned to them. It was, if I remember rightly, about eight o'clock when General Meade quietly appeared on the Cemetery, on horseback, accompanied by a staff-officer and an orderly. His long, bearded, haggard face, shaded by a black military felt hat, the rim of which was turned down, looked careworn and tired, as if he had not slept that night. The spectacles on his nose gave him a somewhat magisterial look. There was nothing in his appearance or his bearing — not a smile nor a sympathetic word addressed to those around him — that might have made the hearts of the soldiers warm up to him, or have called forth a cheer. There was nothing of pose, nothing stagy, about him. His mind was evidently absorbed by a hard problem. But this simple, cold, serious soldier with his businesslike air did inspire confidence. The officers and men, as much as was permitted, crowded around and looked up at him with curious eyes, and then turned away, not enthusiastic, but clearly satisfied.

With a rapid glance he examined the position of our army, which has often, and quite correctly, been likened to a fishing-hook, the long shank of which was formed by Cemetery Ridge running south from the Cemetery to Round Top; the head by the Cemetery itself; and the hook, receding toward the southeast, by the woods of Culp's Hill. The General nodded, seemingly with approval. After the usual salutations I asked him how many men he had on the ground. I remember his answer well: "In the course of the day I expect to have about ninety-five thousand — enough, I guess, for this business." And then, after another sweeping glance over the field, he added, as if repeating something to himself: "Well, we may fight it out here just as well as anywhere else." Then he quietly rode away.

The Second Corps of our army had arrived about seven; two divisions of the Fifth about the same time; several brigades of the Third Corps came up about nine; the artillery reserve and the large ammunition train were parked in the valley between Cemetery



THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG

Ridge and Culp's Hill by eleven; the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, reached Rock Creek, after a march of thirty-four miles, about four of the afternoon. Thus our line was gradually filled. But the forenoon passed without any serious attack from the Confederates. There were only, as the two armies "felt" one another, occasional sputterings of musketry and abrupt discharges of cannon, like growling barks of chained watch-dogs when you approach them too closely. At last, between three and four, the expected attack came.

Our position had its weak points. On our extreme right the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, held Culp's Hill — Wadsworth's division of the First Corps joined the Twelfth Corps to the Eleventh, under Howard, which occupied the Cemetery, forming the bend of the fishing-hook; to the left of the Eleventh, on Cemetery Ridge, the "long shank," stood Doubleday's division of the First, then the Second Corps, under Hancock, and on its left the Third, under Sickles, which, to gain a higher and apparently more advantageous position, was moved forward on the Cemetery Ridge line to a peach orchard, hence become famous, the two divisions of the corps forming a projecting angle, provoking attack. The Round Tops on the left of the Third Corps were unoccupied. These were the weak points which General Lee's keen eyes quickly perceived. Our Fifth Corps stood in reserve behind our right wing, and our Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, had not

yet arrived. Lee's army formed a large semi-circle fronting our lines — Ewell's corps on its left, facing Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, A. P. Hill's corps in the center, occupying Seminary Ridge and facing part of Cemetery Ridge, held by the Second and the Third Corps, and the Round Tops.

Longstreet's Attack

It was from Longstreet's corps, therefore, that the attack upon our weak points came, A brisk cannonade preceded it, which, to judge from the missiles which whirred over our heads, was partly directed upon Cemetery Hill, and to which the batteries near us replied at a lively rate. Then we heard a confused noise on our left, a continuous rattle of musketry, discharges of artillery, now thundering with rapid vehemence, then slackening as if batteries were silenced, then breaking out again with renewed violence; and from time to time something like an echo of a Union cheer or a rebel yell. Owing to a projecting spur of Cemetery Ridge, we on the Cemetery itself could not see what was happening on our extreme left — nothing but the rising clouds of white smoke. Neither did the sounds we heard indicate which side had the advantage in the battle. But looking to our rear, we observed how regiment after regiment was taken from our right wing to be hurried as quickly as possible toward the left of the army as reinforcement. The fire grew more furious from minute to minute, and about half after six the roar of the battle actually seemed to indicate that our fire line was yielding. A moment later Captain Dilger of my artillery, who had gone to the ammunition train to get a new supply, came galloping up Cemetery Hill in great agitation, with the report that the enemy had overwhelmed the Third Corps in the peach orchard and, pressing after our flying troops, had pierced our left center; that his musket-balls were already falling into our ammunition train; and that unless the rebels were beaten back at once, they would attack us in our rear and take us prisoners in half an hour. It was a moment of most anxious suspense. But it did not last long. Loud and repeated Union cheers on our left, which could be heard above the din of battle, told us that relief had come in time and had rolled back the hostile wave. General Meade had skilfully used the advantage afforded us by the "interior line" in rapidly shifting forces from one point to another as the necessities of the moment required, and thus succeeded in meeting the assault of the enemy with superior numbers. As evening came, the battle on the left sank into a lull, and we were assured that, although the enemy had gained some ground, we had won a secure lodgment on the Round Tops, owing to General Warren's keen discernment of the situation, and our line from there to Cemetery Hill was substantially restored.

But the dangers of the day were not yet ended. It was already dark when we, on Cemetery Hill, were suddenly startled by a tremendous turmoil at the batteries of Wiedrich and Ricketts, placed on a commanding point on the right of Cemetery Hill. General Howard and I were standing together in conversation when the uproar surprised us. There could be no doubt of its meaning. The enemy was attacking the batteries on our right, and if he gained possession of them he would enfilade a large part of our line toward the south as well as the east, and command the valley between Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill, where the ammunition trains were parked. The fate of the battle might hang on the repulse of this attack. There was no time to wait for superior orders. With the consent of General Howard I took the two regiments nearest to me, ordered them to fix bayonets, and, headed by Colonel Krzyzanowski, they hurried to the threatened point at a double-quick. I accompanied them with my whole staff. Soon we found ourselves surrounded by a rushing crowd of stragglers from the already broken lines. We did our best, sword in hand, to drive them back as we went. Arrived at the batteries, we found an indescribable scene of mêlée. Some rebel infantry had scaled the breastworks and were taking possession of the guns. But the cannoneers defended themselves desperately. With rammers and fence rails, hand-spikes and stones, they knocked down the intruders. In Wiedrich's battery, manned by Germans from Buffalo, a rebel officer, brandishing his sword, cried out: "This battery is ours!" Whereupon a sturdy artilleryman responded: "No, dis battery is unser!" and felled him to the ground with a sponge-staff. Our infantry made a vigorous rush upon the invaders and, after a short but very spirited hand-to-hand scuffle, tumbled them down the embankment. Our line to the right, having been reinforced by Carroll's brigade of the Second Corps, which had hurried on in good

time, also succeeded in driving back the assailants with a rapid fire, and the dangerous crisis was happily ended. I could say with pride in my official report that during this perilous hour my officers and men behaved splendidly. During the night the regiments that had been withdrawn from my command to give aid elsewhere, returned to their former positions.

The net result of the second day's battle was on the whole not encouraging to either side.

At dawn of day on the 3d of July we were roused from sleep by a fierce rattle of musketry in the woods of Culp's Hill. The withdrawal of several brigades from our right to assist our left, in the fights of the preceding day, had enabled the enemy to get possession of several breastworks abandoned by the Twelfth Corps. General Meade decided that for the security of our right flank those positions must be retaken, and the Twelfth Corps went at the task with great spirit. About half-past ten the firing ceased, and it was reported that the Twelfth, after a six hours' stubborn fight, not too bloody on our side, had retaken the positions held by the enemy during the night.

Silence Before the Storm

And then came that interval of perfect stillness of which most of the descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg have so much to say. That the battle should have come to a short stop would have surprised nobody. But when that stop lengthened from minute to minute, from half hour to half hour, and when it settled down into a tranquillity like the peaceful and languid repose of a warm, midsummer morning, in which one might expect to hear the ringing of the village church-bells, there was something ominous, something uncanny, in these strange, unexpected hours of profound silence, so sharply contrasting with the bloody horrors which had preceded, and which were sure to follow them. Even the light-hearted soldiers, who would ordinarily never lose an opportunity for some outbreak of hilarious spirits, even in a short moment of respite in a fight, seemed to feel the oppression. Some sat silently on the ground, munching their hard-tack, while others stretched themselves out seeking sleep, which they probably would have found more readily, had the cannon been thundering at a distance. The officers stood together in little groups, discussing with evident concern what this long-continued calm might mean.

The Historic Cannonade

Suddenly the riddle was solved. About one o'clock the long hush was broken by the booming of two guns fired in rapid succession on the enemy's right, where Longstreet's corps stood. And at once this signal was answered by all the batteries of the Confederate Army, about one hundred and thirty cannon, all that could be brought to bear upon Cemetery Hill and the ridge joining it to the Round Tops. Instantly about eighty pieces of our artillery — as many as could usefully be posted in our line facing west and northwest — took up the challenge, and one of the grandest artillery duels in the history of wars followed. All that I had ever read in battle stories of the booming of heavy guns out-thundering the thunders of heaven and making the earth tremble and almost stopping one's breath by the concussions of the air was here made real in terrific effect. The roar was so incessant and at times so deafening, that when I wished to give an order to one of my officers, I had to put my hands to my mouth as a speaking-trumpet and shout my words into his ear. Fortunately the enemy had aimed their artillery a little too high, so that most of its missiles passed over our heads, but enough of them struck the ground on the Cemetery and exploded there, to scatter death and destruction among the men immediately around and to shatter gravestones and to blow up ammunition caissons. But as most of them flew over us, rushing, screaming, whirring, and as they burst above and sent down their deadly fragments, they added to the hellish din a peculiarly malicious noise of their own. How would the men endure this frightful experience? One of the hardest trials of the courage and steadfastness of the soldier is to stand still and be shot at without being able to reply. This ordeal is especially severe when the soldier is under a heavy artillery fire which, although less dangerous than that of musketry, is more impressive to the nerves. It bewilders the mind of the bravest with a painful sense of helplessness as against a tremendous power, and excites to peculiar vivacity the not unnatural desire to get into a safer place out of range. As a matter of course, we ordered the troops to lie down flat on the ground, so as to present the smallest possible target.

But when I observed the effect of the dropping of a shell right into the midst of a regiment, which caused some uneasy commotion, I thought it my duty to get upon my feet and look after it. I found that it had a very steadying and cheering effect upon the men to see me quietly walking up and down the front smoking a cigar. I could not speak to them, for the incessant roar of the cannonade would not let them hear me. But I noticed that many of them returned my smile in a sort of confidential way when I happened to catch their eyes, as if to say: "It is not jolly, but we two will not be frightened by it." Indeed it was not jolly, for I felt as if the enemy's projectiles rushing over me were so near that I might have touched them with my riding-whip held up at full length of my arm. But observing the good effect of my promenade in front, I invited, by gesture, some of the regimental officers to do likewise. They promptly obeyed, although, I suppose, they liked the stroll no more than I did.

I had the good fortune of saving in a curious way the life of one of my aides, Captain Fritz Tiedemann, one of whose daughters, more than thirty years later, was to become the wife of one of my sons. During an interval between two of my front promenades, I stretched myself out on the ground, my aide Fritz by my side. Feeling a nagging desire to eat something, I shouted into his ear: "Fritz, go and see whether you cannot borrow a cracker for me from somebody. I am desperately hungry." Fritz had hardly moved two paces away from me when a piece of a bursted shell, about half as large as my hand, fell upon the place on which he had been lying and buried itself several inches in the soil. Thus the life of my son's father-in-law that was to be was saved by the craving of my stomach.

The furious bombardment had lasted more than an hour, when the excellent Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, General Hunt, passed along the line the order to "cease firing"; not all the batteries to cease firing at once, but one after another. The intention and the actual effect were, not only to prevent the further useless expenditure of ammunition, but principally to make the enemy believe that our artillery was in great part seriously crippled and would no longer be able to offer effective resistance to a vigorous attack. In fact, the actual effect of the enemy's grand bombardment of our lines had been very trifling.

The Final Charge

But the enemy seemed to think differently. As our batteries grew silent, so did his. And then came forth that famous scene which made the battle of Gettysburg more dramatic than any other event of the Civil War, and which more nearly approached the conception of what a battle is in the imagination of persons who have never seen one. I will describe only what we observed of it from the crest of Cemetery Hill. From a screen of woods opposite our left center emerged a long line of Confederate infantry, mounted officers in front and behind; and then another and another — about fifteen thousand men. The alinement was perfect. The battle-flags fluttered gaily over the bayonets glittering in the sunlight. The spectacle has often been truly likened to a grand holiday parade on a festive ground. A mile of open field separated them from our line of defense. They had hardly traversed one-tenth of that distance when they became fully aware that those of them who had counted upon our artillery having been much disabled, had grievously deceived themselves. No sooner had the attacking column appeared on the open, than our batteries, which had in the meantime been reformed and well supplied with ammunition, opened upon them from the front and from the right and left, with a terrific fire. Through our field-glasses we could distinctly see the gaps torn in their ranks and the ground dotted with dark spots — their dead and wounded. Now and then a cheer went up from our lines when our men observed some of our shells striking right among the advancing enemy and scattering death and destruction around. But the brave rebels promptly filled the gaps from behind or by closing up on their colors, and unshaken and unhesitating they continued their onward march. Then the Confederate artillery behind them, firing over their heads, tried to silence our batteries, or at least to attract their fire so as to divert it from the infantry masses advancing in the open field. But in vain. Our cannon did not change their aim, and the number of dark spots dotting the field increased fearfully from minute to minute. So far not a musket had been discharged from behind the stone fences protecting our regiments. Now the assailants, steadily

marching on, seemed to disappear in a depression of the ground, where they stopped for a little while to readjust their alinement. But when they emerged again, evidently with undismayed courage, and quickened their pace to make the final plunge, a roar of cannon and a rattle of musketry so tremendous received them, that one might have thought any force coming against it would have been swept from the face of the earth. Still the attacking lines, although much thinned and losing their regularity, rushed forward with grim determination. Then we on the Cemetery lost sight of them as they were concealed from our eyes by the projecting spur of the ridge I have already spoken of. Meanwhile a rebel force consisting apparently of two or three brigades, supporting the main attack on its left, advanced against our position on Cemetery Hill. We had about thirty pieces of artillery in our front. They were ordered to load with grape and canister, and to reserve their fire until the enemy should be within four or five hundred yards. Then the word to fire was given, and when, after a few rapid discharges, the guns "ceased" and permitted the smoke to clear away, all we saw of the enemy was the backs of men hastily running away and the ground covered with dead and wounded. Our skirmishers rushed forward, speeding the pace of fugitives and gathering in a multitude of prisoners.

But on our left the struggle which from the Cemetery we could not see still continued. We could only hear a furious din which seemed to be stationary. Could it be that the rebels were breaking our lines? With nervous anxiety we turned our eyes upon the valley behind us. But there we saw, not fugitives or skulkers from our positions, but columns of troops hurrying to the scene of the decisive conflict. This was reassuring. At last, looking again at the field which had been traversed by the splendid host of assailants, we saw, first, little driblets, then larger numbers, and finally huge swarms of men in utter disorder hurrying back the way they had come, and then soon after in hot pursuit clouds of blue-coated skirmishers from our front, rushing in from both sides, firing and capturing prisoners. This spectacle could have but one meaning. The great attack had failed disastrously. That magnificent column that had so proudly advanced upon us was not only defeated but well-nigh annihilated. A deep sigh of relief wrung itself from every breast. Then tremendous cheers arose along the Union lines, and here and there the men began to sing: "John Brown's soul." The song swept weirdly over the bloody field.

The Lost Opportunity

The general feeling in our ranks was that we had won a victory and that we had now to reap its fruits. The instinct of the soldiers demanded a prompt aggressive movement upon the enemy, and I think the instinct of the soldiers was right. The strongest of our army corps, the Fifth, kept in reserve, was substantially intact. Hardly any of the other corps had suffered so much as to be incapable of vigorous action. Their spirits were elated to genuine enthusiasm by the great event of the day. An order for a general advance seemed to be the natural outcome of the moment, and many men in the ranks fairly cried for it. But it did not come. Our skirmishers followed the retreating enemies for a certain distance and then returned with their prisoners without having touched the positions from which the attacking force had emerged. Then two or three batteries of rebel artillery galloped forth from the belt of timber which screened the enemy's scattered forces. They advanced a short distance, unlimbered, fired a few discharges, limbered up again, and galloped back—probably to make us believe that the enemy, although repulsed, was still on the ground in fighting trim. (I do not remember having seen this fact stated in any of the histories of the battle of Gettysburg, but I observed it with my own eyes, and the impression is still vivid in my memory.)

Soon darkness and deep silence fell upon the battlefield. Officers and men, utterly exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the past three days, dropped asleep in the ranks. In a moment we of the Eleventh Corps were soundly asleep among the shattered gravestones. About two o'clock in the morning I was suddenly aroused by a sharp but short rattle of musketry, the sound coming clearly from the plain on the north side of the town. It lasted only a few seconds — then complete stillness again. What could it mean? Only that the enemy was withdrawing his pickets and that some of our outposts had sent a volley after them. This was my own opinion and that of my officers. The next minute we were fast asleep.

A Curious Adventure

Of all the losses we had suffered in the first day's bloody battle, that of my old friend Schimmelfennig went nearest to my heart. He had not only been an officer of exceptional ability, but my military instructor in the old German days, and a dear personal friend. We did not know what had become of him — whether he lay dead on the field, or had been wounded or made a prisoner by the enemy. Some of his officers had last seen him in the thickest of the fight and had observed that when the order to retreat was given, he had left the field in the rear of his command. Further their accounts did not go. Now, when on the early morning after the three days' struggle I entered the town of Gettysburg — what should I see? In the door of one of the houses on the main street, General Schimmelfennig, alive and waving his hat to me. "Hallo!" he shouted. "I knew you would come. I have been preparing for you. You must be hungry. I found some eggs in this house and saved them for you. We shall have them fried in a few minutes. Get off your horse and let us take breakfast together." It was a jolly repast, during which he told us his story. When, during that furious fight of the first day, the order to retreat reached him, he did his best to take his command out of the fire line in as orderly a shape as possible — a very difficult operation under any circumstances — and therefore left the field in the rear of his troops. But when he reached the town, he found the streets crowded with a confused mass of artillery and vehicles of all sorts, and disorganized men. Somehow he was crowded into a blind lane and suddenly ran against a high fence barring his progress, while some rebel infantrymen in hot pursuit were yelling close behind him. To clear the tall fence on horseback was impossible. He therefore dismounted and climbed over it. While he was on the top rail, his pursuers came up to him, and one of them knocked him on the head with the butt of his gun. The blow did not hurt him much, but he let himself drop on the other side of the fence as if he were dead, or at least stunned. Fortunately he wore an ordinary cavalry overcoat over his general's uniform, so that no sign of his rank was visible. The rebel soldiers, thus taking him for a mere private, then passed by him. After a little while he cautiously raised his head and discovered that he was alone in a little kitchen-garden, and that within a few yards of him there was a small stable or shed that might serve him as a temporary shelter. He crawled into it and found a litter of straw on the ground, as well as some bread crumbs and other offal which seemed to have been intended for pigs. Soon he heard voices all around him, and from the talk he could catch, he concluded that the rebels had taken possession of the town and were making preparations for its defense.

There he lay then in his pig-sty, alone and helpless, surrounded on all sides by enemies who might have discovered him at any moment, but fortunately did not, and unknown to the inhabitants of the house to which the kitchen-garden belonged. He had nothing to eat except the nauseous scraps he found on the ground, and nothing to drink except the few drops that were left in his field flask. And in this condition he lay from the afternoon of the 1st of July until the early morning of the 4th. But worse than hunger and thirst during those two and a half days and three nights was his feverish anxiety concerning the course of the battle. There was an ill-omened silence during the first night and the early forenoon of the second day. Had our army withdrawn? From the noises he heard he could only conclude that the enemy held the town of Gettysburg in force. But the roar of cannon and the rattle of the musketry during the afternoon assured him that our army was present in force, too. Only he could not tell which side had the advantage, or whether there was any advantage achieved by either side. And so it was on the third day, when the battle seemed to rage furiously at different times and at different points, apparently neither advancing nor receding, until late in the afternoon the artillery became silent and a mighty Union cheer filled the air. Then his hope rose that something favorable to us had happened. Still he was disquieted again by the continued presence of the rebel infantry around him, until late in the night he heard something like the passing around of an order among them in a low voice, whereupon they seemed quietly to slink away. Then perfect stillness. At break of day he ventured his head out of the pig-sty, and finding the kitchen-garden completely deserted, he went into the house, the inhabitants of which greeted him first with some

apprehension, but then, upon better knowledge of the situation, with great glee. A happy moment it was to me when I could telegraph Mrs. Schimmelfennig, who was with my family at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that her husband, who had been reported missing after the first day's battle, had been found, sound and safe!

The Price of War

No contrast could have been gloomier than that between the light-hearted hilarity of our breakfast and my visit to the battlefield immediately following it. The rebels had removed many if not most of their dead, but ours lay still in ghastly array on the ground where they had fallen. There can be no more hideous sight than that of the corpses on a battlefield after they have been exposed a day or more to the sun in warm weather — the bodies swollen to monstrous size, the faces bloated and black, the eyes bulging out with a dead stare, all their features puffed out almost beyond recognition, some lying singly or in rows, others in heaps, having fallen over one another, some in attitudes of peaceful repose, others with arms raised, others in a sitting posture, others on their knees, others clawing the earth, many horribly distorted by what must have been a frightful death-struggle.

There were more harrowing experiences in store for me that day. To look after the wounded of my command, I visited the places where the surgeons were at work. At Bull Run I had seen only on a very small scale what I was now to behold. At Gettysburg the wounded — many thousands of them — were carried to the farmsteads behind our lines. The houses, the barns, the sheds, and the open barnyards were crowded with moaning and wailing human beings, and still an unceasing procession of stretchers and ambulances was coming in. A heavy rain set in during the day — the usual rain after a battle — and large numbers had to remain unprotected in the open, there being no room left under roof. I saw long rows of men lying under the eaves of the buildings, the water pouring down upon their bodies in streams. Most of the operating-tables were placed in the open, where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth while they were helping a patient on or off the table, or had their hands otherwise occupied; around them pools of blood and amputated arms or legs in heaps, sometimes more than man-high. Antiseptic methods were still unknown at that time. As a wounded man was lifted on the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the injured limb. Some ether was administered, and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth, where it had been while his hands were busy, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then — "next!"

And so it went on, hour after hour, while the number of expectant patients seemed hardly to diminish. Now and then one of the wounded men would call attention to the fact that his neighbor lying on the ground had given up the ghost while waiting for his turn, and the dead body was then quietly removed. Or a surgeon, having been long at work, would put down his knife, exclaiming that his hand had grown unsteady, and that this was too much for human endurance, hysterical tears not seldom streaming down his face. Many of the wounded men suffered with silent fortitude, fierce determination in the knitting of their brows and the steady gaze of their bloodshot eyes. Some would even force themselves to a grim jest about their situation or about the "skedaddling" of the rebels. But there were, too, heartrending groans and shrill cries of pain piercing the air, and despairing exclamations, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" or "Let me die!" or softer murmurings in which the words "mother" or "father," or "home" were often heard. I saw many of my command among the sufferers, whose faces I well remembered, and who greeted me with a look or even a painful smile of recognition, and usually with the question what I thought of their chances of life, or whether I could do anything for them, or sometimes, also, whether I thought the enemy were well beaten. I was sadly conscious that many of the words of cheer and encouragement I gave them were mere hollow sound, but they might be at least some solace for the moment.

"HER THAT DANCED"

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

A WOMAN stood with her elbows on the post of a white paling gate, gazing out at the mountains darkly defined against the gold of the sunset sky. Behind her was a little garden flaring with scarlet geraniums and yellow zinnias, and a cottage brave and flaunting in fresh paint. In Zenith, a mining village of straggling, unpainted cabins, and yards adorned with tin cans, broken crockery, and stray bits of wire, the neat vividness of house and garden presented a pictorial and artificial effect, toy-like in its setting of austere and gloomy mountains; but if the little dwelling seemed the expression of a primitive and childlike imagination, the woman who leaned upon the gate was real.

She had been standing quite still for a long time, her gaze fixed on the mountains, her face held in the cup of her hands, a long, narrow, white face with dark eyes and arched brows, which gave her a wistful and rather startled expression; but her hair added a touch of incongruity to her whole appearance, an exotic hint of some marked dissonance and inharmony of character. Densely black at the roots and about the nape of the neck, the mass twisted around her head was a strange burnt umber, with broad strands as yellow as corn running through it; evidently colored by a natural process, bleached by burning suns.

She did not even turn her head as Mrs. Nitschkan paused beside the gate, a basket of brook trout over her arm.

"Hello, Mis' O'Brien," called that hardy gipsy jovially as she drew near. "You always a-lookin' at the mountains. Are you tryin' to see what's on the other side?"

"Was you ever down in the desert, Mis' Nitschkan?" asked the woman, with apparent irrelevance.

"Lived down there once."

"An' me." Mrs. O'Brien spoke in a soft, lazy voice. "I don't like the mountains. I always feel as if they was goin' to fall on me an' smother me. An' you get to the top of them where you think you kin breathe, an' there's ranges and ranges beyond. I — I — want places where there ain't nothin' to shut you in, where you kin breathe free."

Mrs. Nitschkan shook her head. "The mountains fer mine," she said emphatically. "Look at the fishin' an' the huntin'! Nice cool streams to wade in an' fish; nice cool woods to hunt in, an' you never know when you're a-comin' round a corner an' meet a bear, or a deer. It's sure the woods fer mine. I — " she paused and peered curiously into the other woman's face. "What's that mark on your forehead, Pearl? You must 'a' got an awful whack some way."

The woman turned her vague, passionate, veiled gaze from the distant peaks with the last, red glow of the sun on their shining summits, and became suddenly alive to the mundane. "Oh, that." She ran her fingers across her brow and laughed. Her slightly crooked mouth broke into dimples, and there was a cool deviltry in the sidelong glance she threw Mrs. Nitschkan. "Why, Shock give me that three or four days ago."

The mountain woman surveyed her for a moment in silence and with a tolerant and dispassionate curiosity. "Why can't you leave the boys alone, Pearl?" she asked finally. "There ain't none of 'em here nor anywheres else that's worth standin' a lickin' fer."

"You bet," agreed Mrs. O'Brien indifferently, but with perfect acquiescence. "But say, Mis' Nitschkan, I wasn't doin' a thing. Just standin' here at the gate, talkin' to Bob

Flick, when Shock come down the road. Well, I wisht you'd 'a' seen him!" The reminiscent coquetry of her smile brightened her weary eyes. "That French-Irish face of his'n was blacker'n a cloud, an' his eyes was a-blazin' fire. We had it hot an' heavy about all night. Shock, you know him! He can't bear to see another man so much as look at me."

"Then what you always a-teasin' him fer, Pearl?" asked Mrs. Nitschkan, with indubitable reason and practicality.

"I d' know," with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "I always been used to the boys. They know, an' I know, that I wouldn't look at one of 'em now. But Shock, the big fool, he don't know nothin'; an' Lord, but he's jealous!"

"Jealous! Catsfoot!" replied Mrs. Nitschkan with sturdy scorn. "I'd like to see any man kick an' cuff me about as he pleases, that's what I'd like to see; an' you always a-yellin' about bein' free."

There were tiny flickers of fire in Mrs. O'Brien's eyes. The slow, heavy crimson crept up under her dark skin, and her thin, curving mouth became suddenly pointed and animal. The upper lip curled slightly on either side and showed two white, pointed teeth like a wolf's.

"You think you're smart, don't you, Sadie Nitschkan?" in a coarse, muffled scream. "You think you know a thing or two, don't you? Well, let me tell you, once an' fer all, that you don't. You think I'd stay with any man I didn't want to? Why, all hell couldn't hold me. Ask some of the boys that knew me down in the desert. They'd laugh in your face. They know I'd knife him without countin' one, two, three. Oh, you — you tramp woman. You know a lot about huntin' and fishin', but you know a mighty little about women — you ain't never been one."

"Now, Pearl, there ain't no occasion to spit like a cat," returned Mrs. Nitschkan, unmoved by these taunts. "An' if you give me much more sass, I'll jerk you over the fence an' throw you out into the road. Oh!" with a scornful laugh, "I ain't a mite afeard of that knife they say you always keep down in your stockin'."

But Mrs. O'Brien's tempest of anger had fallen to calm as quickly as it had flamed. Without further notice of her companion, she had again dropped her face into the cup of her hands and was gazing idly out at the rapidly blurring outlines of the hills.

"Bob Flick's a-stayin' at our house," advanced Mrs. Nitschkan presently, in a casual and friendly tone. "I suppose he told you he was up here fer a week or two to deal faro bank. He was a-talkin' last night to Jack an' me, an' he jus' couldn't get over seein' you here thisaway. 'Lord!' he says, over an' over again, 'it do beat everything to see the Black Pearl livin' up here so plain. Why,' he says, 'I shouldn't wonder if she's even forgot to cross her feet — her that's danced in every town in the Southwest.'"

Pearl laughed, "I guess I ain't forgot," lazily. Then her whole expression changed. The listlessness vanished from her face. "There comes Shock," she said.

Down the mountain road came Jacques O'Brien, with his dinner pail over his arm. The lithe elegance of the Latin races was in his carriage; but the gray eyes of his Irish father shone in his weak, emotional, beautiful face.

"Oh," muttered Mrs. Nitschkan, with a hurried glance at him, "I'd best be movin' on."

"Wait a minute," said the Pearl in a rapid whisper, "I want to see Bob Flick. You tell him I'll be walkin' up the south trail of Excelsior Mountain to-morrow afternoon."

Appalled by her daring, Mrs. Nitschkan glanced apprehensively at O'Brien, almost at her elbow, and then hastened on; but after a few paces, she turned, like Lot's wife, to look back.

The Pearl, her arm through her husband's, was sauntering up the narrow path which led from the gate to the cottage. It was only when she walked that she showed to the full her exquisite and undulating grace. "I just been waterin' the flowers, Shock, while I was waitin' fer you." Her lazy, colorless voice was full of animation. "Don't they look great?" She stooped, and, breaking off a scarlet geranium, thrust it in her hair.

"You bet," replied the man, with just the trace of an accent; but his eyes were not upon the garden, but upon the flower in her hair.

"It jus' seems like I can't get enough reds and yellows," complained Mrs. O'Brien, "but I tell you what, Shock, this garden rests my eyes a whole lot, after lookin' out at those old mountains with snow on their tops. Ugh!" she shivered.

Jacques laughed. "What else you been doing, Pearl, beside watering the garden?"

"I finished my new dress," — she stepped back from him that he might the better observe her handiwork. She had fashioned some cheap pink material, so that it fell, as soft as crêpe, into wonderful, long lines about her slender height. "Do you like it, Shock?" She tilted her head sideways and looked up at him with her crooked, heart-shattering smile.

"Yes," he caught her hands and drew her toward him. "Are you glad to see me, Pearl?"

"Air I glad to see you? Air I glad to see you? No. Understand, once and fer all, no."

They laughed, and he pulled her sun-burned head to his breast and kissed the purple bruise on her brow.

"Crazy!" She still laughed, and dragged at his hand. "Come on in an' eat your supper."

"Crazy's the word," philosophized Mrs. Nitschkan, shaking her head doubtfully as she walked on. "Seems to me like the Pearl's possessed. She sure acts like she's wild about Shock, an' yet she's a-sendin' word to Bob Flick to meet her to-morrow afternoon. That's what comes of bein' a hussy."

That Mrs. Nitschkan, in spite of her views, delivered the message, was evidenced by the fact that the following afternoon Bob Flick might have been seen slowly climbing the south trail of Excelsior Mountain. At last, after keen glances to the right and left, he paused, and, drawing a large handkerchief of checkered silk from his pocket, slowly wiped his brow. He was a tall fellow, with the pale, impassive face of the professional gambler. There were tense lines about his mouth; and the deep crow's-feet about his eyes betokened that he had long lived in the lands of vivid sunlight.

For a moment his absent gaze swept the magnificent panorama of purple range melting into purple range, beneath him; and then he glanced indecisively up into the blue-green shadows of the slopes above.

"Hello, Bob, why don't you come and sit down in my parlor?" said the soft, sliding voice he remembered so well, and he wheeled quickly to meet the laughing eyes of the Black Pearl. She was sitting on a huge, flat rock in the soft gloom of a row of encircling pine-trees, whose tall, dark tops pointed upward like Gothic spires in the deep blue sky. "You looked as if you thought you'd have to climb clear to the top of the mountain before you found me," she chuckled. "Here, don't stand there staring. Come on in an' sit down here beside me an' tell me the news. How's Jim Hurd; an' was it true he got shot over the cards? An' Frank Applewaite? Did he honest run off with a Greaser girl, like one of the boys told me? Oh, I'm hungry for the news. Have they"— with wistful coquetry —"have they plumb forgot me yet, Bob?"

"I should say not," with emphasis. "But it does seem funny to me to see you like this, Pearl, with jus' that plain, gold ring on your finger. Why, I was a-talkin' to a jeweler down in Tucson the other day, an' he says: 'I wonder if I could get the Black Pearl's necklace. She's got the finest matched string of emeralds I ever see.' "

"Well, he'll never get 'em," with smiling, indifferent finality.

"What did you do with 'em, Pearl?" asked Flick curiously, "Sell 'em?"

"Sell 'em? No. I give 'em to Father Gonzales the night before he married Shock an' me. I guess he's hung 'em round the neck of the Virgin, or maybe he's keepin' the poor in luxury on 'em yet. Lord! Can't you hear those old Mission bells, kind o' cracked and sweet and far-a-way? They always sounded like time and eternity to me. Oh, Bob, there ain't nothin' like the desert, is there?" She looked out at the mountains, as if from glistening peaks and pine-grown slopes she strove to create for herself the image of those monotonous and sultry wastes she loved. "I can't get used to havin' the mountains so close. I feel all the time like they was a-crowdin' an' a-pushin' on me. I want to be where I kin breathe."

The gambler laughed outright. "Well, you ain't so much changed, after all," he said, and some new, almost exultant note rang in his voice. "Same old cry. Jim Hurd was a-speakin' to me only a little while back of the old days, an' he says: 'Can't you see the Pearl a-flingin' up her arms an' sayin', "I want to be free?" I wonder what ailed that girl?' he said. 'She was always a-goin' on about wantin' to be free. Why, how,' he says, 'could any one be freer 'an her? When she got tired of one place, she was off to the next. Her pockets was always full of money, an' her fingers blazin' with colored stones. If that ain't bein' free,' he said, 'I'd like to know what is?' "

"Those rings wasn't half so pretty nor so bright as the beetles that crawled out in

the sand when you turned over a stone." The veil of moodiness had again fallen over her eyes.

For a long time they sat in silence. Flick coughed once or twice; but she seemed to have forgotten his presence, until, finally, with an air of apology, he made bold to break in upon her reverie.

"It's sure nice seein' you again, Pearl."

"It sure is," she replied dreamily.

"It ain't the last time, is it?" with sudden anxiety.

"Sakes, no!" rousing herself. "But, my land! Look how low that sun's gettin'! Let's see. You're at the Nitschkan's, ain't you?"

"Yes," his eyes on her face.

"All right, I'll tell Sadie when you can call again. I'll put it to her this way, 'Tell Bob to call on me to-morrow,' I'll say careless; an' you kin understand that means this here parlor, not my own parlor, you bet," with a sparkle of amusement in her eyes, "'less you want every bone in your body broke."

During the next few weeks Mr. Flick was a more or less frequent caller on Mrs. O'Brien in her parlor among the pines; and not being an especially discerning person, he failed to notice that her interest in him continued to be singularly desultory and impersonal. It was enough that she would meet and talk with him; but it was not possible for him to suspect that her conversations with him had become to her the gate by which she could escape the high, crowding mountains and wander again in the remote and shadowy wastes of the desert. That her manner toward him was one of unchanged and careless indifference, and that her light coquetry was inherent and habitual, did not trouble him. She had always been that way since he had known her.

One afternoon they had been sitting gazing down into the valley shimmering in sun-hazes below, silent for the time; the Pearl's mind busy, as usual, with the mirage of her fancy. Suddenly she drew her breath in sharply. "A person could breathe down there," she cried. "Say, wasn't that air good? It just seemed to put fresh life into you."

Flick looked at her curiously. "Pearl, where was you born and raised?"

She glanced up quickly, "Oh, I d' know," evasively. "I been about a good deal, most everywhere. I never could stand cities long, though. But it seems to me that I been lookin' fer it, Bob, forever; that somethin', I don't know what, that I always, always been a-dreamin' of an' longin' fer."

"I don't ketch what you're harpin' on," he said patiently. "I don't see how anybody could be more free than you was. 'Course, if you would go and get married —"

"I wasn't never free," she said passionately. "There ain't nothin' free that's hobbled, even if the hobble's round your heart and don't show."

"The mountains do seem to kind o' hedge you in," said the man, adopting what he supposed to be her point of view, "an' it sure don't seem right fer you to be caged up here. You"— he looked at her half fearfully and slightly moistened his lips — "I'm a-goin' down the trail in a few days; come on and go with me."

She shook her head. "I can't go junketing round with you, Bob, you're a-forgettin' Shock."

"Oh, I ain't a-forgettin' Shock," he answered coolly. "If you go with me, Pearl, him and me'll probably have it out sometime; but that ain't worryin' me none. Pearl, I ain't never forgot the first time I saw you. It was in the back room at Chickasaw Pete's, an' you was a-shakin' dice with two or three of the boys, an' I joined the game. I never admired no one in my life like I admired you then, for I knew you wasn't shakin' 'em square; but you done it so slick that I couldn't tell how you managed it, an' you walked out in about twenty minutes with the best part of our money. You remember, Pearl?"

"Oh, I remember"; the mysterious veil of reverie had fallen over her sulky eyes.

"An' the next time I seen you, you was dancin'. You had them emeralds twisted round your neck. Have you forgot how to dance?"

"No, I ain't forgot." She stirred her feet restlessly. "Oh, I ain't forgot." There was a moment of silence. "Bob, I always could talk to you, some way. I wonder why. With the other boys it was laugh an' carry on; but I always could sit down and talk sober an' serious to you. You never made a fool of yourself about me."

The man's face had grown gray. He attempted to speak once or twice before the words came. At last he laughed, one brief, harsh note.

"Maybe I didn't, Pearl. They was enough of 'em makin' fools of themselves about you,

God knows! An' I see right from the start that you didn't give a darn for any of 'em; but I was always a fool about you in my heart. They's always plenty of men to go crazy about you, Pearl, to lie an' steal and kill each other fer you, an' make damned fools of theirselves generally. There's a plenty that likes to show off thataway; but there's only two or three in all your life that'll ever really love you, an' one of 'em's me."

He turned to meet her faintly astonished, cynical gaze. "It's true, it's God's truth," he said doggedly, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket with a trembling hand and passing it over his brow and his ashen face. "Oh, I always wanted you. Yes, I'd 'a' stole an' lied an' fought fer you, too. You drove me as stark, starin' crazy as the rest of 'em; but that weren't all. There was somethin' in you, Pearl, that kind o' made me dream, an' that's stayed with me; an' it don't let me think much about myself. It's about you. An' now, I feel it's thisaway. You ain't jus' quite yourself. You're a-feelin' the need of a little change. See? Well, you come down the trail with me of a Thursday."

It was several minutes before she answered, "I couldn't, Bob," and she added gently, "You've kind of surprised me. I didn't know you felt that way fer me, an' I'm awful sorry, honest I am; but I couldn't go."

"Maybe I ain't made it plain to you," he pleaded. "Maybe you didn't understand. I mean it thisaway," in laborious explanation. "I ain't a-tryin' to take you away fer myself. It's because I see you ain't happy that I'm a-askin' you to go. All I'm a-askin' is to kind of look after you an' see that you're comfortable. You kin think of me as a kind of human dog. You'll let me set around when it don't bother you none; an' when you get tired of me, you can kick Fido out, and it'll be back to the kennel fer his. That's all I'm a-askin', Pearl."

She drew in her breath and looked at him strangely, with something new in her glance, something he had never seen there before.

"God, Bob! But you're a good fellow!" she said in an awed voice. "I didn't suppose there was any of your kind on the earth; but you don't understand."

"I kin learn," he said humbly. "Try me an' see if I can't."

She smiled at him, her heart-shattering, cynical smile. "I don't see how you're a-goin' to learn somethin' that I don't understand myself," she answered, "an' that's me. There's so many of a person," resentfully, "so terrible many of a person. There's somethin' in me that's tired, somethin' that's played the game for a thousand years an' knows there ain't nothin' in it; an' there's somethin' in me that's got to live, and that somethin' says, 'Everything comes to you so easy, reach out an' enjoy it'; an' maybe that's the reason it don't never seem of no account. 'Cause it always comes so easy."

The pine-needles fell about them. New arrows of sunlight pierced the soft gloom, and for a time they sat in the silence of the hills, the Pearl's wistful eyes searching the past.

"You was a-talkin' about my jewels awhile back, Bob," she began suddenly. "Well, the night before I was married I give 'em all to Father Gonzales. It was in that dark little chapel with just a candle or so burning before the shrines; an' it was so quiet and so still, an' smelled faint of incense. An' you kind o' felt things, things you hadn't never known. Well, I give him my emeralds, an' I says: 'Make some poor souls happy with what you can get for these, Padre.' Then he handed out a line of talk that sounded mighty good to me. He says, 'This deed that you done, my daughter, redeems your soul. Live clean an' happy from now on,' he says, 'an' forget the past.' Oh, but his words felt warm to my heart! 'That's what I want, Padre,' I says, 'that's what I want.' I stripped the rings off my fingers, an' I piled 'em up in his hands; an' I cried, Bob, Lord! how the tears run down my face, an' I don't know when I'd ever cried before! Well, he took and laid the rings on the altar, an' he said, 'These offerings an' your tears washes your soul white. Go in peace, my daughter, an' sin no more.' An' I believed him." There was despair in her voice. "But it was a lie, all a lie, jus' like everything else. I can't find no happiness. There's too many of me; an' yet I know there's somethin', somethin' that I've missed, an' I don't know how nor where to find it. You all always laughed at me 'cause I didn't know how to tell it, I jus' called it bein' free."

Flick turned on her with a sudden passion. "An' you won't never find it as long as you stay with Shock O'Brien. They tell me —" he clinched his hands on his knees, and the

dark purple crept up slowly under his skin — "they tell me that he ain't no scruples against knockin' you round as he feels like. I'd ——"

She sprang to her feet, livid with fury. "They say, they say —" She broke into a torrent of oaths. "Yes, Bob Flick," growing calmer, "it's true. He's hit me, an' he's hit me more'n once. But why? 'Cause he was jealous."

"I don't see what difference that makes," he muttered.

"You don't? I s'pose not," with infinite scorn; "but any woman would. Why, he loves me so much that it drives him plumb off his head to see another man look at me. An' when he gets that way, he ain't no idea what he does. An' he ain't never raised a bruise on me, not once, that he ain't cried like a baby an' broke his heart over it when he come to himself. Maybe you think, Bob Flick, 'cause I kind of like to talk over old times with you, that I'd go off with you an' leave him. Why, I'd see you dead in the ditch first. Maybe you think, 'cause I kind of hate the mountains and the flat, old life here, that I'm tired of Shock. Well, you got another good, long guess comin'."

She swept by him, drawing her skirts contemptuously from his shoe, and started down the trail. Then her mood changed, she turned and smiled cajolingly at him, and ran back to stretch out a conciliatory hand.

"Don't pay no 'tention to me, Bob. You're one of the best ever, an' I know you mean kind, no matter how I take on. But, my Lord! I got to run. Shock'll he home, an' no supper fer him. So long."

She hastened down the hill, the cheap pink gown falling in long folds of beauty about her Diana-like grace, the last rays of the sun brightening her sunburned hair — and never a thought for the man who sat motionless watching her.

As she almost ran along the mountain road, she met Mrs. Nitschkan, who, with a flea-bitten dog at her heels, and carrying some samples of ore tied up in a handkerchief, was returning from a prospecting expedition. Elated by success and in high spirits, the mountain woman grasped the Pearl by the arm and held her fast.

"Let me go, let me go," cried Mrs. O'-Brien, laughing and struggling. "Shock wants his supper. You — you prize-fighter, I'll throw a pail of scalding water over you the next time you come to my house." With a quick movement she slipped out of the other woman's grasp, and flew on, throwing back laughing mockeries over her shoulder.

"You're too gay, Pearl," called her baffled captor. "You're fey, that's what's the matter with you. You'll be cryin' before morning."

The idea of her jesting words containing a prophecy never occurred to that particularly practical and unimaginative woman, and yet they rose in her mind late the next afternoon when she happened to be passing the O'Brien cottage. Involuntarily, she paused at the gate, struck by something indescribably neglected and forlorn in the air of the whole place. The flowers drooped dustily in the garden; the door, usually so hospitably open, was barred, the blinds were drawn before the closed windows. Mrs. Nitschkan considered a moment or two, and then, curiosity getting the better of her, she unlatched the little white gate and walked up the path with its glaring, scentless border of scarlet geraniums and yellow zinnias. She knocked loudly once or twice, and then, failing to elicit an answer, forced an entrance at the kitchen door. Here a sight met her eyes which caused her to raise her hands with a loud "Gosh A'mighty!" The room was in appalling disorder. A cloth had been half dragged from the table scattered with food, while the floor was covered with pots, pans, and broken dishes. After one rapid and comprehensive glance, Mrs. Nitschkan made her way to an inner room. There she stood on the threshold peering about her until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Then she dimly discerned a black, huddled shape on the bed, and her gaze was caught and held by the smoldering, sullen fires of two dark eyes.

"Pearl?" she asked uncertainly.

The woman on the bed did not answer, only gazed at her in silence.

"Pearl, air you sick?"

No answer.

Mrs. Nitschkan threw the windows wide, and then bent over her friend.

"Now, Pearl, you speak up. What's the matter? Air you sick?"

"I'm a-goin' to kill him. I'm a-goin' to kill him," whispered the woman on the bed. "He beat me last night, an' he wasn't jealous. He come home with all the devils in hell in his face. When I set him out his supper,

he threw the vittles all over the place an' said it wasn't fit fer dogs to eat; an' then he beat me."

"Gosh A'mighty! An' you the best cook in the camp! He must 'a' been crazy drunk," exclaimed Mrs. Nitschkan indignantly.

"He wasn't drunk, an' he wasn't jealous. He wasn't jealous, an' he beat me, *me*." She raised herself with difficulty in the bed and lifted her stag-like head superbly.

"Air you hurt, Pearl?" anxiously.

"Am I hurt? Am I hurt? Oh, thataway. Yes, I guess so. Come to think of it, there ain't a inch on me that don't ache. I guess none of my bones is broke, though. But he'll get it." She half drew her hand from under the pillow, disclosing the sharp, keen edge of steel. "That's the medicine he's a-goin' to get. I'm a-goin' to knife him, sure."

"Now, Pearl," remonstrated Mrs. Nitschkan severely, "that ain't no way to talk. You're all right to get even with him, but you mustn't forget a thing or two. Us ladies here in Zenith has overlooked your past, 'cause you're a decent married woman now, with a ring on your finger, an' a certificate framed on the wall. Now you go to knifin' him, an' it'll be a disgrace to the whole camp. What I say, an' what I always say in such cases is, get even with him an' get even with him good; but for the Lord's sake, do it ladylike. Heave skillets an' stove lids at him all you're a mind to; but throw that knife away."

The Pearl looked at her a moment with sullen, contemptuous eyes. "Shut up," she commanded, "I'm tired of hearin' you talk."

"Here, here," admonished Mrs. Nitschkan. "Now, I'll hustle round an' make you a good, strong cup of coffee. There's nothing like it fer soul an' body. You'll feel better then. Then we'll get your clothes off, an' a nightgown on, an' we'll see where you're hurted."

"Where I'm hurted?" repeated the Pearl, her vague eyes more veiled, more tragically mysterious than ever. "I'm hurted so deep that you can't find it, Sadie Nitschkan."

"Aw, come now, we'll have you all right in a jiffy, an' Shock a-hangin' round cryin' over you an' beatin' his chest in that crazy French way of his'n. Now you lay still, an' I'll heat up some water."

She bustled about making a fire, preparing coffee and putting the place in order, when her attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of flying footsteps on the path outside. Then a thunderous knocking, and before she could reach the door, it was burst open, and a white-faced boy stuttered on the threshold, "Mis' O'Brien, Mis' O'Brien, Bob Flick's shot Shock up at Johnson's, and he wants you quick."

The Pearl had leaped to her feet, casting her knife from her, and before Sadie Nitschkan could reach her, she was flying up the mountain road.

A tiny crescent moon was swinging far up in the pale sky. On the platform before the saloon was a black group of men, who made way for the Pearl as she darted through them. The doctor was bending over Jacques, who lay in an open space where the air might reach him. The Pearl dropped beside him, her face to his for a moment, and then lifted him to her heart.

"Shock, Shock," she moaned.

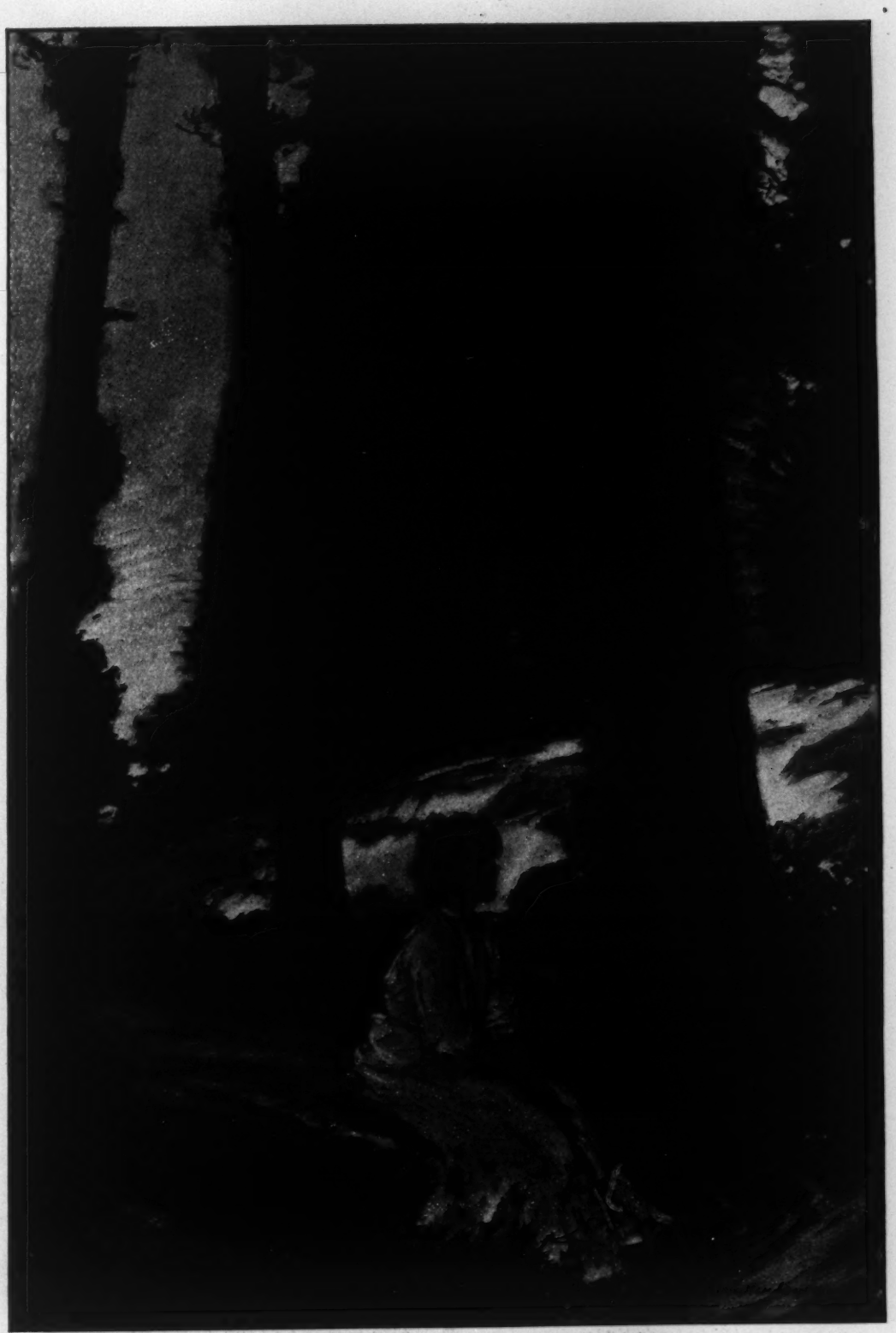
"Pearl," he whispered, his accent more marked than ever, "it wasn't the vittles. I heard straight that Flick was after you, an' I was jealous mad. I tried to get him first; but he pulled his gun too quick for me."

"Oh, Shock. I never cared for nobody really but you."

A faint reflection of his charming smile flickered over his face. "I know it," he said. "You — you always talked about being free, Pearl. I guess you're free at last." He smiled again, and then lay heavily on her heart.

For a moment, while she held him closely to her breast, her eyes showed some ecstatic illumination, as if she had followed him to the vast and illimitable spaces her spirit craved. Then the shackles of that desolate semblance of reality which she knew as life fell about her again.

"Free!" she cried in the voice of one who faces the terrible nemesis of a granted desire. "Free!" her anguished eyes challenged the grave group of men about her. "There ain't no such damned word fer a woman that kin love."



"FOR A LONG TIME THEY SAT IN SILENCE"

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION," "THE CITY OF CHICAGO: A STUDY OF THE GREAT IMMORALITIES," ETC.

WITH this number of McClure's Magazine we begin the publication of the confession of Harry Orchard. Orchard is the State's chief witness against the so-called "inner circle" of the Western Federation of Miners, composed, it is alleged, of Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and Simpkins. The trial comes as a climax to fifteen years of bitter conflict between labor and capital in Idaho and Colorado, — years marked by a long series of riotings and murders, including the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, for whose death the officers of the miners' union are placed on trial. Orchard confesses to eighteen of these murders, including that of the Ex-Governor, and in his confession implicates the four defendants. This is, therefore, the core of the great Idaho contest. Irrespective of its truth or its value as legal evidence, it is of great historical importance.

THE HISTORICAL SETTING

Orchard went to the Idaho mining district in 1896, and in 1899 joined the miners' union. He tells much intelligently and coherently about the Idaho labor war from that time on. For several years previously there had been frequent outbreaks of murder and lawlessness. These began in 1890, when the mines of the Coeur d'Alene district* were organized by agitators from Butte, and a savage campaign was begun to drive non-union men out of the district. The first of the more violent disorders occurred on July 11, 1892. Twelve hundred armed union men at that time attacked the concentrating mills of the Gem and Frisco mines in the town of Gem and blew up the latter, filled with non-union men, with dynamite. Three men on each side were killed in the fight, and only a miracle prevented the death of sixty more.

The non-union men, who numbered only two hundred, after several hours of fighting, surrendered and agreed to leave the section. The union men then filled the mill of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine at Wardner with dynamite and gave the manager of the mine his choice of sending out his non-union workmen or losing his plant. He chose the former. On the next evening, when the unarmed non-union men were waiting to leave the district at a lonely steamboat landing at Mission, Idaho, they were attacked and robbed by a band of men composed partly of unionists and partly of roughs. Many of them were driven out into the woods, one man was shot through the body and barely escaped death, and it was asserted that several more were killed, cut open, and sunk in the Coeur d'Alene River.

On July 13, 1892, martial law was declared by Governor N. B. Willey, and about one thousand Federal troops were brought into the district. Martial law was kept in force until November 18th. During this time some three hundred and fifty union men were confined in an improvised prison at Wallace called the "bull pen."*

A few of the leaders in this 1892 trouble were punished with short sentences, the number including George A. Pettibone, who himself caused the destruction of the Frisco mill by sliding dynamite down the penstock.

It was as a result of this outbreak that the Western Federation of Miners came to be organized. The Federation was first formed at a meeting in Butte, Montana, May 15, 1893; but it is a matter of common knowledge that it had its inception in the Coeur d'Alene troubles, and its leaders have said publicly that it was first planned by men confined in jail at Boise for that outbreak. Since then this union has spread over the great mining states of the West, and although it contains less than forty thousand men in regular standing, it has been concerned in the most serious strikes in the history of the United States.

As soon as the Federal troops had retired, after the disturbances of 1892, the Union resumed the policy of driving out all non-union men from the district. Those who did not go were cruelly beaten or killed. At Wallace, on July 8, 1894, John Kneebone,† one of the principal witnesses against the union leaders in 1892, was shot down while at work in the Gem mill, by a party of forty masked men, and the superintendent and two other employees of this non-union mine were escorted out of

* The Coeur d'Alenes are in a narrow slit in the empty hills of northern Idaho. In 1886 extensive lead and silver mines were found there; by 1890 it was one of the greatest mining sections of the country. It was immediately filled with miners — not of the type of the rough soldier of fortune who came into the old-time gold field — but the hired workmen of corporations. Even more than in other mining-camps, society there slipped back into primitive and brutal conditions.

* The name "bull pen" was first given to the temporary prison for the rioters in the Coeur d'Alenes. Later it was applied generally to the prisons of all kinds used to imprison strikers.

† For years in the Coeur d'Alenes objectionable persons were notified to leave the district by threatening letters, signed "Kneebone."

the district. Four weeks after this event, the Gem and two other large mines gave up their fight with the unions and agreed to discharge all non-union men and never again employ them. All the mines in Gem and Burke were now union, and the union absolutely controlled the business and politics of those places. By 1898 the same conditions existed in Mullan.

The Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine in the town of Wardner, the largest single mine in the district, refused steadily to recognize the union, being practically the only mine which did so. On April 29, 1899, all of the union miners of the district came to Wardner in a body and wiped out this company's two hundred and fifty thousand dollar concentrator, with a charge of over two tons of dynamite. The mob killed two men — one union and one non-union. On May 3rd martial law was again declared in the Coeur d'Alenes, and five hundred Federal troops were brought in, the State militia being in the Philippines. For eighteen months the region was under martial law. Over seven hundred men were thrown into a "bull pen" at Wardner, and the miners' unions were practically driven out of the district. Steunenberg was Governor of Idaho at this time and was very active in suppressing the disorder. This outbreak is described clearly and adequately in the following instalment of Harry Orchard's autobiography. The next two instalments will take up the story of the labor troubles in Colorado.

THE MAN

The first emotion on seeing Harry Orchard is invariably astonishment. This is the confessed assassin of eighteen men. In appearance he is like nothing so much as your milkman — the round-headed, ruddy-faced, sandy-mustached milkman, with his good-natured diffidence, breaking easily into an ingenuous smile.

A year and a half ago, when he was first arrested, this man was clearly one of the most dangerous characters our civilization can produce. His face showed this more accurately than words. It possessed the characteristics of a clearly developed type — the nervous eyes, the compressed lips, and the hardened face muscles of the hunted beast we call the criminal. Immediately after his arrest Harry Orchard reached the great determining crisis in his life.

It is no permanent amusement to be a hunted beast, whatever may be the individual theory concerning the criminal. His face showed that. There was more than defiance and cunning about the muscles of that mouth; there was pain. On his arrest for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, Orchard believed that, if he would keep silence, he could never be convicted. This belief was undoubtedly justified. But his career had come to a culmination. The question raised itself if the whole game were worth while; if he cared to continue this existence of the damned. Under the suggestion of the master detective, McParland, he eased his tortured mind by confession, fell over from sheer weakness, and staggered back to his cell for his first sleep in over a week. Under the sympathy of Dean Hinks of Boise,— a man's man, and one of the noblest and most devoted Christian characters alive,— he returned to the simple faith of his childhood. In eighteen months the deep marks cut in his face by the last decade of his life have gone like an evil mask.

It is difficult to believe in a transformation of this kind. The men who saw Orchard most — professional handlers of criminals — declined at first to do so. Gradually they have become convinced. No promises of clemency have been made to the man. He refuses absolutely to favor himself in the smallest detail of his story. His judgment of the men whom he accuses is much more lenient than that of any other person connected with the prosecution. He has turned to the task of assisting the State with the same unhesitating directness which made him the surest murderer of a generation. And every one who has seen him closely is now absolutely convinced of his sincerity.

I have been for two weeks in constant personal communication with Orchard. He has impressed me, as he has practically every one who has observed him, with three things: — his absolute and level sanity, his extraordinary and detailed candor, and his utter vacancy of fear.

The man is about five feet seven — wide forehead, short nose, bright blue eyes that kindle quickly into a smile, and a mouth with possibilities of both humor and tenderness — though when closed, in the pictures of the time before he put on his mustache, it lies across his face like the straight gash of a knife. He comes toward you, across the ante-room of the penitentiary,— a round head, a deep, rounded barrel of a body, the kind that carries large, strong vital organs, balanced sturdily on short, stout legs — a most excellent and workmanlike human machine, with the power and directness of a little Orkney bull.

It is a wanton waste of good American time to discuss the question of Orchard's sanity — whoever or whatever was responsible for raising it. He is sane to the point of bleakness. It is a mind direct, practical, concrete, absolutely devoid of imagination. It is this last quality which accounts for the man's utter lack of fear.

The first inevitable repugnance to the acceptance of Orchard's story comes from the accepted conventional belief in the cowardice of the assassin. This particular feeling is entirely unjustified in this case. In fact, the active and successful assassin, working, as Orchard did, with high explosives and firearms, planning his "get away" to avoid the safeguards and precautions of the big modern city, can scarcely be a physical coward. This man was from the first — from his varied and resourceful ventures in business and his burning of his factory, down to his readiness in exploding mines and transforming human beings into a pile of bleeding jelly — shrewd, self-reliant, direct. He is without the timid imagination of the ordinary man; these matters simply do not present themselves to him in terms of horror. He discusses his own death and preparations for it as impersonally as he would a problem in arithmetic. He followed his career of murder as practically as he had followed the plow. In another century — four hundred years ago — he might have been the invaluable instrument of some petty European sovereign as the most fearless and workmanlike of bravos.

Harry Orchard is an uneducated man. He has small power of generalization. But for the concrete he has a mind that is a marvel of accuracy. His memory has the sensitiveness and retentiveness

of a child's. It is a camera, which catches and holds every arrested detail of the actual scene, with all the fidelity of the instantaneous photograph. The relations and significance of these details in the picture of the whole must be brought out by other minds.

There is no question with those who are the most intimate associates of Harry Orchard of the sincerity of his change of purpose and of character. They believe, unreservedly, that this man, under the influence of a simple and unquestioning faith, has turned from a career of hideous crime to an unqualified devotion to truth; and upon this faith in his sincerity has been placed — first of all — the carrying foundation for the weight of one of the greatest criminal cases ever tried in the United States.

Finally, it is simply as a human document that Orchard's confession most deeply engages our interest. He tells a story of crime that is monstrous, staggering to the imagination, "so full of horror as to be unbelievable," as the Governor of Idaho said in his message to the present Legislature; yet his narrative must make an impression on the most skeptical, in its grasp, its continual calculated reference to easily tested data, and in the use of a strong memory that does not appear to remember too much; it seems on its face uninventable by any lesser genius than Defoe. Its defects of grammar and form are a part of the biographical value of such a record as this, and in this case its historical importance makes any corrections out of the question. We publish it as it was taken down from Orchard's lips by stenography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

MY EARLY LIFE IN ONTARIO

I WAS born in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, on the 18th of March, 1866. My father was born of English parents, and my mother of Irish. I was brought up on a farm and received a common school education, but as my parents were poor, I had to work as soon as I was old enough. I never advanced farther than the third grade. I was one of a family of eight children, consisting of six daughters and two sons.

While we were poor and had to work for a living, we always had plenty and dressed respectably. The country was prosperous, and poverty was a thing almost unheard of in the country at that time. Most everybody worked there at that time, either for themselves or for some one else, as the chief industry there was farming; and the people were happy and contented. The cost of living there then was much less than it is to-day, and the people dressed and lived much plainer then than now.

I was brought up to love and fear God and to believe in a hereafter. My parents usually attended church, and I was sent to Sunday-school and church, and always had to observe the Sabbath, as there was no manner of work practised there on the Sabbath except chores about the farms that were necessary to be done. Most of the people in that section of the country belonged to some church and usually attended it on Sunday.

I was next to the oldest of our family, and my brother next to the youngest. We bought a small farm when I was about ten years old, and I and my sisters used to work and help father all we could, as we used to raise garden truck for market. I used to work on the farm summers and go to school winters. As soon as I was old enough, I used to work out for some close neighbor, sometimes by the day and sometimes by the month, but my parents always got the benefit of my work until I was past twenty years old. When working away from home, I always looked forward to Sunday, as I would have a chance to go home and spend the Sabbath with my folks, and they always looked for us on that day if we were away from home. It makes me feel sad now when I look back over those happy days and think especially of our dear loving mother and the anxiety she had for our welfare, and the many hard, weary days she toiled and worked and underwent many privations for us, as a loving mother will do for her family. We may not have had as nice clothes as some of our neighbors, but they were always clean and neatly mended. I always loved my mother very much and thought I was good to her, but I can look back now and see that I did not love her half as much as she did me, and I might have been much better to her. My dear mother is dead and gone many years ago, and I am glad in my heart on her account that she never lived to see me where I am to-day. My father also died since I left home.

When I was about twenty-one years old, I thought I ought to keep whatever money I earned myself, as my parents were not able to give me anything, and they did not object, so I worked away from home all the time then and saved all I earned. I had never been very far away from home and always worked on a farm. When I was twenty-two, I think, I went to Saginaw, Michigan, to work in the lumber woods, as wages were much more there.

I had been keeping company with a young lady at home and was engaged to be married. I went back home and went to work for a farmer I had worked for previous to going to Michigan. I had saved up a little money by this time and got married the next summer and went to keeping house a little time after.

My Wife and I Become Cheese-makers

My wife had worked in a cheese factory before we were married and learned how to make cheese, and as that was a great industry there and paid pretty well, we thought we would try to get a factory and try cheese-making. We had no money to buy a factory, but that winter we succeeded in renting one and moved there in the spring. The cheese-making was carried on only during the summer months, about six or seven months. We did not have any money left to start with, but got credit for what we needed and started out pretty well. It was an old factory we rented and pretty well run down, but we worked up a pretty good trade and had some good friends that helped us. Competition was keen, and a person had to understand the business perfectly to make a success. My wife understood it thoroughly, as she had learned with a man that was very successful, but I knew practically nothing about it. We did our own work at first and got along well, but I soon discovered there were many little tricks in the buying and many ways for the buyer to job the maker.

I will explain briefly how the cheese was mostly sold at that time. There would be a salesman for every factory, and they would meet at the most central city and had a regular cheese board of trade. The board met every week during the early summer, and after they had bought the cheese they would send out their inspectors to the factories they bought from. This would sometimes be several days after they had been sold, and often the market fluctuated a good deal, and if it happened to fall during the time the inspector was inspecting the cheese, he often culled them and would leave some of them on your hands or would take them at a reduced price. A maker did not like to have it get out that his cheese had been culled. That would give him a bad reputation and hurt his trade. I did not know what to do at first when an inspector culled some of our cheese, but he told me if I would weigh the cheese and knock off a pound or so on a cheese and make out two invoices, give our treasurer the short one and send him the correct one and also a copy of the short one, that he would accept them and no one would be any the wiser. I at first thought there was no harm in this, but I kept it to myself; I do not think I even told my wife.

Sharp Practices in Cheese-making

It takes lots of patience to make cheese, and especially if a person is not particular in taking the milk. The patrons will not all take good care of their milk, and it often comes to the factory tainted with some bad smell, either from the cows eating something or drinking bad water, and it often comes from the milk being kept in some filthy place, and it takes lots of work and time to get this out of the curd, often all day and part of the night; whereas, if you had all good, pure milk you could get through in eight or nine hours; and I think after I had worked at the cheese-making awhile I was not as particular as my wife and often hurried it up to get done early. While we were bound to make a first-class cheese, we also had the patrons bound to furnish first-class milk, but we did not have them bound to send any at all if they did not see fit, and as I have stated, competition was very keen, and a good many of the patrons were so situated that they could send their milk to different factories, and if we would send it home and tell them it was not good, they would often do it, and we had to take a chance on lots of milk that we ought not, especially in hot weather.

This throwing in a few pounds of cheese to the buyer by making the short invoices would seem all right, but if you did much of this you would run the average away up, and it would take too much milk to make a pound of cheese. As it takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese, we had to keep pretty close to this to compete

HARRY ORCHARD

From a photograph taken in January, 1906, shortly after his arrest for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg

with other factories, and thus the only way to do this was to weigh the milk short. Still another difficulty confronted us, as a great many of the patrons weighed their milk at home, and if there was too much difference they would kick, and so the man that did not weigh his milk at home suffered the most. We could usually find this out through the man that hauled the milk. Our salesman and treasurer was on to all this, as he had been in the business a good while, and he said it was all right, and a maker hadn't ought to make up any deficiency at the price he got for making, and that they did not pay enough anyway. This man was a good friend of mine and helped me in many ways.

They used to most always contract the last two or three months' make about the middle of the season, and often the market would fall, and this worked a great hardship on the maker, as the buyers were more particular. The first year we made cheese they contracted the last three months' make, and the market fell afterwards, and they left several hundred dollars' worth of cheese on our hands, and I sold them to the man I rented the factory from. He failed to pay all for them, and I had to borrow about four hundred dollars to make up this, and I never got it from him, as he had sold the factory and was not worth it. I never did get it. We bought the factory after that and stayed there four years.

I Begin to Live Beyond My Means

I just want to relate these circumstances to show the reader where I first fell and began to be dishonest. This was the first business I had done for myself, and I was handling quite a lot of money, and it was quite a change from working for somebody on a farm sixteen or seventeen hours a day for twelve to fifteen dollars a month. As long as I stayed home with my wife and worked in the factory, I was all right, but I thought I would keep a team of horses and haul a milk route and haul away the cheese to the depot, and hire a man or girl to work in the factory to help my wife when I was not there. Then I got to buying the whey at the factory and keeping hogs there and feeding them, and all this took me away from home more and more all the time, and took me to the city a good deal, where I met a different class of people from those I had been used to. I got to drinking some and spending a good deal of money and staying away from home longer than my business required, and I got mixed up in politics some, and to make a long story short, I got to living beyond my means and going in company that I was not able to keep up my end with. The patrons of our factory noticed this and talked a good deal about it, and I kept living a little faster all the time. My credit was good, and if I wanted money I could go to the bank and borrow it.

My wife did not like my being away from home so much, but she made no serious objection, but looked after things the best she could when I was not there. For that part, she would do it better than I, because she understood it better and was more particular, and if I had attended to my business and done my work and saved the money, we would have been all right and could have saved some money. But I could not stand prosperity, and kept good horses and rigs, and lived a pretty fast life and did not deal very honestly with the patrons.

Where I made the greatest mistake of my life was in not telling my wife anything about my business transactions, or very little, and I think this was the cause of our first estrangement. I did not keep this from my dear wife because I did not love her, but I knew if she knew about how I was doing the business she would not stand for it, and would wonder what I was doing with the money. If she asked me about something I did not want to tell her, I would either tell her a falsehood or put her off some other way, and I think the truth began to dawn upon her, and she got so she did not ask me anything much about business matters at all. I thought at the time I was only saving her pain. I knew I was doing wrong, but still kept doing more to cover up what I had done, and so it was I kept on. I did not drink to excess, nor did I seem to spend any great amount of money. We made pretty good money through the summer, but nothing in the winter, and as I kept two or three horses all the time and had to buy everything, the money got away, and after working there four years and selling the factory for about four hundred dollars more than we gave for it, I think I was some in debt yet, although most folks thought we had some money.

HARRY ORCHARD

From a picture taken at the Boise Penitentiary, in May, 1907

Our Patrons Become Dissatisfied

The way we came to sell the factory was like this: The patrons began to get dissatisfied, and the treasurer and salesman advised me to sell, and found a buyer for me, and no doubt it was a good thing for me.

We moved from Cramahe the spring of 1892, and went to make cheese for a company at Wooler near my home. There was not as much money in this as we had been making. We had more work to do in the factory, as there was more milk to handle. I was at home more here, and as we were amongst my own folks I tried to lead a better life. We had an uncle who was a preacher, and we were close to his church and usually went to church. I had many good Christian friends there that gave me good advice and tried to get me to lead a better life, and I did try, but to no purpose. I only tried to keep my wicked life away from my Christian friends, and I would make some excuse to get away from home as often as possible to the city or away hunting and fishing, any place to get away from home and have a little time, as we called it. We stayed there three years, but the people did not like the way I lived, as most all the patrons were Christians, and my actions would get out.

I had some good friends that managed to keep the factory for me three years, but at the end of that time I lost it, and a friend of mine put up money to buy a factory at Hilton, and I was to manage it and pay him back. That winter I started to build a new factory a few miles from the one we bought, and this kept me away from home a good deal that winter. I stopped in a town called Brighton near where I was building the new factory. This was the beginning of my downfall. I boarded there with a man and became infatuated with his wife and she with me.

I finished this factory and moved there about the opening of the cheese-making season. There was a dear little girl born to us this spring, and thus my dear wife was no longer able to look after the cheese-making as she had formerly done, and I had to depend altogether on hired help. I rented a nice house in town shortly after our dear little girl was born, and lived there. I was

away from home most all the time now, and when I was not at the factory I was downtown. Our once happy home had lost all attractions for me now, and my dear wife would often complain and plead with me to stay at home, or at least to come home early. To make a long story short, I lived away beyond my means and was some in debt, and my credit was not so good, and as I neglected to look after the making of the cheese and depended all on hired help, they did not turn out any too good, and my chief prop was not able to look after this as she had formerly done.

I Burn My Factory for the Insurance and Leave the Country

But I managed all right until we had to settle up in the fall of 1895, and this woman and I had planned to run away together, and I had to have money to do this. I was all right at Hilton; but at Brighton I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars and was still in debt, and to cover up some other misrepresentations on the books, I burned the factory I had built and got the insurance. I had taken from five to six hundred dollars' worth of cheese from the storehouse at Brighton and sold it and kept the money. The factory was insured in my name and the cheese in the name of the company. In the fire everything was destroyed, and the account books of the company were destroyed, with the record of my debt in them. I paid up my debts with the insurance money, and had about four hundred dollars left, and I left there a month or so afterward, and this woman followed me a short time later and met me in Detroit, Michigan, and we went to Nelson, British Columbia. We stayed there three months or so, and I found out that she had written home and her folks knew where she was, and I bought her a ticket, and she went home, and I left there and came to Spokane, Washington. I did not hear from her after I came to Spokane, only in an indirect way. I wrote to a friend of mine about six months afterwards. He told me she was living with her husband again and everything was all fixed up. He also told me my wife had written to him and wanted to know if he knew where I was. He said she said some pretty hard things and said he thought it would not be best for me to come back there. I had no notion of going back, and did not let him know where I was.

I was a very miserable man and began to see the great mistake I had made, but did not know how to repair it. I thought my wife would never forgive me, and I made up my mind to begin life over again and forget the past, but alas, that was not so easy to do, but I thought that was all there was left for me to do, and I started in to do it.

I got a job up at Wallace, Idaho, driving a milk wagon for Markwell Brothers, and thought I would start over and save up some money and get in some business. I went under an assumed name (my real name was Albert E. Horsley), and worked steadily for a few months. I saved my money, and bought an interest in the Hercules Mine. It was only a prospect then. I bought one-sixteenth interest for five hundred dollars, and if I had kept it I would be worth probably five hundred thousand to-day. I worked on that milk wagon nearly a year, but the last few months I got to drinking and sporting around, and could not content my mind on anything, and tried to drown my sorrow in many evil ways, and kept going from bad to worse. I quit the milk wagon and bought a wood yard in Burke, the mining-camp I had sold milk in. I might have made good money had I attended to business, but I got to gambling and spent my money faster than I made it. I was pretty well acquainted there and had a good business; I worked hard all day, but stayed up at night until I spent what I made that day.

II

UNION RULE IN THE COEUR D'ALENE

I BOUGHT out the wood yard and one team at Burke, Idaho, early in the year 1897, and quit the employ of Markwell Brothers. I was well acquainted in the camp, having delivered the milk there nearly a year.

The Coeur d'Alene district is composed of the following towns and mining-camps, as they are called — this is one of the greatest silver and lead producing districts in this country: Wallace is the largest town in the district and a distributing point for the rest of the camps, also the county seat of Shoshone County; Gem, Mace, and Burke are all up Cañon Creek, Burke being the fartherest up, and the end of the railroad being about six miles from Wallace. There are several large mines up this cañon.

Then Mullan is about ten miles up another cañon, and there are also several large mines up there. Wardner is about twelve miles down the Coeur d'Alene River, with several more large mines. Then Murray is about twenty-six miles from Wallace; this is mostly a gold-producing camp and is the oldest camp in the district. At the time I was there, there were about four or five hundred miners working in and around Burke.

I will endeavor as far as I know to give the past history and also the history during my stay there for the next three years or so. I do not know the past history only from hearsay, but as to the next three years or thereabouts, I will speak of what did actually happen.

The Outbreak of 1892

The miners up there seemed to be a pretty good lot of fellows and seemed to be worse to themselves than anybody else. The worst trouble with them was that they drank and gambled, and some of them neglected their families on this account.

There were six saloons in Burke, and they all ran gambling, and the other things that go with such places were there; there were no churches there. There were two general stores, drug-store and post-office. Most of the saloons kept some furnished rooms. There were also one or two restaurants there, and a big company boarding-house.

The men were well organized; I do not think there was a man working there that did not belong to the unions. The men working underground belonged to the Western Federation of Miners, and those working on the surface belonged to the Knights of Labor. They could transfer from one to the other. Of course, there were men working there that did not belong to the unions, such as held some official position connected with the mining companies. The unions would not admit these.

When I first came to work for Markwell Brothers, almost the first thing they asked me was if I belonged to any labor organization or had ever had any trouble with them. I told them I had never belonged to any nor ever had any trouble with any. Mr. Markwell then explained to me some of the conditions up at the mining-camps and told me of some of the former troubles they had had during the strike of 1892 and 1893. He said it nearly broke them up in business, as their father had talked against the unions, and the only way they could settle it with the unions was to buy their father out and for him to leave the country, and the dairy was in the three brothers' names.

He told me something of that trouble, but I do not remember the cause, so I will not attempt to tell much about it. I know there was a fight up at Gem on the 11th of July, 1892, between union and non-union men; several men were killed, and the Frisco mill was blown up with dynamite and completely destroyed, and the non-union men were run out of the camp. The United States soldiers were brought there a little afterwards, and a great many of the men were arrested and thrown in the bull pen, and some were sent to the penitentiary, but they all were released in a short time. I do not know how this strike was settled, but the miners always claimed the victory and celebrated the 11th of July every year as long as I was there.

Mr. Markwell told me if any one up in the camps that I went to with milk was killed or run out of the camp, to say nothing about it, or at least not to express my opinion one way or the other. He said that was what got his father into trouble, as he openly condemned these depredations, and the unions boycotted them, and the best way was if anything like this happened to say nothing one way or the other. I thought this a queer condition of affairs at first, and began to think the stories told of the wild and woolly West were no dreams, and from time to time I heard of many such things that had taken place, but I said nothing about them to anybody except to Mr. Markwell.

The Killing of Whitney

They did not ask me to join the union while I was on the milk wagon, and I got along all right, but after I quit the milk wagon and went to Burke, I joined the Knights of Labor. There were some men run out of the camp while I was there, and one or two killed because they refused to go. I did not know who did this. The miners' unions were so strong that they weren't satisfied with only driving out the scabs, but they did the same thing with bosses or superintendents they did not like. For instance, there was the case of Mr. Whitney,* who was foreman of the Frisco mill. They sent a letter

* Frederick D. Whitney, shot December 23rd; died December 25, 1897.

to him and told him to leave the camp or he would suffer the consequences. Mr. Whitney answered that he would not leave, and a while after this a gang of masked men with Winchesters went to Mr. Whitney's room in Gem one night, a little before midnight, and started to drive him down the cañon. I talked with a woman who saw them taking him out. They came marching down the street at Gem under the bright electric lights, and when people began sticking their heads out of the windows, she said, these men with guns told them to go back in again or they would shoot them. They took Whitney down the railroad. A little way below Gem he tried to get away from them. There was some box-cars down there, and he thought if he could run back of these in the dark he could escape. But they shot him in the hip and left him there, and somebody else got him and took him down to the hospital at Wallace, and he died there a few days afterward when they were operating on him. Mr. Whitney's relatives were wealthy people, and they and the State offered seventeen thousand dollars reward for the men who shot him, but nothing ever came of it, and nobody was ever arrested, though a great many people must have known who did it. Nobody in Cañon Creek ever dared to testify about a thing like this. They knew if they did they would be killed themselves. You would hardly ever hear a man express his opinion unless he was drunk, and they generally expressed themselves as well pleased, and no doubt this was best for them.

There never seemed to be much exertion on the part of the officers to find out who did these things, especially if there was just some one run out of town. All the peace officers — the sheriff and constables and justices of the peace — were elected by the unions and were in with them. The miners made up their minds who they were going to nominate and vote for, and when they did this, they voted almost solid for their man. The peace officers, of course, always sided with the unions, and whenever a non-union man got into the camp and got beaten up and they took him before the justices of the peace, they would fine him or send him to jail. George A. Pettibone was justice of the peace at Gem back in 1892 and used to tell how he did this.

In the summer of 1898, I had to take in a partner. This was a Scotchman named James McAlpin. We were in partnership until March, 1899. I stopped gambling and tried to straighten up. But I used up so much money paying off my old debts, that when we made a settlement, I found I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars, and finally I offered to sell my share of the business to McAlpin for one hundred dollars in cash. He accepted this offer, and in this way I went out of business for myself.

The last of March, 1899, I got a job through Lewis Strow, a shift boss I knew well, as a "mucker" in the Tiger-Poorman mine — that is, I shoveled out the rock the miners blasted down in the stopes. I had to be transferred from the Knights of Labor to the miners' union, and then for the first time I became acquainted with the workings of this union as a member.

I Join the Western Federation of Miners

It has often been said that the Western Federation of Miners is an anarchist organization, but this is very wrong to speak of the organization as a whole this way, but I do believe, and in fact know, that the head men of this organization from the time it was first organized until the present time have been murderers and anarchists; that is some twelve or fifteen years ago, I do not know the exact time it was first organized. I can speak from my own personal knowledge of some of them for the last seven years, and they have told me many things that I know did happen that the head men that preceded them were responsible for, and it is true the head men of this organization have been anarchists ever since its first inception.

But I think I would be safe in saying that there is not over ten per cent of this organization that know their leaders are anarchists and murderers and are personally responsible for many murders and depredations that have been committed throughout the many mining-camps where they were organized. There is no doubt but a good many had a good idea where these things came from and also approved of them, but the great majority of them did not, especially when there was no trouble. A man never heard anything of these things in a union meeting, and during all the union meetings I ever attended I never saw nor heard any of the propositions mentioned except once, and that was a special meeting.

The Famous "Inner Circle"

The Western Federation of Miners is composed of a national president, secretary, and an executive board, of which the latter is made up of one representative from each district, who are elected at the regular annual convention. Each district also has what they call a district union made up of one representative from each union in the district. In some cases the local district unions used to be called the central unions.

The great majority of the union men pay their dues and let a few run the unions and know practically nothing of the workings, and a great many never attend the meetings without they are compelled to by a fine sometimes being imposed if they do not attend every so often. This, in my opinion, is just where union men make the great mistake. The rank and file takes no interest in the unions and let a few men run things to suit themselves. It was common talk almost from the first, in the Coeur d'Alenes, that there was an "inner circle," which ran the district. The "inner circle" was supposed to be a few men that were really back of the central union, and planned all the rough work, as they did in the Federation. George Pettibone was one of these when he was there in 1892, and later Ed Boyce and Lewis J. Simpkins and Marion W. Moor, who were in the "inner circle" of the Federation. I have no doubt they got their idea of the Federation from the Coeur d'Alenes, for the Federation started just after the first fight there in 1892, and a good many of the men in the Federation "inner circle" came from there.

The "Boyce Policy" and the Arming of the Unions

Ed Boyce, who was president of the Federation for a long while in its early years, had more to do with getting it started than any other man. He began the "Boyce policy"* soon after he was elected; that is, he advised that every union man should arm himself with a rifle, because they all might have to go out and fight the capitalists before long; and that nobody in the union should join the militia. The leaders of the different unions took this up, and I have heard it advised in unions time and time again by the officers that every union man should buy a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, for the time was coming when they would need it.

As a matter of fact, many of the men did arm themselves. I think there was quite a number of guns left over from the fight of 1892, and then I know there were some shipped in. George Pettibone has told me that he sent in rifles from Denver in 1899 for the union men. He sent a hundred of them in piano boxes, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition, and addressed it to Jim Young, who was sheriff at that time, and was in deep with the unions. Then, in 1897, the guns which belonged to the militia company that had disbanded as Mullan, were stolen one night by masked men. The union denied having done this, but a great many of the guns showed up in the hands of union men when we made our raid on the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mill in Wardner. All these guns which the union men used were cached in places known to the union leaders, so that when the time came to use them they could be dug up and given to the men.

I had worked only a little over a month when the strike at Wardner broke out. Wardner, as I have stated, was down the cañon about twenty miles from Burke. They never had paid the same scale of wages there as they had up Cañon Creek, and had never recognized the union. Although there were a good many union men working there, the mines did not all recognize them, but the union men at Wardner thought they were strong enough to compel the mine operators to comply with their demands and recognize the union and pay the same wages the mines in the rest of the district did. I think myself this was a just demand as far as the wages were concerned, as these mines were the largest and richest in the district, but they did not do it, and in a few weeks the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, the largest mine there and employing from five to seven hundred men, and the one which the principal fight was being made on, was working again nearly full-handed, and the men kept breaking away from the union.

* Ed Boyce, as president of the Western Federation of Miners, said in an address to its annual convention at Salt Lake City, May 10, 1897: "Every union should have a rifle club. I strongly advise you to provide every member with the latest improved rifle, which can be obtained from the factory at a nominal price. I entreat you to take action on this important question, so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor. I would recommend the adoption of a new ritual. The Constitution (of the Western Federation of Miners) should also be amended so as to declare all members of the National Guard ineligible to membership, and withhold our patronage and assistance where any member of the National Guard is employed or admitted to membership."

This speech inaugurated what became known as the Boyce policy.

III

WE BLOW UP THE BUNKER HILL MINE

ON THE morning of the 29th of April, 1899, as I was going up to breakfast in Burke, Idaho, I was told there would be no work at any of the mines that day, and that there was going to be a meeting at the miners' union hall early that morning, and they wanted every one that belonged to attend.

After breakfast the union men began to gather at the hall, and it soon was crowded, and Paul Corcoran, the secretary of the Burke miners' union, called the meeting to order, and began to address it and to explain the object of the meeting at that unusual time. As he was the representative of the Central Union, he told the men at the meeting that the Central Union had held a meeting the night before at Gem and had decided to go to Wardner in a body that day and blow up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill or hang the superintendent or both. I am not quite sure whether he stated openly of the latter, but I know that was talked of through the crowd. He went on and explained the conditions of the strike at Wardner, and said the rest of the mines, besides the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, had temporarily granted the demands of the union and would abide permanently by whatever agreement was made with the Bunker Hill, but that that company had absolutely refused to grant the demands of the union and furthermore to have anything to do with the miners' union; that the union men at Wardner were breaking away from the union and going to work; and that other non-union men that had been driven out of the camp from time to time were coming back and going to work at the Bunker Hill, and that the Central Union had decided to go to Wardner that day in a body, drive the scabs from the mill, and blow it up, and put an end to the strike.

He went on and outlined the following program which had been agreed to by the Central Union: The Northern Pacific train left Wallace for Burke every morning about ten o'clock, and he said after the train left Wallace the wires would be cut so that the railroad officials could not find out anything that was going on up the cañon, and he said when the train arrived at Burke they wanted to be all ready, and five or six men would go out and take possession of the train and give the train crew orders to make up what empty cars were needed and run down to Wardner. He said the Gem union would be ready when we arrived at Gem, and the Mullan unions would meet us at Wallace. He said it had been arranged to stop at the Frisco magazine, and it would be open, and we would load on what powder we wanted to blow up the mill. He said there was a militia company at Wardner guarding the mill, and he wanted everybody that had any firearms and ammunition to get them. He said they had some new rifles, and they would be distributed at Gem, and he thought we would have enough firearms to easily whip the militia company.

There were a good many that objected to such proceedings, and a lively discussion followed. During this discussion the president of the union came in and was very angry to think a meeting had been called without consulting him; he said he had not been notified and only just heard of it a little before and that by chance. The secretary said he had sent him word and thought he knew, as he said he had been up all night and notified all he could and told them to tell every one they could. After Mr. Devy, the president, learned the object of the meeting, he did not approve of the plan at all, and so expressed himself, as did many others, but Mr. Corcoran said it was the wish of the Central Union, and he believed it the best thing to do, and did not believe that anything would be done about it. He said the Governor would not do anything, because they owned him, as their district had voted solid for him and the Federal government would not do anything either, because they did not propose to interfere with the United States mail, as the train could go back to Wallace on time. That was as far as they carried the mail, as this was just a local train running between Burke and Wallace. Some thought differently and thought we would have the Federal troops there, and many remembered when they were there a few years before, and did not want them again. But it was finally left to a vote, the men dividing on either side of the hall and counting them that way, and it was carried by a very small majority to go to Wardner, and it was soon whispered around that any that did not go had better be going the other way.

I do believe a great many voted through fear, not having the moral courage to stand by their convictions, and one did not know

at first how the other would vote, and then the way the vote was taken, the men being divided on either side of the hall, there was not so much chance for him to change without everybody noticing it. After the vote was declared, I think nearly every union man in Burke made ready to go. Every one was supposed to get himself ready; he was to get a piece of white cotton and tie it around his arm, which would signify he belonged to the Burke union, and he was also supposed to get some kind of a mask to disguise himself.

The Run to Wardner

It is a peculiar thing to say, but when they were once started nobody seemed to think there was anything serious going to be done. I do not even remember how I voted in the hall. When the train arrived, a few masked men took possession of it and boarded the engine with rifles in hand, and the train was made up of box-cars, some flat bottom cars, and a passenger car or two and a baggage-coach, and the men boarded the train. Some were in the passenger coaches, and others on different parts of the train. I think everybody that rode in the passenger coaches paid the regular fare to Wallace.

At Wallace, James Young, the sheriff, and Tom Heney, a former sheriff and then a deputy sheriff, got on the train, and though I did not hear them, I was told they were advising the men on the way down to Wardner how to do the work and not get into trouble over it.

The train was stopped at the Frisco magazine about a mile from Gem, and about forty fifty-pound boxes of powder were loaded in a car, and the train then went down to Gem and stopped in front of the miners' union hall. A number of the Burke men got off the train and went into the hall, and some new rifles and ammunition were distributed amongst them. It was thought we did not take enough powder, and the train was backed up again to the magazine, and about as much more as we had taken first was loaded in the car with the first, and we ran back to Gem, stopped at the union hall, and the men from Gem boarded the train, and we ran on down to Wallace. The union men from Mullan and Murray joined us there and got on the train, and we switched over on the Oregon Railroad & Navigation track and ran on down to Wardner, stopping at the depot. There was a large crowd at the depot. The sheriff got off in front of the crowd and demanded that the mob should disperse and go home. Everybody knew this was a bluff and that he really would make no attempt whatever to stop them, and there was some laughing and joking about it.

The men all got off the train except some that were left on the engine to see they did not run away and leave us. W. F. Davis, who was one of the heads of the Gem union, was in charge. The powder was unloaded, and armed guards were left to guard it, and the rest of the men were lined up in the following order: All men from Burke union with long guns were ordered to fall in line two and two. I do not remember in what order the other unions came, but all with long guns out of each union followed, and the others that had only six-shooters followed them, and there were a great number left that had no guns at all. I did not get into the line myself, as I waited at the depot restaurant to get something to eat. I only had a small revolver and wouldn't have been any particular use. After the crowd were all formed in line, there were twelve men sent around upon the hill above the mill as a skirmish line, to fire on the mill and see if they could draw any fire from it, as we supposed it was full of armed guards. The mill was about half a mile from the depot. These twelve men went up on the hill about two or three hundred yards above the mill and about the same distance from our men below in full sight of us, and when the signal from our leader was given for these men on the hill to fire on the mill, they did so. It seems our leader had not told all our men about the arrangements, for as soon as the men on the hill fired on the mill, a lot of our men fired on them and killed one of them before they could be stopped. This was a man named Smith. No one fired from the mill, and we found a couple of men there, a Scotchman named James Cheyne who was watchman at the mill and a man named Harris, who told us there was no one in the mill. So they got ready and began to take the powder up and put it in under the mill to blow it up. Eighty or ninety of us who were at the depot each took one of the fifty-pound boxes of dynamite and carried it on our shoulders down to the mill. I remember even then I didn't understand who those fellows on the hill were, and I said to Gus Peterson, who was carrying a box of dynamite beside me, "What do they let those scabs stay there

for? They will be shooting at us and blowing up this dynamite before we know it." Then we left the dynamite down there, and I stayed around near the mill.

Dynamiting the Bunker Hill Mine

While we were doing this, the crowd that had captured the two men shot Cheyne. I didn't see this, but as I heard it, somebody told them to hike and get out of the country, and they started to run away, and then somebody else began to holler, "scab, scab," and a lot of the fellows somewhere else hollered, "where, where, where," and began shooting at them. One of these men shot Cheyne in the hip and grazed the lip of Rogers, the other man. Rogers ran and got away, and a woman* came out and helped Cheyne and kept the men from killing him, but he died a day or two later in the hospital.

Meanwhile the men were putting the powder into the mill, with Davis in charge. There was about forty-five hundred pounds of this, and they planned it all out scientifically. The charges went off fifteen seconds apart and tore the whole thing all to pieces. Before touching it off, we set fire to all the other buildings, including a large boarding-house, the superintendent's residence, office, and some other buildings. We then boarded the train and started back home.

We all dispersed at Wallace. I think nearly everybody went back to their homes or where they had come from and went to work the next day as if nothing had happened. That evening I went back home and went to bed as usual without thinking much about it.

I worked in the mine for four or five days after this, and there were all kinds of stories coming in. It was reported that the Federal troops were being hurried from different points. At first we did not believe this, and the union leaders advised everybody to stand pat and not leave, as it was argued that they could not prove anything and therefore there was no danger of any one getting punished. The men soon began to leave when it was known for sure the troops were on the way, and the night before it was known for sure that some of them would be there the next day, the men were going in every direction all night, most of them going over the trail to Thompson Falls, Montana.

Arrival of the Federal Troops

I went down in the mine the next morning to work, and when I saw so few left, I had no heart to work, so I quit and got my time. I went to my room, packed up my trunk, and took it to a friend's house and left it there. I could not get my pay that day and was undecided what I would do, so I went up on the hill on the south side of the town, as most of the snow was off there, and it was warm. There were a good many up there in the same fix as I was, undecided what to do, and were waiting developments.

We did not have long to wait, for about three or four o'clock the train came creeping up the cañon loaded with Federal troops. We had made arrangements with a business man if it was safe for us to come down he would give us a certain signal from his residence, but we got no signal, and we could see for ourselves what they were doing. They were rounding the men up like a bunch of cattle and loading them in box-cars. There were some cabins scattered around on the mountain, and some had provisions in them and some prospectors were working, and we all found places to stay that night. We sent two men down to the town after it got dark to find out what they could. They found the town all picketed with soldiers, but they managed to reach some of the houses and learned from the women that they had arrested every man in the place, business men and all, even to the post-master. I think there were about fifteen or twenty of us at one cabin that night, and after we found this out, part of us made up our minds we would leave the next morning for Thompson Falls. It was about forty miles over the mountains, and the snow was still deep in the mountains.

The next morning all backed out except two of us, so he and I started about five o'clock. We made good headway for three or four hours, and then the sun had thawed the snow, and we would sink away down into it, but we were going down hill then, as we had crossed the summit, and after we got down on the other side the snow was all gone. We got to Thompson Falls that night about ten o'clock and found a number there that we knew.

*The woman who saved Cheyne from immediate death at the risk of her own life, was Mrs. Ida J. Sinclair of Wardner.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST NUMBER)

PATSY MORAN AND THE WARNINGS

BY

ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

AUTHOR OF "PATSY MORAN AND THE LUNATICS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ONE of the first warm days of an early spring had tempted Patsy and Tim out into the sunshine even so far as across the Island to the North River, where they sat on an empty barge, their feet dangling over the waters of the Hudson.

"I think I will become a Turk," Patsy announced, after a silence to which even he had been a party.

"Phwat's thim?" grunted his companion.

"They is people what believes in fatality an' wears red pajamies," Moran explained, "an' other colors. Not that I'm caring annything about the pajamies, but there ain't nothin' on earth as sure as fatality. It's much the same as believin' in signs."

In the absence of any response, Patsy continued:

"Me an' Lucy had a fine lay worked up in the Fifties near the Avenue, whin she wint an' got sick. She waz all for us waitin' till she waz well, but with me man's sinse I put a stop to that notion.

"Says I, 'The doctor has been tellin' ye to stay in the house till Tuesday. Winsday they'll be after fixin' up the place for the family to come home to. Now think of this — Tuesday is the thirteenth. We'll take no fool's chanct on such date as that. Do ye stay here where ye should, an' I'll do the job on Monday night. I won't be needin' ye, annyways,' I says.

"'Oh,' she says. 'Well,' says she, 'it's an easy lift, an' I suppose ye can't go wrong,' she feelin' disagreeable be reason of bein' sick. Thin she begun tellin' me what I waz to do all over agin, an' I wint on home.

"The next day I had me first warnin'. Whin I waz drissin' mesilf, me mind waz so full of the driss-suit I waz to be after rintin', it bein' a issintial part of me plans, that I wint an' laced up me lift shoe before iver I put on the right wan. 'Faith,' says I, 'if I waz believin' in thim signs at all, this would be turnin' me back, for it's the worst of the whole lot.' So I took off me shoe agin, praise the saints for that much grace, an' begun over, hopin' the evil would fall on the driss-suit an' nothin' ilse beside.

"Well, it fell on the driss-suit, annyways. Whin Isaac Linsky begun puttin' thim clothes on me, me troubles come in a bunch. Sure, Tim, thim driss-suits is queer things. I wonder how folks iver waz so bad, the divil waz allowed to invint thim at all. Ye notice he goes naked himsilf. An' tight, is it? The vests of thim is intinded to fit ye under the skin instid of outside your shirt. Says I, 'How do ye eat without undrissin'?' 'Ye don't eat,' says Linsky. 'They have dinner-coats for that.' Whin I saw mesilf in the glass, it waz like lookin' at a big, black doughnut with legs to it an' a white hole in the middle. But I rinted the driss-suit an' wint home to practise livin' in it.

"Monday night about eight o'clock I begun gettin' in it, an' at elivin-thirty, after a nip of the old stuff at O'Brien's place, I walked in the front door of the Eldeane as big as life. Owin' to me driss-suit, they asked me no quistions, an' at the fifth floor I lift the ilivator. Down the hall I wint to No. 509 an' wandered round thim impty rooms, till the lights I waz watchin' all wint out, an' I made ready to slip down on the roofs of the row of houses nixt the Eldeane.

"As I waz hangin' from the windy an' feelin' for the roof with me feet, some spalpeen of a divil made me screw me head to

"'Twaz me good angel sint that cat to warn me right!'"

see how the clouds waz obscurin' what moon there waz. They wazn't obscurin' it, an' it waz brand new, an' I waz lookin' at it over me lift shoulder. Ye may laugh at signs be daytime, but whin the night is around ye— But I hild me nerve an' wint on, walkin' the little wall at the idge for fear of cracklin' on the tin, an' wishin' I'd screwed me head the other way, me driss-suit makin' me feel like I waz canned.

"'Five houses out,' I says to mesilf. 'Now does that mean count five an' take the nixt wan, or count five an' don't take the nixt wan? I'll be takin' number five, an' trust the saints,' says I, an' just as I turned on me walls a great big scut of a black cat skinned rappity-hell across the roof afore me eyes. 'Faith, the nixt house it is!' I says, after nearly fallin' off the wall. ''Twaz me good angel sint that cat to warn me right!'

"Whin I had worked me way, cautious, across the nixt roof, I come to a man sittin' flat on it, leanin' aginst a chimney, with his legs stretched out as far as his toes, an' be all that waz amazin', he waz in one of thim driss-suits like me own! I spoke out afore I knew it, him havin' done no more than turn his head whin I come.

"'The saints preserve us,' I says, tryin' to straighten me coat, 'what do ye think ye are doin' here?'

"'I'm not thinkin',' says he, merely lookin' up at me, calm-like, 'I'm writin' a poem.' An' I seen he waz drunk.

"'Holy Mother!' says I, 'on a tin roof? I thought ——'

"'On me lady's lashes,' says he, 'an' me cuff.'

"'It will be after spoilin' the whole shirt,' says I, remonstratin' with him. 'These attached cuffs is hell on the laundry bills.' An' I begun pushin' me own aginst each other to git thim up me sleeves.

"'It's only goin' to be a quat-rain,' says he.

"'Goin' to what?' I says. 'Rain?' says I. 'Rain? It's a clear sky, man! There ain't enough water in thim clouds to make a highball for a man that takes it straight.'

"'O lady fair,' says he, with his pencil dug into his cheek, 'O heart of mine, O soul of all the world ——'

"'How did ye git here?' I inquires of him.

"'I met a frind of mine who isn't a poet, an' we had dinner,' he says, 'an' wine. A loaf of wine, a jug of bread, an' thou beloved beside me singing up in Paradise oh Paradise waz wilderness in now.'

"'Niver mind,' says I, soothin', 'niver mind. What I waz meanin' waz, do ye live here?'

"'Oh, no,' he says, 'I only come here to write po'try. I live somewheres in this block. I knew where it waz before dinner, an' whin I come out of it, but not now,' says he. 'Not now,' he says agin, pathetic, 'not now.'

"'Didn't ye leave the trap-door open?' says I, keen-like.

"'Yis,' says he, 'but whin I wint back to all of thim, they waz shut,' says he, 'an' locked.' An' thin agin, 'An' locked.'

"'Here,' says I, 'stand up!' An' I took him be the shoulder. 'Stand up. It will be makin' ye feel better.'

"He come to his feet, mostly be himsilf. 'Oh, I'm all right,' he says, 'I'm all right. I waz just feelin' sad-like.' Thin he says, leanin' over to whisper it, 'Poets is queer,' says he, mysterious.

"'They sure is,' says I.

"'Oh, I'm all right,' says he. 'I waz just a bit drowsy.'

"An' faith, my makin' him stand up seemed to give him a new grip, for he sort of shook himsilf an' straightened out. Thin he begun walkin' slow but stidy, me with him, an' him cracklin' terrible as he wint.

"I begun debatin' with mesilf. 'The thing to do,' thinks I, 'is to put him up aginst his chimney agin, on the far side, an' let him go to sleep, while I open the trap-door an' pull off me job. He won't raymimber me from the chimney be marnin'.' An' I waz just after doin' it, whin the howl of a dog rose up from some of thim back yards an' sint the cold chills down me! 'Be the powers, it's death or the black luck to some wan if I do what I'm plannin'!' But he paid no heed to it, seemin' to be thinkin' up more po'try. 'Maybe it's nayther of us at all,' thinks I, an' looked away just in time to see that big gomerel of a cat prowlin' square atween us an' the place I had intinded takin' him to! I waz not the fool to throw away its warnin'. 'The man's poor, annyways,' thinks I, 'an' if he don't relapse, he can be helpin' me inside.' Whin wanct me mind is made up, it's no time is lost.

"'Ye say ye are poor,' says I. 'Do ye need money?'

"'Money, is it? Look at me hair,' he says. 'Close cropped. Ye can tell how poor a poet is be how short his hair is. Some of thim is bald-headed,' says he, 'bald-headed.'

"'I thought they all wore it long,' says I.

"'Not thim,' he says. 'Whin they git real poor, they have to wear it short so people will give thim a job makin' a livin' be workin'. It's only whin they git rich enough to starve as a poet that they can afford to let it grow long. An' such of thim as sells enough po'try to the magazines to live on it ivery other week or so, keeps it long to prove they're poets in spite of the ividence aginst thim,' he says.

"'Ye're Irish,' says I.

"'I'm drunk,' says he. 'I always talk bist whin I'm drunk, an' thin I can't raymimber it whin I'm sober.' An' he begun makin' tearful sounds agin.

"'Are ye still drinkin'?' says I, loosenin' at me collar.

"'Hilp yoursilf,' says he, polite, passin' me a bottle from his back pocket. 'Ye're a humorist,' says he.

"'Me?' says I. 'An' why do ye call me that?'

"'They're the only wans poor enough to borrow of a poet,' he says.

"I looked at him a minute, severe, an' feelin' a bit hurt.

"'Oh, ye're welcome,' says he, laughin' some more — it waz either laughin' or weepin' he waz most of the time — 'I'm not wantin' to get drunk, annyways,' he says.

"Faith, the spirit of him! I put it to him all to wanct:

"'I'm a burglar,' I says, 'an' I'm goin' to clean out this house. If ye help me, there's a share comin' ye for the trouble. Do ye want the money?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'a burglar,' puttin' the ind of his pencil in his mouth an' lookin' at me thoughtful. 'Oh,' he says. 'In thim clothes? Do ye always wear thim?' he says.

"'Whin I'm with gintlemen,' says I, flatterin' him — that bein' good for thim as is drunker than yoursilf — an' feelin' proud I waz drissed with the best of thim. 'Will ye go with me?'

"'I would go annywhere so it's the other side of wan of thim trap-doors,' says he. Thin he comminced to laugh. 'Surely,' says he, an' thin he wint on laughin'. 'But ain't no wan to home?' he says, in the middle of it.

"'The family's out of town,' I says, not seein' the joke.

"'In we go, thin,' says he, sittin' down aginst the chimney wanct more.

"'Do ye understand,' says I, irritated, 'do ye understand that I'm not needin' ye at all for this, an' 'tis only through charity that ye come along?'

"'Niver mintion the word atween gintlemen,' says he. 'Your tie is up in the back.'

"'Oh, it is?' says I, still irritated, but reachin' for it. An' thin I opened me grip an' wint at the trap-door. Ye may know it took but a minute, for all that me clothes waz cuttin' me into sandwiches. It seemed to please him to see it come off, an' he come over an' took a look at the hole.

"'You first,' says I, polite, bein' too old a hand to take anny chances of him shuttin' the door on me an' goin' to sleep.

"'Oh,' says he, as I come to me feet without bustin' me waistband, 'whin ye fixed your tie in the back, ye twisted it to wan side in front. To the right,' says he, 'to the right.'

"'Oh,' says he agin, 'ye shouldn't have put your fingers on it after handlin' the roof. Ye've soiled it now — all soiled. Permit me,' he says, an' begun fussin' with it dainty, me feelin' foolish. 'There,' says he, pattin' it with his hand, an' standin' back to look at me. 'There,' says he, proud an' smilin'. 'Excipt the spots,' he says, 'excipt the spots — the spots.'

"'He waz losin' interist agin, an' begun lookin' at the chimney, but I pointed to the hole. 'Git in,' says I.

"'Of course,' says he, as if it had slipped his mind, an' he laughed some more.

"'I've been thinkin',' he says, as he put wan leg down the hole to the ladder an' begun workin' the other like a pump-handle, 'I've been thinkin' it over,' says he, 'an' if ye are to go on keepin' the bottle an' I ——'

"'Go wan down!' says I. 'This is no time for thinkin'. Ye might as well be writin' po'try. 'Tind to your duty,' I says, 'an' don't talk so much.'

"'In this small glass,' says he, 'I hold the curse of Cain, an' Adam, an' Eve'"

"'That is a beautiful thing,' says he, an' he stopped pumpin' with his leg an' looked up at me like a dyin' calf; 'I could not love the deer so much loved I not duty — honor — duty ——'

"But I put me foot aginst his fingers, an' he wint down sayin' it waz a beautiful thing. Whin I reached the bottom of the ladder, he waz sittin' on the floor an' still sayin' it.

"Well, for a house wid the owners of it away, the haul waz a fine wan, they seemin' to have gone in a hurry, leavin' much behind thim. Wan of the things they lift waz different kinds of liquor, enough to make sinsible people of all the fools, to say nothin' of makin' what sinsible people they is foolish. I tried some of those that waz new to me, holdin' him back from havin' too much. Thin we filled me grip an' wan we found for him an' all our pockets widout bulgin' thim too much, an' thin I says to him, kind-like:

"'I think we will be goin' home now,' says I, buttonin' up me vest an' makin' tidy to pass the Eldeane people like gintlemen. We waz in the library-room, an' him sittin' on the floor with the grip atween his legs an' croonin' to himsilf.

"'Home?' says he. 'Me?' he says, an' begun bein' sad. 'Home,' says he pathetic, wavin' a soup-ladle in front of him, 'Home?' Thin he looked me in the eye: 'Home they brought her warrior dead, Sheener wept-ner uttercry ——'

"'For God's sake, talk sinse,' says I, 'an' come with me where ye can sleep it off!' I says, takin' him be the shoulder agin. He come up all right — he niver had no trouble walkin' wanct he waz started — an' we made for the door.

"I give a last look around, an' the first thing that come to me eyes waz the new moon through the windy! It waz over me right shoulder this time, praise be, but I'd seen it *through glass!*

"'Tis not the time for leavin' now,

asthore!' thinks I quick. ''Twas a warnin' to me!'

"An' just thin he sat down agin. 'That's another sign,' thinks I, but he didn't recite nothin'. Instid of that he looked up at me, smilin' that little girl smile, an' he says:

"'I will just be settin' here,' says he, peaceful, 'till I git wan more drink,' he says. 'Just wan, on me word as a gintlemen. Be yonder moon I swear ——'

"That waz enough. I niver heard what come after him sayin' 'moon'!

"Whin I handed him a bottle, me frind got up without anny hilp, but they waz no pleasure showin' in his face.

"'There,' he says, solemn, 'there lies the whole hist'ry of the human race, past, prisint, future, an' what comes after that. There is more unhappiness in thim bottles than there is outside of thim. In this small glass,' says he, 'I hold the curse of Cain, an' Adam, an' Eve, an' Joshwah, an' Job, an' Joseph, an' all the rist of thim down to Noah, an' up to us. Yis,' he says, sighin', 'it's up to us. Here's lookin' at ye.'

"He waz so sad be this time it made me own liquor taste bad, like they waz tears in it. 'I'll be watchin' him close,' thinks I to mesilf. 'Be the time that wan drink works in to where his thoughts waz intinded to come from, he's like to die of grief. The poor young fool, he ought niver to be after touchin' it at all.'

"But he didn't git no worse to speak of, an' pretty soon I begun gittin' interisted in his po'try mesilf, an' it wazn't many drinks after that afore I waz recitin' him some things I knew whin I waz a lad.

"After while he begun cryin' an' laid his head down sideways on the shiny table, holdin' his hands togither behind his back an' twistin' his fingers. I sat there contemplatin' him, an' he wint right on sobbin', just turnin' his head over on the other side. Ivery time he sobbed, his head worked back an' forth on the table, his ear stickin' where it waz.

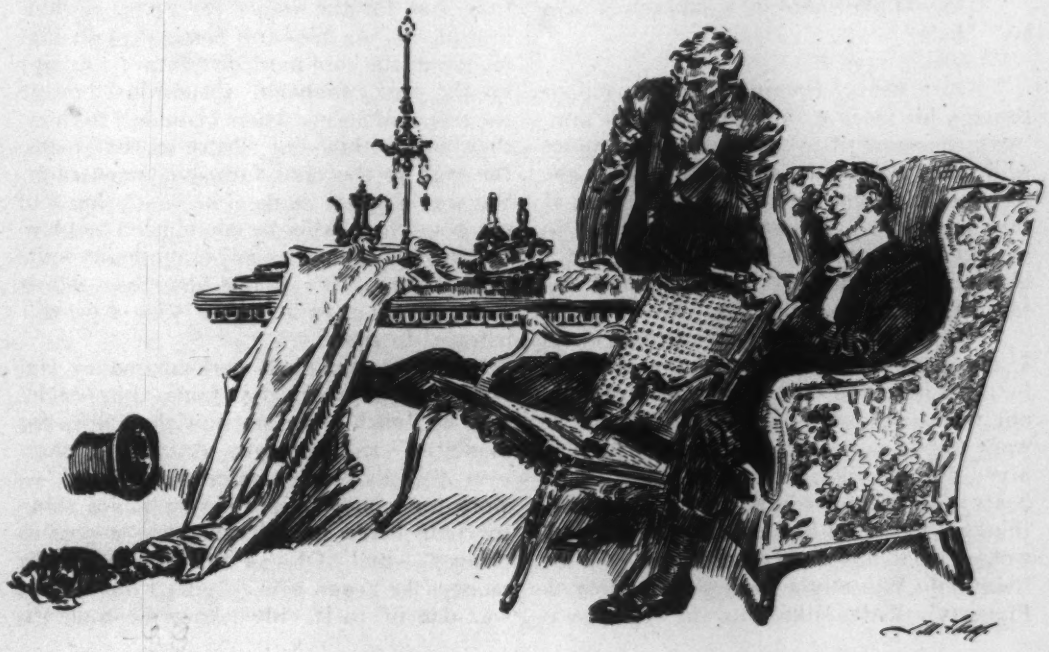
"At last he unhooked his hands an' begun gropin' out over his head amongst the bottles, me pickin' thim up after him, till he found wan that waz a comfortable size an' begun pourin' it on the table, dainty. I took it from him, but he wint right on pourin' without it, still sobbin'.

"'To him,' says he from the table, chokeful. 'To him,' he says. 'Yisterday he waz with me. To-day he is no more. To-morrow,' he says, 'to-morrow he ain't either. He ain't either,' he says, 'he ain't either.'

"'No,' says I, 'he ain't, me poor frind. Who waz he?'

"'His hair waz white,' says he, 'an' curly,' says he. 'An' curly. With little

"'I niver hit anything I shoot at whin I'm sober,' says the poet, 'but I'm not sober.'"



bunches at the knee. Four of thim,' he says, 'at the knee.'

"'Four?' says I. 'Four what?'

"'Bunches,' says he, melancholy.

"'Waz they two on each knee?' says I.

"'Oh, no, no, no!' he says, cryin' bitter. 'They waz four knees,' says he, 'only the wans on his legs wazn't knees, an' the other wans waz elbows. Oh, no, no! They wazn't two bunches on *anny* of thim. Just wan,' he says, 'just wan.'

"'Thin they waz four knees on him,' says I, irritated. 'That's what you said. With wan bunch on each of thim, makin' four bunches altogither.'

"'Yis,' says he, 'an' wan on his tail,' he says. 'Tail.'

"'Holy saints,' says I, seein' through it at wanct, 'thin he waz a dog, him an' his bunches! Preserve us! An' you weepin' round here for a blamed dog that's dead an' buried, an' him a poodle at that!'

"'He ain't buried!' says he, fierce, an' raisin' up his head off the table.

"'He *ain't!*' says I.

"'No,' says he, sad agin. 'How *could* they bury him? He waz only in wan of me poems,' he says. 'In wan of ——'

"'Served him right,' I says, havin' lost me timper.

"'Brute!' says he.

"'Not him,' says I. 'He waz just a poodle, an' they wazn't anny of him annyways, him with his knees that waz elbows.'

"'Do you like ridin' in a hansom?' says he. 'I do.'

"'Who?' says I.

"'On a wintry evenin',' he says, smilin' through his tears an' stretchin' out his arm, 'with the snow siftin' down an' layin' quiet while they walk on it, all thim people on the Avenue, with the lights shinin' on thim as they pass. An' all the other hansoms. Me mother don't care for it in summer, but I like it in the spring. A carriage won't do,' says he, 'a carriage won't do. Won't do.'

"'Now ain't that like you rich folk,' says I, me dander up, 'not carin' for carriages in the spring, an' we poor wans trampin' our way in the dirty snow! What did ye want to put a poem in the poor dog for? I niver did the like of that be anny dumb beast, the faithful frinds they are,' says I, thinkin' mournful-like of all the men an' women what had been cruel to me. 'Why, 'twas only Winsday a week gone I come on Flaherty's little Mike throwin' boards at wan of thim little black dogs with three legs, an' I ——'

"Just thin a man stood up in the door in front of me! A little man with a black beard, wearin' a high hat, an' a overcoat, an' pointin' a gun straight into me eyes!

"'It's bad enough,' says the little man, 'to come home an' find a pair of th eves with all me valuables, but to have thim make a night of it with me choicest wines — turnin' over to the police is too good for ye.'

"Me driss-suit begun fittin' me tighter than what it had, which waz tighter than annything ilse in the world up to thin. I comminced debatin' with mesilf, but just thin the poet started to laughin' at God knows what, he bein' drunk, an' begun tryin' to stand up.

"'While the two of ye are listenin',' says he, pleasant, 'I will be gittin' a book down from the shelves an' readin' some po'try to ye — from the shelves.' An' be all that's holy, he begun walkin', him that couldn't set up in his chair a bit gone! For wan that's drunk, he waz most unreliable. But the man in the door niver took his eyes from me, knowin' me for the thinkin' an' dangerous wan of the two an' havin' no regard for the way me clothes felt on me.

"'Now,' he says to me, 'I will keep this gun on ye till ye collect all your plunder in wan place. After that I will attind to ye both!'

"I waz turnin' me wits inside out be this time, but for the wanct there waz nothin' in thim, an' me driss-suit bosom was pushin' me under the chin most distractin'. Excipt for the poet rummagin' around just beyant the corner of me eye where I couldn't see him, they waz nothin' but silence in that room, the man in the door furnishin' most of it. We waz nayther of us givin' anny heed to the poet chap, whin he comminced laughin' to himsilf tremindous an' maunderin' some more po'try. It's funny how thim words stuck in me raymimbrance whin I wazn't listenin' to thim:

"'An' no wan shall work for money, an' no wan shall work for fame, but each,' says he, 'each — an' no wan shall work for money —' an' he begun draggin' a chair over the floor an' thin another wan, '— work for money — said it waz a nice thing to come home to an' called me a pair of thieves — me! Oh, all of thim work for money,' he begun agin, jiggin' it out like he waz dancin' to it, cnly I knew he couldn't,

'an' none of thim work for fame, an' each-of-thim-each-of-thim-each-of-thim — now I'm ready,' says he, sudden an' continted. 'Now I'm goin' to shoot the new gintlemin!'

"For the risk of the life of me I couldn't help rollin' me eyes round to him an' turnin' me head, an' so help me God, he waz settin' comfortable in a chair, holdin' another wan in front of him with his feet, an' restin' a gun on the back of it! Both hands waz wrapped round the handle of it, an' all the fingers of thim waz squirmin' over the trigger most alarmin'.

"'I niver hit annything I shoot at whin I'm sober,' says the poet, 'but I'm not sober. Not me,' he says, 'not me. An' whin I begin shootin', I'm goin' to keep right on till I hit you. I have another gun in me lap,' he says, 'an' I'm awful drunk,' says he, 'awful drunk, *awful* drunk. Oh, each-of-thim-each-of-thim-each-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny!'

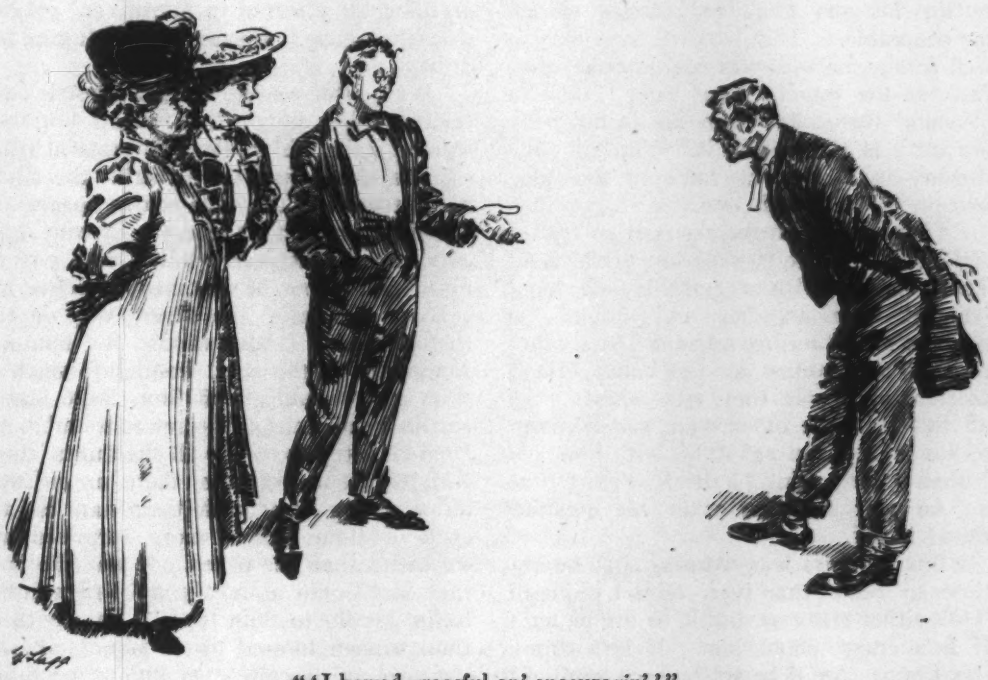
"Did ye iver hear such nonsinse even from a sober man! But the other wan hild his gun on me an' kept the two of us in his eye, while he talked to the poet.

"'Lay it down!' says he, fierce-like. 'Lay it down, or I'll blow the head off your frind, ye drunken fool!'

"'Oh,' says the poet, gintle, 'blow ahead. I niver laid eyes on him till this evenin'. Blow,' says he, 'blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou are a nut — an' ye can't hit me because of me swimmin' about so,' he says, 'with both of these guns. Both-of-thim-both-of-thim-both-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny! Shall I begin doin' of it?' says he.

"For wanct me wits wint back on me, an' I begun wishin' me collar would finish chokin' me to death an' ind it all, for with the little wan aimin' at me, an' that drunken fool of a poet tryin' not to, me chances waz black as the divil's soul at eliction time. Thin out of the million things I waz seein', the man's face come workin' out prominint, an' twaz plain he waz thinkin' hard himsilf. Be the same token he waz lookin' worried. I waz thirty-two whin the poet quit talkin', an' whin I was about forty-six, the man says to me all of a sudden, so quick it made me jump:

"'Moran!' says he, me hair standin' up on tiptoes at him knowin' me name, 'Moran, the frind that saved me from thim ruffians down on the Bowery last summer! I niver knew ye. Ye have no need to rob my house!' he says. 'If ye wanted money, why didn't ye come to me? Ye will stay here the night, an' in the marnin' I will give



"'I bowed graceful an' encouragin'.'"

ye a blank check with me name on it for what ye please. Tell your frind it's all right, an' we'll drink to another happy meetin',' he says. 'Are ye still livin' up over Noonan's bake-shop?'

"If I had been starin' at him before, it waz fair out of me head me eyes wint now, an' me brains tied thimsilves in a hard knot. 'Twas plain he knew me, but I couldn't raymimber iver havin' laid eyes on the face of him, an' I begun wonderin', waz I drunk mesilf. What he said didn't seem to mean annything, though he was puttin' his gun away an' comin' toward me peaceable. 'Thin,' says I, for I may as well confiss me wits waz not quick on their feet for the wanct, 'thin' says I, 'I'll be loosenin' this collar from inside me neck. Me teeth is catchin' on it.' Which I done, dreamy-like, whilst he come to the table, bringin' a chair with him.

"Thin I raymimbered the poet an' lost no time lookin' to see how he was takin' it all. There he sat with a gun in each hand, pointin' thim togither an' rubbin' the muzzles round and round aginst each other, peaceful and contint, an' still callin', 'Hay!' to thim nuns, like they waz rabbits. An' all this time the other man waz implorin' of me to sit down an' drink with him. So I done it, for a drink's a drink at anny time, an' he wint right on askin' me quistions about mesilf.

"But me wits was workin' agin be this time, an' better than iver. Says I to mesilf, 'He's either crazy or drunk, or ilse he ain't. If he's crazy, shoot him. If he's drunk, shoot him. An' if he ain't, shoot him. Or annyways, git the drop on him. There's but two things for me to do — wan of thim is to git out of here, an' the other wan is to git out of here *quick!* The poet is drunk enough to prove an alibi, an' annyways he couldn't git out of the house if you waz to start him on a toboggan-slide. I will be takin' just wan more drink with this amazin' lunytic, frindly-like, an' thin —' But as I was reachin' for a green bottle bulgin' in at the middle, me arm knocked over a glass, an' the red wine in the bottom of it wint out on the table!

"'A warnin'! A warnin'!' says I, chokin', to mesilf, though I niver opened me mouth. 'Wirra, wirra, can't I as much as draw me breath this evenin', without wan of thim signs raisin' its head? But the saints forgive me for what might have come to me but for thim warnin's. I will stay here an' be a whole rigimint of gallant preservers, bad cess to thim, an' thank ye for the hint,' I says to mesilf.

"So I begun doin' of it an' asked him if he raymimbered how one of thim ruffians waz just ready to do for him whin I rushed in promiscuous an' begun savin' his life. He said he did, an' we took another drink, an' thin I begun to raymimber it mesilf. But niver a moment that I didn't have me eyes an' ears open for more of thim guidin' signs. The poet, he wouldn't join us, sittin' over in his chair croonin' to himsilf an' playin' with thim guns. He said he didn't care for drink.

"Well, after we had opened a bottle containin' yellow liquor that wazn't hot, but seemed to be still boilin', me grateful frind said he would just be gatherin' the silver an' puttin' it in the little alcove openin' off the library-room for the night. I wint right on drinkin' that yellow liquor with pins in it, an' pretty soon he wint into the alcove, an' I heard him pilin' the silver away on the shelf. Whilst I waz waitin' for him an' ruminatin' at the poet, wonderin' which of thim guns would go off first, there waz a rustlin' behind me, an' I screwed round in me chair to listen to it. Be all the saints, there waz two women standin' there, an old wan an' a young wan, with their hats on, an' each of thim lookin' more surprised an' sorrowful than the other! It waz the poet they waz lookin' at mostly, an' I raymimber feelin' kindly to thim for it. Thin both of thim women blowed up to wanct, abusin' the poet an' weepin' over him stupendous. I couldn't make nothin' out of it excipt they waz glad the auto had broke down near enough a trolley-line for thim to git home afore marnin', an' they waz sorry to git there. The poet, he waz smilin' up at thim, pleasant, layin' down his guns, an' pretty soon he says to thim like they had just come in:

"'Well, Mother,' says he cheerful, 'did you an' Sis have a jolly ride?' he says, 'a jolly ride?'

"'Mother!' gasps me brains to me. 'It's his own house he's been robbin', that scut of a poet! Thin,' says me brains agin, keen as a steel-trap, 'thin the other wan — thin who — thin what — thin where —' an' I stood up where I waz an' begun speakin' out loud. Me collar waz still on in the back, an' the inds of it stuck up in front of me

"There ain't no argymint at all," growled Tim. "*It was Lucy took the swag!*"

eyes with the tie hangin' from thim most confusin'. 'Thin,' says I, 'thin ——'

"'An' who is *this* disriputable character?' the old lady says, meanin' me, most impolite.

"'Oh—' says the poet, easy-like, an' I forgive him thin and there—'Oh,' says he, 'that's me old frind, Moran, what saved me life wanct from some ruffians.'

"I bowed graceful an' encouragin'.

"'Umph!' says the old lady, like she had bit into something bad.

"'I had dinner with him,' says the poet, 'at his club this evenin' an' brung him home. An' brung him home,' he says, 'an' brung him home.'

"'An' what a room!' says she, payin' no heed to him. '*What* a room!'

"While she was noticin' of it, I wint for the alcove, lookin' for me grateful frind an' the silver. So hilp me, the shelves waz impty, an' the door to the nixt room stood open! Stickin' to it be means of a fork waz a scrap of paper with writin' on it. I leaned aginst the wall, an' prisintly I read it, the handwritin' bein' bad. It says:

"'Wine in, wit out. Thanks for collectin' the silver.'

"Think of the conceit of the impidint scum, an' him niver suspictin' that but for the warnin' sint me be means of the spilled

wine, I'd 'a' had a hole in him ye could 'a' stuck a bottle into!

"I put the insultin' thing in me pocket, an' they waz little trouble in makin' me ixcuses to the rist of thim, they havin' gone back to bullyraggin' the poet, an' him bein' asleep. The old lady herself let me out the front door, lockin' it after me.

"Just as I was walkin' down the steps, close to the railin', an' carryin' me high hat in me hands, I heard a big clock strikin' the hour. I counted up to three, an' thin all to wanct it come over me, — the secret of the whole thing, — an' I blissed the saints an' angels I waz out of that house alive an' not arristed or in the hospital or me waitin' grave. It waz late in the early marnin' of Tuesday, an' Tuesday *waz the thirteenth!*

"An' that's why," said Moran, settling back against his post once more, "that's why I believe in all the signs they is an' am be way of becomin' a fatalitist. If it hadn't been for thim signs, like as not I'd not be here this minute watchin' of the boats an' the glue factory, an' swingin' me feet comfortable."

"Do yez listen," said Tim, in his thunderous monotone, "ye and yer fool's signs! Ivery time ye changed yer plans for wan av thim warnin's, ye made a bigger fool av yersilf than ye waz born. Widout thim signs ye might 'a' got what ye wint for, drunk as ye waz."

Moran put down his unlighted pipe, scorn and dignity in his every move. "The bist answer to such a argymint as that wan ——"

"There ain't no argymint at all," growled Tim. *"It waz Lucy took the swag!"*

"Holy Mother!" said Moran, and his jaw dropped open. Then he recovered himself manfully:

"With a beard?" he said. "Ye're a lunytic! An' wouldn't I be knowin' her voice annywheres?"

"Thim things is easy fixed," Tim answered in disgust, "an' ye so drunk ye couldn't tell a tug whistle from a trolley-car. An' annyways, it waz."

"Well," replied Moran, "it just shows what fool plans a woman makes whin there's no man to keep her sinsible. I might 'a' shot the lunytic."

"Umph!" said Tim.

TURNPIKE CRONIES

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

BEHIND the mountains dropped the sun,
At five o'clock, in Turnpike Town;
The locusts dark against the sky
Shed all their tender fragrance down.

Beneath the locusts Sarah Green
And Harriet Goodchild sat to sew,
Like little ladies each to each
Showing her scraps of calico.

"This pretty piece I had from Jane";
And, "Who that sweet sprig gave to you?"
And, "Sister from her wedding dress
Saved me this lutestring white and blue."

Gazing across the mountain's rim,
And deeply musing, Harriet said,
"Her Wedding Dress! O do you think
That you — that I . . . shall ever wed?"

They clasped their hands about their knees,
And each her fancies dared to say,
While all across the sprouting fields,
Their pretty pieces blew away.

THE FIGHT FOR THE MINNIE HEALY

BY

C. P. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE history of the war of the copper kings has previously had little to do with the "Minnie Healy" mine. The story of that property is one of the strangest tales in all the romantic history of the West. Since its discovery, in the early days of Butte, it has been the cause of nearly every crime in the calendar. Forgery, perjury, bribery, fraud; the making and loss of fortunes; attempted murder and successful theft; they are all on its record.

No one remembers the "Minnie Healy" who gave her name to all this trouble. Indeed, a compilation of the sources from which the mines on the Butte Hill were named would make an interesting study. There is, for example, the "Wake Up Jim." Two partners were working the prospect. One slept while the other worked. One morning the man on shift ran into a body of rich ore. He hurried to his partner's bunk. "Wake up, Jim," he cried. "We've struck it!" and the mine was named.

The "Minnie Healy" does not come into this story till the autumn of 1900, when Miles Finlen, who figured in the Clark-Daly feud as a friend and adviser of Daly, leased it for two years from the owners. In consideration of this lease, Finlen was to sink the shaft two hundred feet deeper, but had the option of purchase for a hundred thousand dollars at the end of the two years. The mine brought Finlen no luck. He was only one of many who had found the "Minnie Healy" the graveyard of fortunes. Gradually he grew discouraged, and one day he admitted to F. Augustus Heinze that he had spent fifty-four thousand dollars on the game and was tired of it. Now, Heinze had no notion that the mine was worth anything in itself. He wanted it for another reason. Adjoining it were the "Piccolo" and "Gambetta" claims of the Boston & Montana,* and he had an idea that certain rich veins then exposed in these two claims came to the surface or "apexed"† in the "Minnie Healy"; which, if true, would give him grounds for a suit against the Boston company. What he learned from Finlen corroborated this theory. As for Finlen, he placed little confidence in "apexes." They meant lawsuits, and, when it came to lawsuits in the Butte courts, he preferred the paths of peace.

Two Versions of a Bargain

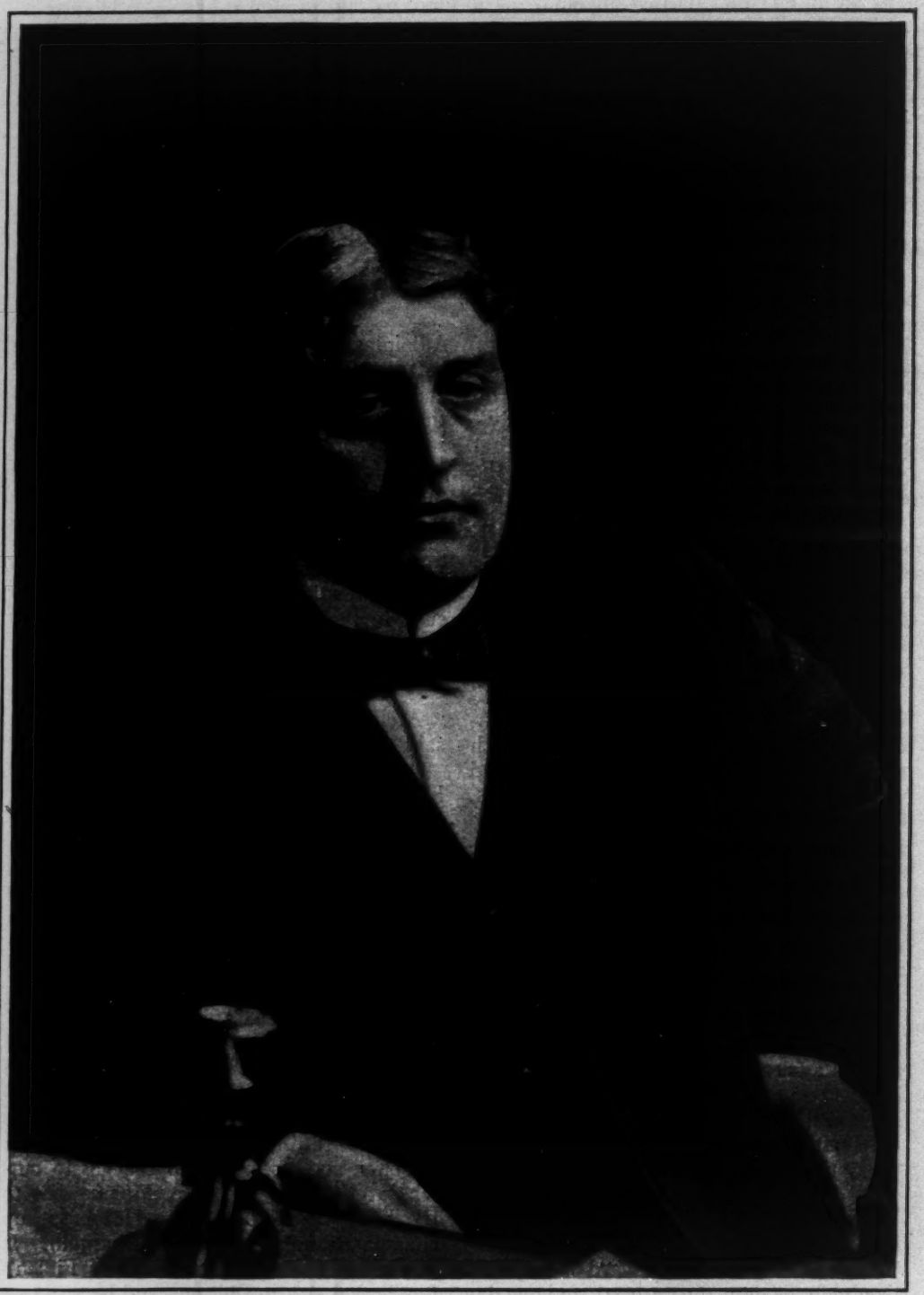
According to his own testimony, Heinze said to Finlen:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take this lease off your hands, continue the work necessary to hold it, and pay you back what you have lost. I'll give you twenty-seven thousand dollars one year after I have bought the property from the owners, and another twenty-seven thousand dollars a year after that. In return, you are to say nothing of this deal until you have brought suit against the Boston & Montana for ore extracted from the veins in the 'Piccolo' which apex in the 'Minnie Healy.' Your men can work there until after you have brought the suit, and I will pay all expenses."

Heinze testified that Finlen jumped at the offer, and, according to the gossip current at the time in Butte, Finlen went to the bar-room of the Butte Hotel, set up champagne, and bragged of his bargain. It was near Christmas, a member of Finlen's family was sick in Chicago, and he was in a

* The Boston & Montana became an Amalgamated property during the Copper War.— EDITOR.

† It may be well to remind the reader that, according to the apex theory, when a vein rises to the surface within the limits of a claim, all ore bodies contained within its walls belong to the owner of that claim, no matter where the vein may run.— EDITOR.



Photograph Copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

Ten years after he had been working in the drifts as a miner at five dollars a day, Heinze sold his mining interests for $10,500,000. This photograph was taken last spring in Mr. Heinze's New York office

hurry to get East. Accordingly, Heinze's chief attorney, John J. McHatton, drew up the papers hastily, and Heinze, with two of his lieutenants, took Finlen to McHatton's office to sign them. Something in their form did not quite suit Finlen. A discussion followed, but, according to the testimony of the Heinze witnesses, Finlen said:

"You go ahead anyway; I'll turn the property over to you. When I come back from the East, I'll sign the papers. My word is as good as my bond."

Finlen's own account was very different. He maintained that he had simply allowed Heinze to take temporary possession for the purpose of finding out whether the "Piccolo" and "Gambetta" veins "apexed" in the "Minnie Healy." Later, if a price could be agreed on, Heinze was to have the option of purchase.

There is no use in trying to account for the luck of Heinze. Within a few days after he took possession, he bored into a great body of immensely rich ore. Finlen and his predecessors had explored again and again within a few feet of the vein — but Heinze found it.

When this news reached New York, there was consternation at 26 Broadway.* Daly and Rogers had just perfected their plans for taking the Boston & Montana Company into the Amalgamated. Now, not only was this new and rich mine outside their combination, but the reports that came to them hinted that some of the richest veins in their own properties probably apexed within its territory. Finlen did not hear the news until he went to see Daly, who was in New York, stricken with his last illness.

"Go back to Butte and get Heinze out of the 'Minnie Healy,'" said Daly. "Why, if that young bucaneer gets hold of the 'Healy,' he'll have us all on the hip. He'll claim ownership of every pound of copper in the 'Piccolo' and 'Gambetta'." Back to Butte Finlen went and told Heinze's attorney that he wouldn't sign any papers. The deal was off.

Meantime, Heinze was working like mad on the "Minnie Healy" and uncovering every day richer and richer bodies of ore. Street rumor in Butte had it that there was no end to its wealth. Finlen applied for possession, was refused, and tried to take it by force. Heinze was ready for him. The Finlen forces were met by an armed guard at the mouth of the "Minnie Healy" shaft and forced to withdraw. Then Finlen brought suit for possession.

Before the case came to trial, however, Finlen sold his whole interest in the lease to the Amalgamated, which thus took over the suit. Under the law, it was to be tried without jury by one of the two judges of the District Court in Butte. This judge, a man with human weaknesses, was alone to decide whether Heinze or Finlen told the truth; and, barring possible errors of law, his decision was to be final. Heinze had not a single scrap of paper to justify his possession of the "Minnie Healy"; but possession he did have, and he maintained it at the rifle point. The fight was on: the "young bucaneer" against the most powerful financial force in the world, 26 Broadway.

Since Amalgamated interests inspired the action, Finlen's suit was naturally not brought in Judge Clancy's department of the District Court. At the time Judge John Lindsay was the other judge of that court. Suits were assigned to the two judges in regular rotation, and the Amalgamated attorneys carefully watched the numbers, so as to escape Clancy's judicial hopper. Before the case came to trial, however, Heinze and Clark had made the "vindication" campaign of 1900, had reëlected Clancy, and had replaced Lindsay by Edward W. Harney. The new judge became not only the heir to the "Minnie Healy" case, but also the pivot of the Heinze-Amalgamated intrigues. On June 18, 1901, he handed down a decision favoring Heinze on all points. This decision was hardly published before the Amalgamated began to weave that web of charges, counter-charges, briberies, and counter-briberies, whose main threads I shall try to follow.

In his early career Judge Harney had been a cow-boy in Nebraska. He was a lawyer of education and some reputation, and was ordinarily an excellent judge. In disposition he was kindly, companionable, and good-natured, but he had the weakness which often goes with the best of dispositions — the craving for liquor. Frequently, while on the bench, he was unfit for his duties.

The Woman in the Case

The principal feminine rôle in the melodrama of the trial was played by a certain Mrs. Ada H. Brackett. Mrs.

* Known as the Standard Oil building.— Editor.

Brackett was a public stenographer in Butte. She had known Judge Harney before his election to the district bench, and had acted as his amanuensis. Afterwards, during the absence of the Judge's wife and children in the East, she began to appear occasionally in public places with him. About the time of the trial of the "Minnie Healy" case, Mrs. Brackett moved into a small house at No. 409 West Quartz Street. Here Judge Harney became a regular visitor. An agent of Heinze's corporation, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company, rented this house from the owner. A detective in the service of the same company guarded it during the term of Mrs. Brackett's residence.

During the trial of the "Minnie Healy" case, which lasted about two months, Mrs. Brackett carried on a clandestine correspondence with Judge Harney. Her messenger was a lawyer whose office adjoined hers, one George B. Dygert. Dygert was a boon companion of Captain D'Gay Stivers, an attorney for the Amalgamated, and it thus came about that the whole correspondence passed through the hands of Amalgamated detectives. Before delivery, each note was taken from its envelop and copied. Also, whenever it was possible, Dygert got hold of the originals of Harney's notes after Mrs. Brackett had read them. When the Judge was in his chambers, Dygert delivered these letters in person. When he was on the bench, they were handed over to the court clerk, a kind of "fidus Achates" to the Judge. This whole purloined correspondence afterwards turned up in judicial hearings; and the most important letter — afterward known in Montana as the "dearie letter" — was an important factor in the reversal of the "Minnie Healy" decision in the Supreme Court.

The Purloined Correspondence

This letter began with a warning to the court clerk to see that the Judge destroyed it. After a tender and affectionate opening paragraph, it continued:

"In the first place, dearie, all that is asked of you by me, or any one, is to be absolutely impartial and free in your decisions, and not to get tied up to anybody, so that you are forced to be anything but honest. I do not want you to favor my friends, unless you are convinced it is right for you to make such a decision; on the other hand, if it should be such a close decision that friendship (I would not insult you by saying 'money') might sway you, I want you to remember me as your friend, and that you can help me when it is not at the expense of your honesty or conscience; and also to remember who were your friends before you were 'Judge Harney.' I mean the people who elected you and stood by you. You know the Amalgamated people fought your election, and that they were not half so complaisant to you and so attentive until after your election. (I can give you instances to prove this, if you do not already know it.) Do not be influenced by attention and flatteries, and all the things they say about knowing what a fine fellow you were all the time; because they did not think and say all these things when they might have helped you — not until they were interested. I ask you to remember this. . . . If you are in debt, and some money would make you freer, I will gladly let you have what money I have for the sake of relieving you from any pressure. If they offer to loan you money, or let you have money, and if you need it enough so that unconsciously (I know it would be unconsciously) you might be influenced by that need, I will let you have money. If you want it, take it from me, and leave yourself free. Mr. MacGinniss asked me to say to you that all they want you to do is to be honest in every decision, whether it is for or against them — they are willing to stand on their rights — and to keep yourself from entanglements on either side, so that your decisions will be entirely unbiased. As for your future, after you leave the bench, if you will allow me, I am empowered to promise you certain things which will assure that most generously. . . . You told me last night from the evidence you thought Mr. Finlen had made a poor showing; if you honestly feel that way, do not allow anything to change your opinion.". . .

To this letter Judge Harney replied:

"My dear MRS. BRACKETT:

"I received your letter, and will be glad to talk further with you on the subject therein mentioned. On account of the pain in my ankle, I did not sleep last night. I have been listening to arguments concerning the Minnie H. and they will probably consume all of to-morrow. I will see you to-morrow evening, if you are at leisure. I have some matters that I must attend to

this evening. I appreciate your solicitude and your feelings, which are reciprocated, as you know, and I beg you not to be uneasy. My ankle is some better than on last evening, but I think it will be well for me to go to the Springs Saturday evening.

"As ever,

"ED."*

Detectives on Harney's Trail

Both Heinze and the Amalgamated had detectives at work in Butte during the "Minnie Healy" proceedings; but just before Judge Harney's decision in favor of Heinze, there appeared in Butte two other secret agents in the service of the Amalgamated, whose connection with the case is important. They were "J. W. Waters," and "Miss E. L. Waters," of Denver, ostensibly brother and sister. They busied themselves in tracing the movements of Mrs. Brackett, and when she was about to start for Salt Lake City they took berths on the same train and set about winning her confidence. Gradually she unbosomed herself completely.† She told her new friends that she was in the employ of the Heinze faction; that she had done work of a secret nature for Heinze; that she had Judge Harney's entire confidence; that Heinze was going to buy her a house in Butte, so that she might entertain her political friends; and that she was going to Salt Lake City under orders. Two days after the decision of the "Minnie Healy" case, Mrs. Brackett was back in Butte. She, Judge Harney, Mr. Waters, and Miss Waters spent a merry evening together at the Butte Street Fair. At the Alamo saloon, where they ended the evening, Harney gave seven hundred dollars in bills to Mrs. Brackett. The next morning she deposited this money to the Judge's credit at the Silver Bow National Bank. Later, she told Mr. and Miss Waters that one of Heinze's henchmen, John MacGinniss, had reprimanded her for going out to public places with Harney.

Again, while in company with one of the detectives, Harney drew some papers out of his pocket and began fumbling with them. In doing so, he dropped a telegram. He was not in a condition to notice the loss; and the detective carried the despatch away. It read:

"New York, June 19, 1901.

"E. W. HARNEY,

"Butte, Montana.

"Congratulations on your decision in Healy. Himsee* will take care of you. Continue the good work.

"O'FARRELL."

All this testimony to prove the influence brought by Heinze to secure a favorable decision from Judge Harney was hot shot for the Amalgamated locker. On the other hand, the evidence gathered by the Heinze forces was quite as formidable. While the "Minnie Healy" case was under Judge Harney's advisement, according to his own sworn testimony W. J. Guthrie, a close personal friend, made him a blunt offer on behalf of the Amalgamated. "They can afford to pay you one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to get out of this," he said, according to Harney's story. "If it came to a pinch, they could well afford to pay you a quarter of a million. They don't expect to win the case, and if you decide in their favor, don't be cheap. I am not trying to bribe you to decide the case; but I understand that it can be decided for Finlen on law points." Then, still according to the testimony of Harney, Captain D'Gay Stivers, of the Amalgamated legal department, asked the Judge to come to his office. There Stivers offered him, on behalf of H. H. Rogers a lease worth from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Tell Rogers that I have already rejected just such a proposition," said Harney.

"I knew you would not take it," said Stivers. "I know you too well for that. It is the first time I have ever been employed to make a proposition of this kind, and it will be the last." Stivers, on the stand, admitted that he had talked over a lease with the Judge in his own office; but he explained

* Judge Harney did not deny the authenticity of this correspondence when, as the Supreme Court held, he should have denied it. In other proceedings, more than a year later, he admitted that his own letters were genuine, but intimated that the long letter from Mrs. Brackett, parts of which are quoted above, was a clever forgery.—AUTHOR.

† To this conversation, and to the other events which are here set forth as happening in their company, the detectives testified in the court proceedings which grew out of the "Minnie Healy" decision.— AUTHOR.

* "Himsee" was either a mistake of the operator, or a bit of caution on the part of the alleged sender. O'Farrell, who will be remembered as the head of Heinze's press bureau, has denied under oath having sent this telegram, but another witness testified that O'Farrell admitted it to him, excusing his action on the ground that he had been celebrating too freely. The telegraph operator who received this message in Butte moved to Canada before the trial of the case in which the telegram was introduced; but he was evidently familiar with going judicial prices in Butte; for, in the endeavor by Amalgamated to trace the receipt of this message over the wire, he demanded by letter of D'Gay Stivers, the Amalgamated attorney, the sum of ten thousand dollars for proof of its authenticity.—AUTHOR.

that he referred to the details of a proposal regarding a lease, made by a third person who pretended to represent Judge Harney, which had nothing to do with attempted bribery.

After a considerable amount of damaging testimony had been collected concerning the bearing which the relations of Judge Harney and Mrs. Brackett had upon the "Minnie Healy" decision, the couple were haled before a notary public and ordered to testify to certain facts concerning the extra-judicial features of the case. Both refused, and the notary thereupon committed them for contempt.

At this interesting juncture the chief counsel in Montana for the Amalgamated, one Arthur J. Shores, took the opportunity to call upon Judge Harney at his rooms in the Hotel Thornton and to represent to him that his client, the Amalgamated, felt obliged to file much disagreeable testimony in order to protect itself. What Shores ostensibly desired was an order from Judge Harney, extending the time for filing a bill of exceptions on motion for a new trial; but in reality he wanted time to secure additional affidavits affecting the Judge's integrity,—a fact he naturally did not wish the Judge to know.

"We dislike very much to file these affidavits," remarked Shores, "and I believe, while I do not say so, that it will not be necessary, if you will grant us an extension of time. We must have a new trial in this case, if possible."

"What good will a new trial do you?" replied Harney. "I understand you said the decision was a just one, and that another judge would render the same decision."

"We may be able to get the case tried in some other county the next time," answered Shores.

Judge Harney refused to sign the order, and by way of emphasizing the disapprobation of Amalgamated, the following morning a number of the affidavits, so dangerous to the Judge, were filed in the District Court. These affidavits were for the most part made by attorneys of the Amalgamated, and though they foreshadowed what might befall Judge Harney, they could not be expected to convince the public like the unprejudiced affidavits by reputable and independent citizens, which the Amalgamated was still engaged in completing.

Judge Harney's personal attorney, Jesse B. Roote, happened, curiously enough, to be a law partner of W. A. Clark, Jr., brother of Charlie Clark, and an adviser of his father, the Senator. On the 5th of August, 1901, Charlie Clark summoned Roote to his house and fell immediately to talking of the Harney case.

Ruin or a Fortune

"There is trouble in store for your client, Judge Harney," said he. "Shores has just left here. He has had a lot of detectives at work looking into Judge Harney's conduct, and they have procured positive evidence that Harney received money to decide the 'Minnie Healy' case. To-morrow is their last day to file the motion for a new trial. They have papers all ready to arrest Harney to-morrow, and have some more affidavits ready to be filed. Shores called here to see me out of sympathy for Harney. The Amalgamated people are determined, at all hazards, to make an example of him. There is but one way for him to get from under the hammer. If Harney will make a clean breast of the whole matter, as to the manner in which Heinze has bribed him, they will not follow the matter up. I have sent for you to see Harney. If he will do this, it will give us a club over Heinze, and Harney will get one hundred thousand dollars."

"It is a delicate subject on which to approach Harney," observed Roote.

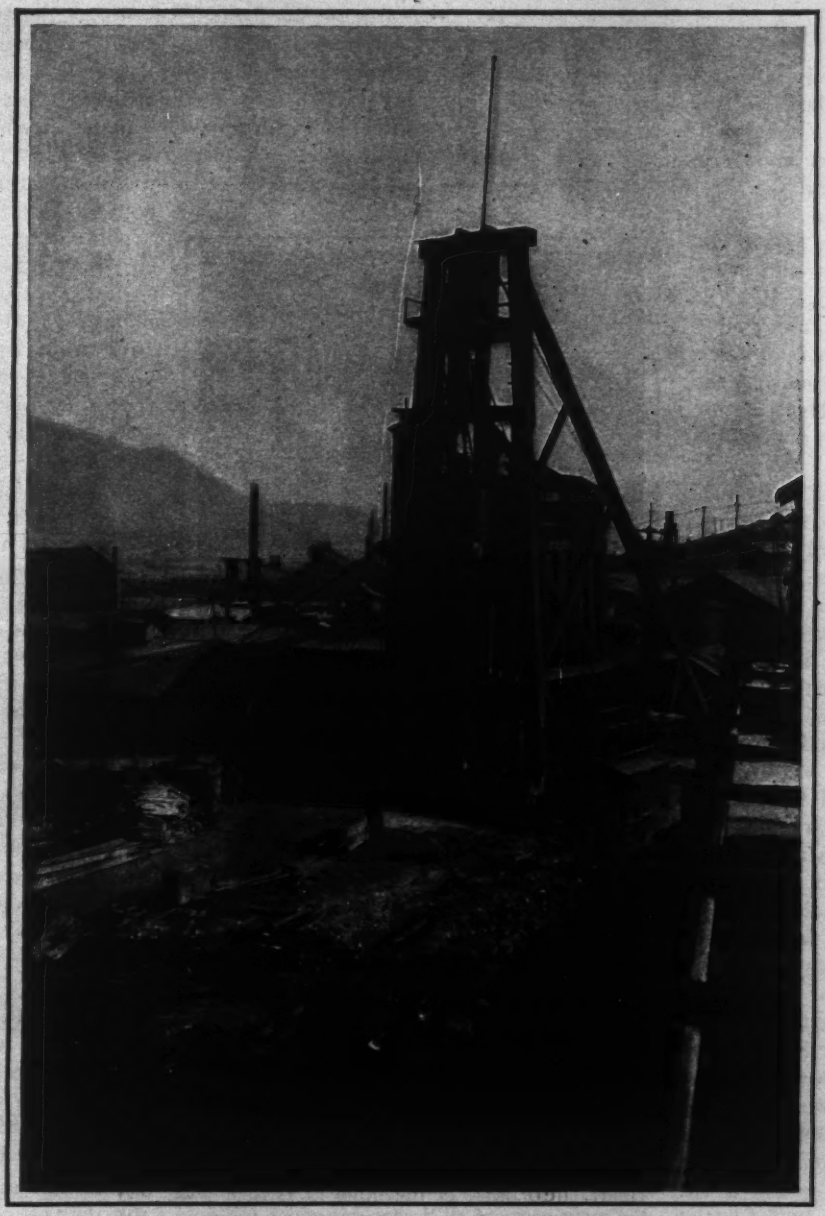
"It won't be bribery," said Charlie Clark. "It is all right to spend money to secure evidence."

Roote went to look for Harney. All the afternoon and evening he searched and, failing to find his man, went home to bed. Just before midnight, Shores, the Amalgamated attorney, who was also on the hunt, called him up by telephone and said that Harney had just returned to the Thornton. Would Roote come downtown at once? The fact was, D'Gay Stivers, of counsel for Amalgamated, had found Harney at Mrs. Brackett's house and had persuaded or frightened him into joining in a conference at the Thornton.

As Stivers and Judge Harney passed through the lobby of the Thornton Hotel, they met J. M. Kennedy, a lieutenant of Heinze, on watch for his master's interests.

"I'd like to speak to you," said Kennedy to the Judge.

"I will be down in a few minutes," said Harney. "Jesse Roote has been looking for me all the evening and wants to see me."



THE MINNIE HEALY MINE

The battleground of one of the bitterest fights in the history of Western mining. This mine proved for many years a graveyard of fortunes, but almost from the day Heinze took possession of it, its yield has been phenomenal

When Roote reached the hotel, he went at once to room 403, part of a suite which Shores occupied. He found there the two Amalgamated attorneys, Stivers and Shores, closeted with Harney. Half an hour later they were joined by Charlie Clark. They had a few drinks; then Shores and Stivers retired, leaving the unhappy Judge alone with Roote, his attorney, and Charlie Clark. Every one felt a terrible tension as Charlie Clark moved toward the object of the conference.

"Has Roote told you about his conversation with Shores and about what they have against you?" he began. Harney replied in the affirmative.

Raising the Bribe

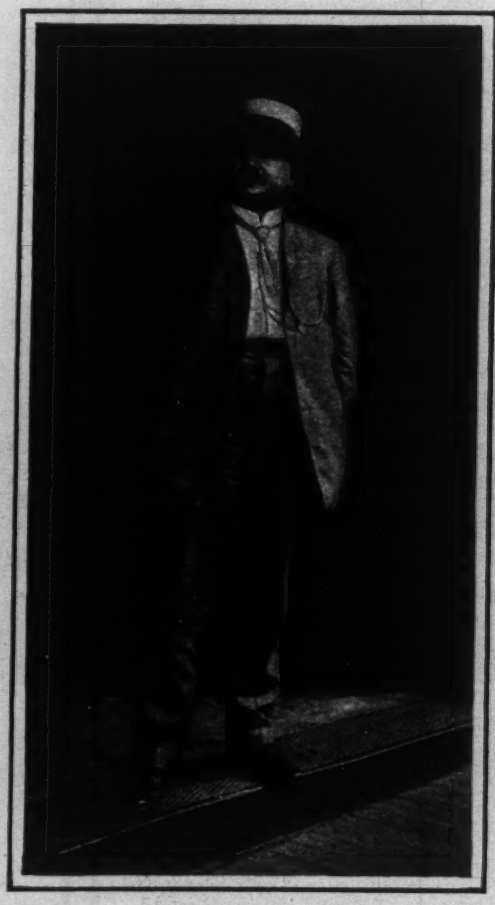
"This is an awful mess," continued Charlie Clark. "I have seen copies of seven affidavits. You will be arrested to-morrow for bribery and perjury, and they are going to impeach you at the next session of the legislature. Now, you can avoid all this. Do as I want you to do. Make an affidavit that Heinze paid you for rendering a decision in the 'Minnie Healy' case. They can prove that, anyway. You can resign. I am authorized to say to you that they will suppress the affidavits and give some explanation of those already filed which will make them harmless. You will not be prosecuted. What do you say to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

Harney replied that he could not make any such affidavit; that he had not received anything from Heinze or any representative of his; and that if he had wanted any Amalgamated money, he could have had it long ago.

"There is no other way for you to avoid this," said Charlie Clark. "You are ruined now. If one hundred and fifty thousand is not enough, we can do better."

"You don't need to raise the price," said Harney. "If I am guilty, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is enough. What interest have you got in this, anyhow, Charlie?"

"The only interest I have is this: Father has had a fight here for years. He has at last got control of the Democratic party of the State. His will, after that fight, ought to be the law of the Democratic party of this State. Daly is dead, and we can easily reconcile his former following. Father has been reëlected to the United States Senate. He was entitled to this before, but you know the tactics those people have pursued, the same tactics they will pursue against you now. Heinze is a political upstart. When we thought we had this fight settled, Heinze, without any political experience or influence, has come in and beaten us in some measures that we desired to have passed in the legislature. You are merely an incident. Heinze is the man we are after, and we are going to get him yet. When father is through with the senatorship, it is likely to fall to me. Heinze is trying to get up another contest against father's seat in the Senate. We don't want a repetition of the investigation we had two years ago. If you will make this affidavit that Heinze paid you sixty thousand dollars, and resign, Heinze will be discredited. What do you say to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?



MILES FINLEN

The last unsuccessful owner of the Minnie Healy. His lease of the mine to Heinze was the main cause of all the trouble which followed

Harney Stands Pat

"I have not received any money for my decision," insisted Harney, "and I will not make such an affidavit. I would rather drink cold water and eat corn-bread the rest of my life, than disgrace my children by confessing to a crime that I am not guilty of."

"That is rot," said Clark. "You cannot fight these people. If you haven't got money, people will not care whether you are ruined or not. Come; it is getting on toward morning. Hurry up — consent. Do you want more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Here — quit now, and give up. Make this affidavit, and resign.

JUDGE HARNEY TALKING WITH THE AUTHOR

Judge Harney, within whose jurisdiction lay the decision regarding the Minnie Healy, was offered by Charlie Clark his choice between absolute ruin and $250,000. "I never saw a man stand so pat as Harney did," said Charlie Clark, describing the transaction

They want a new trial in this case, and they are going to get it."

"I will not say that I will not grant them a new trial when they apply for it in court, but I do say that I will never sign this affidavit. I will not resign. I will not accept their money; and, damn them, they cannot send me to the penitentiary. They have no evidence on which to base such an accusation."

"By —, they can send anybody to the penitentiary that they start after. If you have not been up there at the court-house long enough to find out that they can procure any testimony they want, you will find it out now. Besides, for a tenth of what I have offered you, you might be put out of the way when you start for home some night; and nobody would ever hear of you again."

"I have five brothers; and, whenever they do that, while my wife is crying, some other woman's eyes will not be dry."

Harney could hear footsteps outside in the hallway, and once he heard his name called. It was the voice of J. M. Kennedy, Heinze's watchful lieutenant.

The scene was prolonged until half-past three o'clock in the morning. Then Charlie Clark went into the next room, where Shores and Stivers were eating sandwiches.

"What success?" inquired Shores eagerly.

"Harney stands pat. He denies his guilt and refuses to resign or do anything else. But it is only natural for him to hold out. I have offered him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"What do you mean by offering him such an amount?" demanded the chief counsel for Amalgamated. "My people will not stand for that. I can't say that they will stand for more than one hundred thousand."

"I will make the difference good. Leave that to me," said Charlie Clark. Then he went back to the conference.

At half-past four o'clock he reappeared.

"It looks as if Harney was not going to do anything," said Clark. Shores, Stivers, and Clark then talked in low lones.

"Mrs. Brackett has more influence over him than anybody else," said Stivers. "Twenty thousand dollars to her will do the work." Clark agreed to add five thousand more out of his individual purse.

The Scenes at Mrs. Brackett's

Meantime, the watchful Kennedy, who had listened all night in the hallway, overheard Mrs. Brackett's name mentioned and jumped to the conclusion that they were going to send for her. He rushed down-stairs, leaped into a hack, and was driven to Mrs. Brackett's house. There he told her that an effort to influence Judge Harney was being made at the Thornton Hotel by Amalgamated attorneys, and that from a conversation he had overheard, he thought she would probably be asked to go to the Thornton. While they were talking, another hack drove up, and Kennedy, stepping to a window, saw Captain D'Gay Stivers, one of the men who had been attempting to coerce Harney, get out of the hack.

"You let him in," he said to Mrs. Brackett, "and say nothing about my being here. I'll step into the next room." Kennedy slipped into the adjoining room, leaving the door slightly ajar. He had just disappeared when the Captain walked in. "This is my second unusual visit to your house to-night," said he. And then he asked who it was he had seen at the window.

"It was I," said Mrs. Brackett.

"Is there any one else present?" asked Stivers, in subdued tones, and Mrs. Brackett told him she was alone.

"I have come to see you on a desperate mission, and desperate cases require desperate measures. Mrs. Brackett, I am employed by a corporation, and my first allegiance is to it. I am a soldier and obey orders. I know you are working for the Montana Ore Purchasing Company* for your living."

"How do you know that?"

"Every one knows that. It is common property. Didn't you tell Lulu —— that you got one thousand dollars from John MacGinniss a few days ago? I know you are earning your living by your wits. I know your services are valuable, and I want to enlist you with the other side. We got the worst of it in the 'Minnie Healy' case."

"I think it is a just decision," said Mrs. Brackett. "Whatever his faults, I think Judge Harney is honest."

"He may be honest; but if he will accept the proposition that will be made to him to-night, both you and he will be taken care of for the rest of your lives. If you will go to the Thornton Hotel and consult with Shores, Jesse Roote, and Charlie Clark, who are waiting for you there, it will be advantageous to you. If you will do as they want you to, we will give you twenty thousand dollars. Charlie Clark will join his guarantee to ours for the payment of the money, and you can have the cash as soon as the bank opens in the morning."

Mrs. Brackett seemed to assent. She told Stivers to go to a room in the Lenox Block and ask a certain woman friend of hers to come and take care of the house in her absence. As Stivers closed the outer door, Kennedy stepped out of the rear room and told Mrs. Brackett that he had heard the conversation. "Don't go to the hotel," he said, "but have them come to this house, and I will go for an officer, a stenographer, and witnesses. If they attempt to carry the thing any farther, I will have them arrested. Leave the back door of the house unlocked, and I will get in that way."

Kennedy ran downtown. He was in time to see Stivers get into the hack, at the entrance of the Lenox Block, with Mrs. Brackett's friend. He hailed another hack, got in, and followed the Stivers' hack back to Mrs. Brackett's house. As his carriage turned into the alley, at the rear of the house, he noticed Judge Harney's court stenographer standing on guard. Then his

*It will be remembered that this was Heinze's company.—EDITOR.

plans miscarried. In his anxiety to get inside the house as soon as possible, Kennedy made an error, and got into the rear yard of the house next door to the Brackett residence. When he finally found the yard he was seeking, he discovered that the back door was locked. He ran hastily around the alleyway to the front of the house, and was just in time to see Mrs. Brackett come out and get into the hack with Stivers. The driver whipped up the horses and drove furiously to the Thornton Hotel. Kennedy followed in his hack.

MRS. ADA H. BRACKETT

A public stenographer in Butte, whose great influence with Judge Harney was sought by the Amalgamated lawyers under extraordinary circumstances

The Final Assault on Harney

When Stivers and Mrs. Brackett reached the hotel, they found Roote asleep, but as they entered the room, he half waked up. Charlie Clark, who was still pleading with Harney in the inner room, was called out. He explained to Mrs. Brackett that they wanted her to use her influence to have Harney accept their proposition. In the presence of all the parties, Stivers repeated that he had agreed to give Mrs. Brackett twenty thousand dollars. Clark endorsed the offer, and said he would add to it five thousand dollars of his own.

"Why didn't you come to me ten days ago?" exclaimed Mrs. Brackett. "I have been urging Judge Harney to stand pat in this business, and if I now attempt to change him, I may lose all my influence." Little by little, however, she seemed to be persuaded, and went into the room where Judge Harney was sitting alone. The door closed, and for half an hour Mrs. Brackett and the Judge were closeted together. At the end of that time, both came out, and Mrs. Brackett, addressing the little party of anxious watchers, observed that it was very late, and that she had better go home.

"Shall I go home with you?" asked Mr. Stivers.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Brackett, somewhat curtly. "Judge Harney will accompany me home." It was a simple sentence; but it served notice on the Amalgamated that the fight was lost.

It was half-past six in the morning. That night twenty million dollars had slipped away from Amalgamated, and Charlie Clark had missed fire in a shot which would have blown up Heinze's credit in every financial center of the world.

"I never saw a man stand so pat as Harney did," remarked Clark to Roote, on their way home.

J. M. Kennedy and John MacGinniss were walking up and down the sidewalk before Mrs. Brackett's residence when Harney and Mrs. Brackett drove up. Kennedy reached into the carriage and shook hands with the Judge.

"I have had a hell of a night," said Judge Harney, half sobbing.

Four hours later, the additional affidavits that had been so often referred to by Charlie Clark were filed in court. They created a profound sensation.

The Fate of the Minnie Healy

There is no need to tell in full the history of the trials and formal accusations which grew out of the events of that night. In their slow course, the story came out. A year later, after the case had passed out of his jurisdiction, Judge Harney filed in the

district court at Butte disbarment proceedings against Shores and Stivers. There was a great legal battle over these cases; finally Shores was acquitted, and the Stivers case was dropped. The offer of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Judge Harney was excused on the theory of its being a recompense to him for the disgrace incident to his proposed admission of guilt. On the day when Harney started these proceedings, County Attorney Peter Breen filed information against Charlie Clark, charging him with attempting to bribe Harney. Clark, ill at the time, avoided service, fled to California, and thus ended his connection with the whole Heinze-Amalgamated fight. The Amalgamated tried to have Judge Harney impeached by the legislature. The Judiciary Committee, after hearing much evidence bearing upon Harney's alleged intoxication while on the bench, and his conduct during the "Minnie Healy" case, reported to the House against the impeachment and was unanimously sustained.

Finally, on the showing of the charges made against Judge Harney in the Brackett affidavits, the Supreme Court of Montana reversed his "Minnie Healy" decision and returned it to the Court of Silver Bow County for a new trial. Back it went, into the department of Judge Clancy.

Just about the time when Judge Harney had the "Minnie Healy" case under advisement, and when the Amalgamated detectives were busy getting evidence against Mrs. Brackett, Heinze began two sweeping actions against Amalgamated which were finally joined with the "Minnie Healy" decision in the climax of the great fight. The Parrott Mining Company was one of the independent companies which had gone into the Amalgamated. Two political allies of Heinze, Daniel Lamm and John MacGinniss, bought forty shares of stock in the Parrott Company, and brought a stock-holders' suit against the Amalgamated Copper Company, H. H. Rogers, William G. Rockefeller, and James Stillman. Stated in its simple terms, this suit alleged that the Amalgamated was a trust, formed to control the supply of copper; that its directors were managing the affairs of the Parrott Company to the injury of those shareholders who were not in the Amalgamated; and that they had managed affairs for the benefit of other companies in the trust and against the interests of the Parrott Company. Further, the complainants alleged that the whole transaction was illegal, because the Amalgamated was a trust, in violation of the Montana law. They asked that the Amalgamated be enjoined from paying dividends upon the stock of the Parrott Company owned by the Amalgamated, and that a receiver be appointed to administer the affairs of the company for the benefit of the shareholders.

A little later MacGinniss, as a minority shareholder of the Boston & Montana, brought against the Amalgamated another suit which had, to all intents and purposes, the same object.

The main contentions in both these cases were legal ones, but Judge Clancy heard some testimony as to facts after the pleadings had been filed, and then took the matter under advisement. For nearly two years the decisions rested — a club in Judge Clancy's hands, ready to be used at the psychological moment. Then, one day, he announced from the bench that on October 22, 1903, he would hand down his decisions in both cases, together with that in the second trial of the "Minnie Healy" case.

There was great excitement as the day approached. Every one suspected that Judge Clancy's decision in the "Minnie Healy" case would be favorable to Heinze, but the public wanted to know whether he would declare Amalgamated an outlaw in Montana. The court-room was crowded when, at ten o'clock, Judge Clancy mounted the bench and proceeded to read his decision with his heavy drawl.

Heinze's victory was complete. Judge Clancy handed him over the "Minnie Healy," thus, at one stroke, recompensing him for the losses of the campaign against the Amalgamated, and still leaving him a fortune of millions. He declared that the Amalgamated was an interloper in Montana; enjoined the Parrott and Boston & Montana companies from paying it any dividends; and declared that the two companies, having been organized before the Montana law was passed, which permitted one corporation to hold or vote stock in another, could not by law enter into such a corporation. He did not appoint a receiver, but declared that he had the right to do so whenever he saw fit.

Amalgamated Replies by Shutting Down

The Amalgamated Copper Company had long known what to expect. Within six hours

from the moment the decision was rendered, all Amalgamated mines in Montana and adjoining States were closed down. At a stroke fifteen thousand men were thrown out of employment. Shipments of coal and coke to Butte were stopped; the lumber mills in western Montana were closed down; horses and mules which had not seen daylight before for months and years were raised to the surface from the Butte Hill mines; the smelters at Anaconda, Great Falls, and Butte were tapped and cooled off—and when these great plants are cooled off, a shut-down is no longer a bluff.

It was all wholly unnecessary. The Amalgamated never had any respect for the decisions of Judge Clancy. To get a stay of proceedings, pending an appeal, from the Supreme Court of Montana, was only a matter of form, but Amalgamated was determined to get to the root of the trouble, to get rid of Harney and Clancy, and to punish the laboring men of Butte for their support of Heinze.

CAPTAIN D'GAY STIVERS

An attorney for the Amalgamated who was instrumental in securing Judge Harney's correspondence with Mrs. Brackett

Once more a stream of idle men poured down Butte Hill into the town; and this time Heinze seemed to lose his grip on the popular imagination. The Miners' Union turned against him; he was denounced in the streets and in the saloons. In vain he contended that the shut-down was for the purpose of manipulating stocks, and asserted that the supply of copper was greatly in excess of the demand. Under clever manipulation by the agents of Amalgamated, the miners saw only that he had thrown them out of employment.

On the day that Judge Clancy rendered his decisions, Heinze's leading attorney asked Judge Clancy for five days' time in which to furnish the bonds which the court had required of Heinze for the purpose of indemnifying Amalgamated. "Oh, no," said Judge Clancy, "I can't give you any five days. I am going to break away to the woods about to-morrow. I will stay here until two o'clock to-morrow, but I am not going to stay around here for five days." On the following day Mr. Shores, leading attorney for Amalgamated, requested a hearing before the Supreme Court as early as possible.

"If it is not impertinent," said Mr. Shores, "I should like to ask your Honor when you expect to go away, and when you intend to come back, so that we can present this matter to you."

"That all depends, about my coming back," replied Judge Clancy from the bench. "If I go out and can't get an elk before the first of November, I'll have to hunt for jack-rabbits."

Two days later a miners' meeting was called for the purpose of devising means to relieve imminent suffering and, if possible, bring about the reopening of the mines. Senator William A. Clark, the First National Bank, and the Daly Bank & Trust Company sent a joint communication to the meeting, offering to furnish to the Miners' Union such sum of money as might be necessary to purchase from Heinze's allies, MacGinniss and Lamm, their shares of stock in the Boston & Montana and the Parrott companies, the Union to control the stock and to dismiss the suits then pending. The Union decided to accept these terms and appointed a committee of five to submit to John MacGinniss

the proposition for the purchase of the stock. MacGinniss had paid twenty thousand dollars for his shares of Boston & Montana stock. The Miners' Union decided to offer him fifty thousand dollars for these shares, and the same proportion for the shares of Parrott stock, but MacGinniss could not be found. He was in his office when the resolution, proposing to buy his stock, was passed at the meeting of the miners, and one of Heinze's employees, present at the meeting, told him over the telephone of the action taken by the miners. Without grip or overcoat, MacGinniss hurried down the stairs, ran through an alleyway, came out on another street, and there jumped into a hack. He ordered the driver to drive him to Silver Bow junction, seven miles away, where he took a southbound Oregon Short-Line train for Salt Lake City.

As for Judge Clancy, he did not hunt jack-rabbits after all. He had his hunting paraphernalia and luggage already packed, when a committee from the Miners' Union waited on him at his home. After that interview, he decided not to go hunting. He appeared on the streets guarded by officers in civilian clothes, and his house was guarded.

The committee of the Miners' Union started through streets electric with excitement, to find Heinze. The public clamor was rising stronger and stronger every minute. Idle men crowded the town. Amalgamated had never played politics like this before; it seemed as if its hour of revenge had come.

Heinze and his leaders were holding a conference in the Butte Hotel. The Miners' Committee entered and placed before Heinze the proposal to buy the stock of Lamm and MacGinniss. It was no time to answer them then; the value of his words would lie in their effect on public opinon, and he had no assurance that he would be quoted correctly on the streets and in the newspapers.

"I will give you my answer to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock from the court-house steps," said Heinze. The committee withdrew.

Heinze at Bay

The next afternoon ten thousand men gathered before the court-house. Many of them were armed. The mob was hostile, but scattered among them were Heinze's loyal miners, ready to fight at the word. Promptly at four o'clock, Heinze, accompanied by a single friend, pushed his way through the crowd and mounted the steps of the court-house.

He was facing a kind of natural amphitheater whose cliff-like walls circled in the distance. Beside him stood the members of the Miners' Committee. President Long, who stood a little before the others, was armed. Behind him stood one of Heinze's miners, a dead shot, watching his every movement. The chairman tried to speak, but his voice failed to carry. He was interrupted by calls for Heinze himself.

Apparently as indifferent as though it were a public celebration, Heinze stepped to the front of the balcony and faced the crowd. Only the defiant ring of his voice showed his emotion.

"My friends," he began, "I could have met the committee of the Miners' Union in my private office, but as a free American citizen, relying on the justice of his cause and not afraid to place it before the people of Silver Bow County, I preferred to meet that committee here in public.

"The statement has been made that I am hounding the Amalgamated Copper Company in the courts of this county and State. Six or seven years ago, these gentlemen came to me and said: 'You must leave the State. If you don't get out, we will drive you out.' They have been trying to do that ever since. They have injunctions against me at this time which, if removed, would make it possible for me to give employment to two thousand extra men. They have fought me in every possible way. They have beaten me a dozen times in one way or another, and I have taken my defeat like a man. I fought my own battles, explaining them to the public when I had the opportunity, and asking their support at the polls. I will stake my life on the statement that there are within the sound of my voice a hundred men, now in my employ, who have been offered bribes all the way from a thousand to ten thousand dollars to commit perjury for the purpose of defeating me in my law-suits.

"My friends, the Amalgamated Copper Company, in its influence and functions, and the control it has over the commercial and economic affairs of this State, is the greatest menace that any community could possibly have within its boundaries. That stock of Mr. MacGinniss' is a bulwark to protect you, and others here in Butte, miners

and merchants, from the aggressions of the most unscrupulous of corporations, the Standard Oil Company. Rockefeller and Rogers have filched the oil-wells of America, and in doing so they trampled on every law, human and divine. They ruthlessly crushed every obstacle in their path. They wrecked railroad trains and put the torch to oil refineries owned by their competitors. They entered into a conspiracy with railroads, by which competitors were ruined and bankrupted. Sometimes they were caught in the act, but they bought the judges and saved themselves from prison stripes and punishment. The same Rockefeller and the same Rogers are seeking to control the executive, the judiciary, and the legislature of Montana.

"I am responsible for John MacGinniss' leaving the State of Montana. Mr. MacGinniss is not going to let any man point a gun at his breast and say: 'If you don't take this price, you take your life in your hands.'

"It is true, I am deeply interested in the outcome of this struggle. My name, my fortune, and my honor are at stake. All have been assailed. You have known me these many years. You are my friends, my associates, and I defy any man among you to point to a single instance where I did one of you a wrong. These people are my enemies, fierce, bitter, implacable; but they are your enemies, too. If they crush me to-day, they will crush you to-morrow. They will cut your wages and raise the tariff in the company stores on every bite you eat, and every rag you wear. They will force you to dwell in Standard Oil houses while you live, and they will bury you in Standard Oil coffins when you die. Their tools and minions are here now, striving to build up another trust, whose record is already infamous. Let them win, and they will inaugurate conditions in Montana that will blast its fairest prospect and make its very name hateful to those who love liberty. They have crushed the miners of Colorado because those miners had no one to stand for their rights.

"In this battle to save the State from the minions of the Rockefellers and the piracy of the Standard Oil, you and I are partners and allies. We stand or fall together."

HEINZE MAKING HIS GREAT SPEECH, OCTOBER 26, 1903

"He made every workingman in that dense crowd believe that the cause of his troubles was not Heinze, but the Amalgamated, and that his fight was their fight." Heinze is the man without a hat in the lower left-hand corner

An Adroit Climax

For nearly an hour, Heinze rehearsed the history of Standard Oil and of his own fight with the Amalgamated. He drove the story home when he told how Rogers had induced the Miners' Union of Butte to invest fifty thousand dollars of its funds in Amalgamated stock at one hundred dollars a share, at a time when it was selling on the market at one hundred and twenty dollars a share. Back of this was a guarantee that, if the stock declined, the miners would get their money back. "The miners did get their money back," said Heinze, "but think of the thousands and thousands of people all over the country that Mr. Rogers influenced to buy Amalgamated at one hundred and twenty dollars a share because the miners had bought it — with a hidden guarantee behind it which the people of the East knew nothing about. The officers of the Union who put through this deal got small fortunes in leases, but Rogers failed to divide with the Union one dollar of the money which he fleeced from Eastern investors by this trick."

Gradually Heinze came to his own counter-proposition. MacGinniss and Lamm, he said, had been offered for their stock twice the sum that the Miners' Union was now offering, but if it would do any real good they were quite willing to accept the Union's offer. Indeed, they would sell it to the Miners' Union at cost and interest, provided that the costs in their law-suits were paid by the Amalgamated, and provided, further, that in the interests of peace the Amalgamated would sell to Heinze, at the price paid for it, its five thirty-sixths share in the "Nipper" mine. The remaining interest in this mine was owned by Heinze, and the division of ownership had been the cause of endless litigation. Finally, and here Heinze reached the effective climax of his speech, the Amalgamated must enter into a hard and fast agreement to keep its mines in operation for a year and to pay the existing scale of wages for three years. Should Amalgamated fail to carry out the agreement, a board of arbitration must settle all disputes.

Heinze had held in reserve his popular proposal to maintain the wage scale, but even before he came to it, the crowd was with him. The applause burst into cheers. He had made every workingman in that dense crowd feel that the cause of his troubles was not Heinze, but the Amalgamated, and that his fight was their fight. They believed in him, were loyal to him, once more. In all his wonderful career, I know of no event where Heinze showed himself so masterful as he did that day. Once more he had caught and bridled the monster which had defied courts and congresses and had shaken its mane at the rulers of the world.

This was the climax of the long fight; and it came near to the end. From that time, events moved toward a final settlement. As Heinze perhaps had foreseen, the Amalgamated officials laughed at his proposition. James J. Holl, Joseph K. Toole, governor of Montana, and the two senators for Montana tried to arrange a plan of settlement, but failed. Then William Scallon, managing director of the Amalgamated, made the proposition which cut the knot. If Governor Toole would call a special session of the legislature to pass a "Fair Trial" bill, Amalgamated would open the mines. The proposed bill was simplicity itself. It granted the right of a change of courts in cases where there was suspicion that the judge was prejudiced. Petitions poured in upon the Governor. On November 11th he called the extra session, and the mines were reopened. This legislature passed a bill enabling litigants to file affidavits of prejudice on the part of any judge, which of itself disqualified the judge from conducting the case.

The passage of this law practically disarmed Heinze, but, as it turned out, the blade was two-edged. A year later, when he lost the Butte judges, but elected his county ticket by increased majorities, the Fair Trial Law became a weapon in his own hands. Eventually, when Amalgamated formed the Coalition Mining Company and bought for ten million, five hundred thousand dollars, over and above all counter-claims, all of Heinze's properties which had caused the long struggle, the young mining engineer who, ten years before, had been working in the drifts for five dollars a day, had a greater fortune than either William A. Clark or Marcus Daly ever dreamed of possessing at his age.

ERRATUM. On page 3 of the May number appeared a photograph bearing the erroneous caption "F. Augustus Heinze and John Maginnis." Heinze's companion in the picture is the late George H. Robinson, a mining engineer.

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT

Indeed, one of the most primitive and fundamental shapes which the relation of cause and effect takes in the savage mind, is the assumed connection between disease or death and some malevolent personal agency. . . . The minds of civilized people have become familiar with the conception of natural law, and that conception has simply stifled the old superstition as clover chokes out weeds. . . . The disposition to believe was one of the oldest inheritances of the human mind, while the capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation is one of its very latest and most laborious acquisitions.— John Fiske.

THE fifth article of this series recounted the establishment and growth of Mrs. Eddy's new religious cult in Lynn, and attempted to give some idea of how the new faith was fashioned and launched. At the beginning of 1877, her seventh year as a teacher in Lynn, Mrs. Eddy and her Science were little known outside of Essex County, though the first edition of "Science and Health" had been published more than a year before, and the author was busy preparing a second edition. Her loyal students, however, believed that she was on the way to obtain wider recognition. Miss Dorcas Rawson, Mrs. Miranda Rice, and Daniel Spofford labored unceasingly for her interests. Mr. Eddy, immediately upon his marriage, withdrew from practice, dropping the patients he had taken over from Mr. Spofford, and devoted himself entirely to his wife's service. Three days after her marriage Mrs. Eddy wrote to one of her students concerning Mr. Eddy: "I feel sure that I can teach my husband up to a higher usefulness, to purity, and the higher development of all his *latent noble* qualities of head and heart."

In spite of the frequent jars and occasional lawsuits between Mrs. Eddy and her students, new candidates for instruction were constantly attracted by the Science taught at Number 8, Broad Street, where the large sign, "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home" still aroused the curiosity of the stranger.

The Christian Science faith has, from the beginning, owed its growth to its radical principle that sickness of soul and body are delusions which can be dispelled at will, and that the natural state of the human creature is characterized by health, happiness, and goodness. The message which Mrs. Eddy brought to Lynn was substantially that God is not only all good, all powerful, and all present, but that there is nothing but God in all the Universe; that evil is a non-existent thing, a sinister legend which has been handed down from generation to generation until it has become a fixed belief. Mrs. Eddy's mission was to uproot this implanted belief and to emancipate the race from the terrors which had imprisoned it for so many thousands of years. "Ye shall know the Truth," she said, "and the Truth shall make you free."

Mrs. Eddy Suffered for the Sins of Others

Yet Mrs. Eddy herself was not always well, was not always happy. She used at first to account for this seeming inconsistency by explaining that she bore in her own person the ills from which she released others.

When sick or distraught, Mrs. Eddy frequently reminded her students that Jesus Christ was bruised for our transgressions and bore upon His shoulders the sin and weakness of the world He came to save. She apparently did not realize that Christ, by the very act of His atonement, admitted the reality of sin, while she, having denied its existence, had forfeited any logical right to suffer because of it. The missionary who frees the savage from the fear of demons and witchcraft, and the nurse who assures the child that there is no evil thing lurking for him in the dark, do not suffer from the enlightenment they bring, and they do not assume the fear which the child casts off. Mrs. Eddy, on the contrary, for many years believed that she herself suffered from the torturing beliefs she had taken away from others. The reader of these articles will remember that in 1863 Mrs. Eddy wrote to Dr. Quimby that while treating her nephew, Albert Baker, to rid him of the habit of smoking, she herself felt a desire to smoke. By 1877 Mrs. Eddy not only believed that she suffered from the physical ills from which her students were released, but declared that her students followed her in thought and selfishly took from her to feed their own weakness. The work upon the second edition of her book could not go on because they nourished themselves upon her and sapped her powers.

By the 1st of April, three months after her marriage to Mr. Eddy, she was almost in despair, and on April 7th she wrote one of her students: "I sometimes think I cannot hold on till the next edition is out. Will you not help me so far as is in your power, in this way? Take Miss Norman, she is an interesting girl and help her *through*. She will work for the cause but she will swamp me if you do not take hold. I am at present such a tired swimmer, unless you do this I have more than I can carry at present. Direct your thoughts and everybody's else that you can away from me, don't talk of me."

Driven into the Wilderness

A week later she fulfilled an old threat, and, attended by her husband, went away for some weeks, leaving no address; "driven," as she said, "into the wilderness." She felt that if her students did not know her whereabouts, their minds could not so persistently prey upon hers. The following letter to Daniel Spofford is postmarked Boston, April 14th, but seems to have been written upon the eve of Mrs. Eddy's flight from Lynn.

"Dear Student—This hour of my departure I pick up from the carpet a piece of paper write you a line to say I *am* at length driven into the wilderness. *Everything* needs me in science, my doors are thronged, the book lies waiting, but those who *call on me mentally* in suffering are in belief killing me! *Stopping my work* that none but me can do in their supreme selfishness; how unlike the example I have left them! Tell this to Miss Brown, Mr. McLauthlen, Mrs. Atkinson, and Miss Norman* but do not let them know they *can call* on me thus if they are doing this ignorantly and if they do it consciously tell *McLauthlen* and *them all* it would be no greater crime for them to come directly and thrust a dagger into my heart they are just as surely in belief killing me and committing murder.

"The sin lies at their door and for them to meet its penalty *sometime*. *You can teach* them better, see you do this.

"O! Harry, the book must stop. I can do no more now if ever. They lay on me suffering inconceivable.

"MARY.

"If the students will continue to think of me and call on me, I shall at *last* defend myself and this will be to cut them off from me utterly in a spiritual sense by a bridge they cannot pass over and the effect of this on them they will then learn.

"I will let you hear from me as soon as I can bear this on account of my health; and will return to prosecute my work on the Book as soon as I can safely. I am going far away and shall remain until you will do your part and give me some better prospect.

"Ever *truly*,

"MARY."

Mrs. Eddy believed that her students not only depended upon her for their own moral and physical support, but that, when treating their patients, their minds naturally turned to her, in whom dwelt the healing principle, and unconsciously coupled her in thought with the ill of the patient, which was thus transferred to her.

* Four of Mrs. Eddy's students. Miss Brown was an invalid of Ipswich, afterward the plaintiff in the famous Witchcraft Case (see page 347). Miss Norman was also of Ipswich, and a friend of Miss Brown. Mrs. Atkinson was the wife of Mayor Atkinson of Newburyport. Mr. George T. McLauthlen was a manufacturer of machinery in Boston.

Even after she had escaped into solitude, the book progressed but slowly, and she complained that whenever she had succeeded in concentrating herself upon her work, the beliefs (illnesses) of other people would seize her "as sensibly as a hand." From Boston, shortly after her departure, she wrote to a trusted student one of those incoherent letters which indicate the excitement under which Mrs. Eddy sometimes labored

"April, 1877, Sunday.

"Dear Student: I am in Boston today feeling very very little better for the five weeks that are gone. I cannot finish the Key* yet I will be getting myself and all of a sudden I am seized as sensibly by some others belief as the hand could lay hold of me my sufferings have made me utterly weaned from this plane and if my husband was only willing to give me up I would gladly yield up the ghost of this terrible earth plane and join those nearer my Life. . . . Cure Miss Brown† or I shall never finish my book. Truly yrs.

"M."

A letter to Mr. Spofford, written a week after she left Lynn and postmarked Fair Haven, Connecticut, shows that despite her sufferings she was eagerly planning for the second edition of her book, and that, notwithstanding the cold reception of the first edition, her faith in its ultimate success was unshaken.

"April 19, 1877.

"My dear student, . . . I will consider the arrangement for embellishing the book. I had fixed on the picture of Jesus and a sick man — the hand of the former outstretched to him as in rebuke of the disease; or *waves* and an *ark*. The last will cost less I conclude and do as well. No rainbow can be made to look right except in colors and that cannot be conveniently arranged in gilt. Now for the printing — would 480 pages include the Key to Scriptures and the entire work as it now is? The book entitled Science and Health is to embrace the chapter on Physiology all the same as if this chapter was not compiled in a separate volume; perhaps you so understand it. If the cost is what you stated, I advise you to accept the terms for I am confident in the sale of two editions more there can be a net income over and above it all. If I get my health again I can make a large demand for the book for I shall lecture and this will sell one edition of a thousand copies (if I can stand it). I am better, some. One circumstance I will name. The night before I left, and before I wrote you those fragments, Miss Brown went into convulsions from a chemical, was not expected to live, but came out of it saying she felt perfectly well and as well as before the injury supposed to have been received. I thought at that time if she was not "born again" the Mother would die in her labors. O, how little my students *can* know what it all costs me. Now, I thank you for relieving me a little in the other case, please see her twice a week; in healing you are *benefitting yourself*, in teaching you are benefitting others. I would not advise you to change business at present the rolling stone gathers no moss; persevere in *one line* and you can do much more than to continually scatter your fire. Try to get students into the field as practitioners and thus healing will sell the book and introduce the science more than aught but *my* lecturing can do. Send the name of any you can get to study for the purpose of practicing and in six months or thereabouts we will have them in the field helping you. If you have ears to hear you will understand. Send all letters to Boston. T. O. Gilbert will forward them to me at present.

"Now for the writings you named. I will make an agreement with you to publish the book the three years from the time you took it and have twenty-five per cent royalty paid me; at the end of this period we will make other arrangements or agreements or continue those we have made just as the Spirit shall direct me. I feel this is the best thing for the present to decide upon. During these years we shall have a treasurer such as we shall agree upon and the funds deposited in his or her hands and drawn for specified purposes, at the end of these three years if we dissolve partnership the surplus amount shall be equally divided between us; and this is the best I can do. All the years I have expended on that book, the labor I am still performing, and all I have done for students and the cause gratuitously, entitle me to *some income* now that I am unable to work. But as it is I have none and instead am sued for $2,700!* for what? for just this,

* "Key to the Scriptures."

† The student from Ipswich referred to in the preceding letter.

* Reference to George W. Barry's suit for payment for services rendered. See McClure's for May.

I have allowed my students to think I have no rights, and they can not wrong me!

"May God open their eyes at length.

"If you conclude not to carry the work forward on the terms named, it will have to go out of edition as I can do no more for it, and I believe this hour is to try my students who think they have the cause at heart and see if it be so. My husband is giving all his time and means to help me up from the depths in which these students plunge me and this is all he can do at present. Please write soon

'As ever,

'MARY.

"Send me the two books that are corrected and just as soon as you can, and I with Gilbert will read them.*

"Please tell me if you are going to have the chapter on Physiology in a book by itself that I may get the preface ready as soon as I am able.

"I do nothing else when I have a day I can work. Will send you the final corrections *soon*.

"Think of me when you feel *strong* and well only, and think only of me as well

"Ever yrs. in

"Truth

"MARY."

It is an interesting fact that, however incoherent Mrs. Eddy became in other matters, she was never so in business. Through hysteria and frantic distress of mind, her shrewd business sense remained alert and keen. When, upon receipt of this letter, Mr. Spofford wrote her that he did not see how he could pay all the cost of printing, advertising, and putting the second edition upon the market, and still pay Mrs. Eddy her twenty-five per cent royalty upon each copy sold, she replied to him that her work upon the book would more than offset his invested capital:

"The conditions I have named to you," she wrote, "I think are *just*. I *give three years and more* to offsett the capital you put into printing. . . . Now dear student you can work as your teacher has done before you, unselfishly, as you wish to and gain the reward of such labor; meantime you can be fitting yourself for a higher plane of action and its reward."

* Mr. Spofford had agreed to mark the typographical and other errors in two copies of the first edition of "Science and Health"

The above letters, with their refrain of dread, seem anomalous from one who had discovered the secret of health and happiness. Although she absolutely denied the influence of heredity, Mrs. Eddy told her students that she had a congenital susceptibility to assume the mental and physical ills of others. She felt that such a state was incompatible with a full realization of the principles of Christian Science, and in the first edition of "Science and Health" she says of Christ:

> He bore their sins in his own person; that is, he felt the suffering their error brought, and through this consciousness destroyed error. Had the Master utterly conquered the belief of Life in matter, he would not have felt their infirmities; he had not yet risen to this his final demonstration.*

Mrs. Eddy believed that she herself in time overcame this weakness, and says in the edition of 1881:

> In years past we suffered greatly for the sick when healing them, but even that is all over now, and we cannot suffer for them. But when we did suffer in belief, our joy was so great in removing others sufferings that we bore ours cheerfully and willingly. This self-sacrificing love has never left us, but grows stronger every year of our earth life.†

Malicious Mesmerism

This important addition to Mrs. Eddy's Science was developed gradually, almost by chance. Even the most haphazard philosopher is likely at some time to have to account for the element of evil, but Mrs. Eddy came to do so purely through the exigencies of circumstances and was quite unconscious that she was repeating history. She added to her philosophy from time to time, to meet this or that emergency, very much as a householder adds an ell or a wing to accommodate a growing family. Christian Science as it stands to-day is a kind of autobiography in cryptogram; its form was determined by a temperament, and it retains all the convolutions of the curiously duplex personality about which it grew.

When Richard Kennedy left Mrs. Eddy in 1872, she was confronted by a trying situation. It was inconceivable to her that, having broken away, he should not try to harm her, and she felt that his very popularity put her in the wrong. The means with which Mrs. Eddy met emergencies were often, indeed almost always, in themselves

* "Science and Health" (1875), p. 130.
† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 38.

ill-adapted to her ends; but she had a truly feminine adroitness in making the wrong tool serve. When she thought it necessary to discredit Mr. Kennedy and to demonstrate that his success was illegitimate, she caught up the first weapon at hand, which happened to be mesmerism. Mesmerism loomed large in Mrs. Eddy's vision just then, for only a few months before Wallace W. Wright had published a number of articles in the Lynn *Transcript*, asserting that the Science taught by Mrs. Eddy was identical with mesmerism. She had been obliged to confess that there was an outward similarity. Here was the solution, ready made. When Kennedy left her, he left true Metaphysics behind. How, then, could he still succeed? By mesmerism, that dangerous counterfeit which so resembled the true coin. Mrs. Eddy thus explained her discovery:

> Some newspaper articles falsifying the science, calling it mesmerism, etc., but especially intended, as the writer informed us, to injure its author, precipitated our examination of mesmerism in contradistinction to our metaphysical science of healing based on the science of Life. Filled with revenge and evil passions, the mal-practitioner can only depend on manipulation, and rubs the heads of patients years together, fairly incorporating their minds through this process, which claims less respect the more we understand it, and learn its cause. Through the control this gives the practitioner over patients, he readily reaches the mind of the community to injure another or promote himself, but none can track his foul course.*

Without a doubt Mrs. Eddy had speculated somewhat upon the possibility of a malignant use of mind power before Kennedy's separation from her, but she never got very far with abstractions until she had a human peg to hang them on. Her indignation against Kennedy gave her reflections upon the subject of malignant mind power a vigorous impetus, and she fell to work to develop the converse of her original proposition with almost as much fervor and industry as she had bestowed upon the proposition itself. She thus explained her discovery of Kennedy's "malpractice":

> Some years ago, the history of one of our† young students, as known to us and many others, diverged into a dark channel of its own, whereby the unwise young man reversed our metaphysical method of healing, and subverted his mental power apparently for the purposes of tyranny peculiar to the individual. A stolid moral sense, great want of spiritual sentiment, restless ambition, and envy, embedded in the soil of this student's nature, metaphysics brought to the surface, and he refused to give them up, choosing darkness rather than light. His motives moved in one groove, the desire to subjugate; a despotic will choked his humanity. Carefully veiling his character, through unsurpassed secretiveness, he wore the mask of innocence and youth. But he was young only in years; a marvelous plotter, dark and designing, he was constantly surprising us, and we half shut our eyes to avoid the pain of discovery, while we struggled with the gigantic evil of his character, but failed to destroy it. . . . The second year of his practice, when we discovered he was malpractising, and told him so, he avowed his intention to do whatever he chose with his mental power, spurning a Christian life, and exulting in the absence of moral restraint. The sick clung to him when he was doing them no good, and he made friends and followers with surprising rapidity, but retained them only so long as his mesmeric influence was kept up and his true character unseen. The habit of his misapplication of mental power grew on him until it became a secret passion of his to produce a state of mind destructive to health, happiness, or morals. . . . His mental malpractice has made him a moral leper that would be shunned as the most prolific cause of sickness and sin did the sick understand the cause of their relapses and protracted treatment, the husband the loss of his wife, and the mother the death of her child, etc.*

Kennedy the Young Nero

Mrs. Eddy had always been able to wring highly-colored experiences from the most unpromising material, and she never accomplished a more astonishing feat than when she managed to see a melodramatic villain in Richard Kennedy. Her hatred of Kennedy was one of the strongest emotions she had ever felt, really a tragic passion in its way, and since the cheerful, energetic boy who had inspired it was in no way an adequate object, she fell to and made a Kennedy of her own. She fashioned this hypothetical Kennedy bit by bit, believing in him more and more as she put him together. She gave him one grisly attribute after another, and the more terrible she made her image, the more she believed in it and hated and feared it; and the more she hated and feared it, the more furiously she wrought upon it, until finally her creation, a definite shape of fear and hatred, stood by her day and night to harry and torment her.

Without Malicious Mesmerism as his cardinal attribute, the new and terrible Kennedy could never have been made. It was like the tragic mask which presented to an Athenian audience an aspect of horror such as no merely human face could wear. By a touch really worthy of an artist Mrs.

* "Science and Health" (1875), p. 575.

† Throughout this chapter on Demonology Mrs. Eddy uses the editorial "we" in referring to herself. Mr. Eddy is designated as "our husband."

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 2.

Eddy made the boy's youth, agreeable manner, and even his fresh color conducive to a sinister effect. Given such a blithe and genial figure, and suppose in him a power over the health and emotions of other people, and a morbid passion for using it to the most atrocious ends, and you have indeed the young Nero, which title Mrs. Eddy so often applied to Kennedy.

Mrs. Eddy feared this imaginary Kennedy as only things born of the imagination can be feared, and dilated upon his corrupt nature and terrible power until her new students, when they met the actual, unconscious Kennedy upon the street, shuddered and hurried away. During the sleepless nights which sometimes followed an outburst of her hatred, Mrs. Eddy would pace the floor, exclaiming to her sympathetic students: "Oh why does not some one kill him? Why does he not die?"

She afterward wrote of him:

> Among our very first students was the mesmerist aforesaid, who has followed the cause of metaphysical healing as a hound follows his prey, to hunt down every promising student if he cannot place them in his track and on his pursuit. Never but one of our students was a voluntary malpractitioner; he has made many others. . . . This malpractitioner tried his best to break down our health before we learned the cause of our sufferings. It was difficult for us to credit the facts of his malice or to admit they lie within the pale of mortal thought.*

To Richard Kennedy and his mesmeric power Mrs. Eddy began to attribute, not only her illnesses, but all her vexations and misfortunes; any lack of success in her ventures, any difficulties with her students.

In the famous chapter on Demonology she enumerates a long list of friends whose warm regard for her was destroyed by Kennedy's mesmeric power. "Our lives," she writes, "have since floated apart down the river of years." She charges this "mental assassin" with even darker crimes.

> The husband of a lady who was the patient of this malpractitioner poured out his grief to us and said: "Dr. K — has destroyed the happiness of my home, ruined my wife, etc."; and after that, he finished with a double crime by destroying the health of that wronged husband so that he died. We say that he did these things because we have as much evidence of it as ever we had of the existence of any sin. The symptoms and circumstances of the cases, and the diagnosis of their diseases, proved the unmistakable fact. His career of crime surpasses anything that minds in general can accept at this period. We advised him to marry a young lady whose affection he had won, but he refused; subsequently she was wedded to a nice young man, and then he alienated her affections from her husband.*

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 34.

The real Richard Kennedy must not be confounded with the smiling Elagabalus of Mrs. Eddy's imagination. While she was perfecting her creation, the flesh-and-blood Kennedy was establishing an enviable record for uprightness, kindliness, and purity of character. In 1876 he became prosperous enough to move his office to Boston. There he was, as he had been in Lynn, an active agent for good. He had made many friends and had built up a good practice, when, in 1881, in the third edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy broke forth into that tirade of invective which she called "Demonology"— the flower of nine years of torturing hatred. Kennedy's old friends in Lynn were stirred to mirth rather than indignation when a passage like the following was applied to a man whose amiability was locally proverbial:

> "The Nero of to-day, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of individuals, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart; when he is clipping the thread of life, and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of justice."†

Spofford Becomes a Mental Marauder

In the beginning, then, Malicious Mesmerism was advanced merely as a personal attribute of Richard Kennedy, and was a means by which Mrs. Eddy sought to justify her hatred. In the first edition of "Science and Health" though she usually links it with some reference to Kennedy, Mrs. Eddy occasionally refers to mesmerism as an abstract thing, apart from any personality.

> In coming years the person or mind that hates his neighbor, will have no need to traverse his

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 6.
† "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 38.

fields, to destroy his flocks and herds, and spoil his vines; or to enter his house to demoralize his household; for the evil mind will do this through mesmerism; and not in *propria personae* be seen committing the deed. Unless this terrible hour be met and restrained by *Science*, mesmerism, that scourge of man, will leave nothing sacred when mind begins to act under direction of conscious power.

The sign of the mesmerist, however, the plague spot which he could not conceal, was "Manipulation"— the method which she had taught Kennedy and afterward repudiated. "Sooner suffer a doctor infected with smallpox to be about you," she cries, "than come under the treatment of one who manipulates his patients' heads." And again, "the malpractitioner can depend only on manipulation." From 1872 to 1877 Mrs. Eddy counted many victims of Kennedy's mesmeric power, but charged no other student with consciously and maliciously practising mesmerism. In 1877, however, an open rupture occurred between Mrs Eddy and Daniel Spofford. Now, Mr. Spofford was, like Kennedy, a man with a personal following, and his secession would mean that of his party. Though she never hated Spofford as bitterly as she hated Kennedy, he was the second of her seceding students who was deemed important enough to merit the charge of mesmerism — a charge which conferred a certain distinction, as only those who had stood in high places ever incurred it.

But in her book, published only two years before, Mrs. Eddy had clearly and repeatedly stated that the mesmerist could "depend only on manipulation," and could always be detected thereby. Now Mr. Spofford did not manipulate — he had been so soundly taught that he would sooner have put his hands into the fire. But as "Science and Health" had not yet been definitely announced as the revealed word of God, modifications were not an inconsistency. Accordingly, Mrs. Eddy got out a postscript. The second edition, which Mr. Spofford had labored upon and helped to prepare, was hastily revised and converted into a running attack upon him, hurried to press, labeled Volume II., and sent panting after "Science and Health," which was not labeled Volume I., and which had already been in the world three years. This odd little brown book, with the ark and troubled waves on the cover, is made up of a few chapters snatched from the 1875 edition, interlarded with vigorous rhetoric such as the following apostrophe to Spofford:

"Behold! thou criminal mental marauder, that would blot out the sunshine of earth, that would sever friends, destroy virtue, put out Truth, and murder in secret the innocent befouling thy track with the trophies of thy guilt,— I say, Behold the 'cloud, no bigger than a man's hand,' already rising in the horizon of Truth, to pour down upon thy guilty head the hailstones of doom."

The purpose of this breathless little courier — a book of 167 pages — in looks very unlike the somber 480-page volume which had preceded it — was to announce that mesmerism could be practised without manipulation — indeed, that the practice was more pernicious without a sign than with it. Mrs. Eddy thus explained her new light upon the subject:

Mesmerism is practised through manipulation — and without it. And we have learned, by new observation, the fool who saith "There is no God" attempts more evil without a sign than with it. Since "Science and Health" first went to press, we have observed the crimes of another mesmeric outlaw, in a variety of ways, who does not as a common thing manipulate, in cases where he sullenly attempted to avenge himself of certain individuals, etc. But we had not before witnessed the malpractitioner's fable without manipulation, and supposed it was not done without it; but have learned it is the addenda to what we have described in a previous edition, but without manipulating the head.*

Personal Animosity Becomes a Doctrine

Malicious Mesmerism, or Malicious Animal Magnetism, then, was first conceived as a personal attribute of Richard Kennedy, and six years later the conception was stretched to accommodate Daniel Spofford. By 1881, when the third edition of "Science and Health" appeared, a personal animosity had fairly developed into a doctrine, and Mrs. Eddy was well on the way toward admitting a general principle of evil — a thing she certainly never meant to admit. She had decided that mesmerism was not merely a trick employed in practice, but a malignant attitude of mind, and that a person evilly disposed, by merely wishing his neighbor harm, could bring it to him — unless the object of his malice were wise in Metaphysics and could treat against this evil mind-power. Unless a man were thus protected by Christian Science, his enemy might, through Mesmerism or Mortal Mind, bring upon him any kind of misfortune; might ruin his

* "Science and Health" (1878), p. 136.

business, cause a rash to break out upon his face, vex his body with grievous humors, cause his children to hate him and his wife to become unfaithful.

Having instanced a few cases of the evil workings of the hidden agency in our midst, our readers may feel an interest to learn somewhat of the indications of this mental malpractice of demonology. It has no outward signs, such as ordinarily indicate mesmerism, and its effects are far more subtle because of this. Its tendency is to sour the disposition, to occasion great fear of disease, dread, and discouragement, to cause a relapse of former diseases, to produce new ones, to create dislikes or indifference to friends, to produce sufferings in the head, in fine, every evil that demonology includes and that metaphysics destroys. If it be students of ours whom he attacks, the malpractitioner and aforesaid mesmerist tries to produce in their minds a hatred towards us, even as the assassin puts out the light before committing his deed. He knows this error would injure the student, impede his progress, and produce the results of error on health and morals, and he does it as much for that effect on him as to injure us.*

The question is often asked, "How did Mrs. Eddy justify this evil power with her scheme of metaphysics? If God is all and all is God, where does Malicious Mesmerism come in?" The answer is evident; when the original Science of Man, as she had learned it from Quimby and as she at first taught it, no longer met the needs of her own nature, Mrs. Eddy simply went ahead and added to her religion out of the exuberance of her feelings, leaving justification to the commentators—and she has rapped them soundly whenever they have attempted it.

No philosophy which endeavors to reduce the universe to one element and to find the world a unit, can admit the existence of evil unless it admits it as a legitimate and necessary part of the whole. But the very keystone of Mrs. Eddy's Science is that evil is not only unnecessary but unreal. Admitting evil as a legitimate part of the whole would be to deny that the whole was good and was God. Admitting evil in opposition to good would be to deny that good and God were the whole. Whenever a train of reasoning seemed to be leading to the wrong place, Mrs. Eddy could always drop a stitch and begin a new pattern on the other side. Since neither the allness of God nor the Godhood of all could explain the injuries and persecutions which she felt were inflicted upon her, she fell back upon Mortal Mind.

* "Science and Health" (1881), chapter vi, p. 35.

"As used in Christian Science," she says, "animal magnetism is the specific term for Error, or Mortal Mind."

Mortal Mind is Mrs. Eddy's explanation of the seeming existence of evil in the world.* Whatever seems to be harmful,—sin, sickness, earthquakes, convulsions of the elements,—are due to the influence of Mortal Mind. Now, Mortal Mind, she says, has no real existence except as a harmful tradition; she affirms that its very name is a fallacy, and she admits it merely for the sake of argument. Hence, though there is no such thing as evil, there is an accumulated belief in evil, a tradition which overshadows us, as Mrs. Eddy says "like the deadly Upas tree." The belief in evil, then, is the only evil that exists. This belief is Mortal Mind, and Mortal Mind is Mesmerism.

Mrs. Eddy says:

The origin of evil is the problem of ages. It confronts each generation anew. It confronts Christian Science. The question is often asked, If God created only the good, whence comes the evil?

To this question Christian Science replies: Evil never did exist as an entity. It is but a belief that there is an opposite Intelligence to God. This belief is a species of idolatry, and is not more true or real than that an image graven on wood or stone is God.†

But concerning the origin of the *belief* in evil, Mrs. Eddy is silent; and certainly with the belief we are immediately concerned, since that and that alone brought death into the world, and all our woe. The cause of this knot or tangle in the human consciousness, however, remains unexplained down to the very last page of the very last edition of "Science and Health."

The Reverend James Henry Wiggin, for some years Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser, said that "Mesmerism was her Devil," and it does seem that she has routed Satan from pillar to post only to be confronted by him at last. Designate Evil as Mortal Mind, and demonstrate that it is non-existent; if it can still harm us, if it can harm even Mrs. Eddy, have we got very far? Kant said

* Mortal mind includes all evil, disease, and death; also, all beliefs relative to the so-called material laws, and all material objects, and the law of sin and death.

The Scripture says, "The carnal mind (in other words mortal mind) is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Mortal mind is an illusion; as much in our waking moments as in the dreams of sleep. The belief that Intelligence, Truth, and Love, are in matter and separate from God, is an error; for there is no intelligent evil, and no power besides God, Good. God would not be omnipotent if there were in reality another mind creating or governing man or the universe. Miscellaneous Writings, p. 36, Sixty-sixth Edition (1883-1896.)

† Miscellaneous Writings (1896) p. 346.

that "a dream which we all dream together, and which we all must dream, is not a dream, but a reality."

Adverse Treatment

Mrs. Eddy's method of protecting herself against Malicious Mesmerism — the "adverse treatment" which later became such a prolific source of scandal in the Christian Science church — was first practised by her students about 1875. By now mesmerism had become an indispensable household convenience. After she moved into her Broad Street house, Mrs. Eddy had a long succession of tenants and housekeepers, all of whom she at first found satisfactory, but against whom she soon had a grievance. She accused nearly all of them of stealing; of taking her coal, her blankets, her feather pillows, her silver spoons, and especially of taking her knives and forks, which kept magically disappearing like the food to which the clown sits down in the pantomime. It seemed as if the only way in which she could keep these knives and forks at all was actually to hold them in her hands. All this trouble she bitterly accredited to Kennedy. People came into her house well disposed toward her, she said; he set his mind to work upon their minds, and in a few days she could see the result. They avoided her, looked at her doubtfully, and her spoons and pillows began playing hide and seek again.

Mrs. Eddy talked of Kennedy continually, and often in her lectures she wandered away from her subject, forgot that her students were there to be instructed in the power of universal love, and would devote half the lesson hour to bitter invective against Kennedy and his treachery. This, of course, made an unfavorable impression upon new students, and Mrs. Eddy's advisers, Mr. Spofford, Mrs. Rice, and Miss Rawson, besought her to control her feeling and not to darken the doctrine of Divine love by the upbraidings of hatred. When thus advised, she would tell her students how she had withdrawn herself from the world and labored night and day through weary years, "standing alone with God," that she might give this great truth to men; and how Kennedy had perverted it and put it to evil uses. Not only did he rob her of her students and set the minds of men against her, she declared, but he pursued her mind "as a hound pursues its prey," causing her torment, sleeplessness, and unrest. She explained that even his cures were made at her expense; that when standing beside his patients and "rubbing their heads years together" he took up Mrs. Eddy in thought, united her mentally with the sick, and cured them by throwing the burden of their disease upon her. Thus weighed down by the ills of his patients, she could go no further. Unless some means were found of protecting her against Kennedy, she must sink under his persecution and her mission be unfulfilled. In this extremity she implored her students to save her by treating against Kennedy and his power.

RICHARD KENNEDY

The most successful of Mrs. Eddy's students, whom she described as a Nero, regaling himself in torture

Those of Mrs. Eddy's students who did not know Mr. Kennedy, believed that their teacher was suffering acutely at his hands. She so wrought upon their sympathies that they actually consented to meet at her house and take part in this treatment which

they believed would injure the young man. One of the faithful students present in the circle would say to the others:

"Now all of you unite yourselves in thought on Kennedy; that he cannot heal the sick, that he must leave off calling on Mrs. Glover mentally, that he shall be driven out of practice and leave the town, etc."

MISS DORCAS RAWSON

Whose patient Miss Brown was when she thought she was the victim of witchcraft

Mrs. Eddy was never present at these sessions, and her students soon discontinued them. One of the number, who used to meet with the others to treat against Kennedy, explains that he was unwilling to go on with it because he discovered that the more he wished evil to Kennedy, the more he felt the presence of evil within himself. He writes that "while thoughts born of love or its attributes are unlimited in their power to help both their author and their object, thoughts born of malice influence only those who originate them."

Mrs. Eddy's Rupture with Daniel Spofford

Although no open rupture occurred between Mrs. Eddy and Daniel Spofford until the summer of 1877, by the spring of 1877 Mrs. Eddy's feeling for him had begun to cool. It will be remembered that she had turned a number of her students over to Mr. Spofford for instruction in the Interpretation of the Scriptures. As a teacher, Mr. Spofford proved so popular that Mrs. Eddy repented the authority she had given him. His success in practice also made her restive,—doubtless one of the causes which led her to insist upon his turning his practice over to Asa Gilbert Eddy and devoting his time to pushing the sale of her book. It would be scarcely fair to draw the conclusion that Mrs. Eddy resented the success of her students in itself, but she certainly looked upon it with apprehension if the student showed any inclination to adopt methods of his own or to think for himself. Mrs. Eddy required of her students absolute and unquestioning conformity to her wishes; any other attitude of mind she regarded as dangerous. She often told Mr. Spofford that there was no such thing as devotion to the principle of revealed truth which did not include devotion to the revelator. "I am Wisdom, and this revelation is mine," she would declare when a student questioned her decision.

In July, 1877, Mr. Spofford closed out the stock of "Science and Health," which he had received from George H. Barry and Elizabeth M. Newhall, the students who had furnished the money to publish the book. Mr. Spofford paid over the money which he had received for the books, something over six hundred dollars, to these two students, and although Mrs. Eddy had agreed to ask for no royalty upon the first edition, she was exceedingly indignant that the money had not been paid to her. She declared that Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall had advanced the money to further the cause, and that whatever was realized from the sale of the first edition should have gone toward getting out a second. Mr. Spofford told her that if Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall wished to put the money into a second edition, there was nothing to prevent their doing so, but that he had received from them a number of books which were their property, and he was in duty bound to turn over to them any money received for the same. Mr. Barry and Miss Newhall lost over fifteen hundred dollars on the edition, and Mr. Spofford paid out five hundred dollars of his own money for advertising and personal expenses, besides giving his time for several months. Mrs. Eddy made no effort to reimburse them.

The estrangement thus brought about between Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Spofford continued

until, in January, 1878, Mr. Spofford was expelled from the Christian Scientists' Association and received the following notice:

"Dr. D. H. Spofford of Newburyport has been expelled from the Association of Christian Scientists for immorality and as unworthy to be a member.

"Lynn, Jan. 19th, 1878.

"Secretary of the Christian Scientists' Association, Mrs. H. N. Kingsbury."

A notice also appeared in the Newburyport *Herald*, stating that Daniel H. Spofford had been expelled for alleged immorality from the Christian Scientists' Association of Lynn. Mr. Spofford brought no action against the Association, as he thought the charge would be considered absurd and could do him no harm.

"Immorality" was a favorite charge of Mrs. Eddy's; she insisted it meant that a student had been guilty of disloyalty to Christian Science. The very special and wholly unauthorized meanings which Mrs. Eddy had given to many common words in writing "Science and Health" doubtless confirmed her in the habit of empirical diction. An amusing instance of this occurred years afterward, when Mrs. Eddy quarreled with a woman prominent in the Mother Church in Boston and declared that she was an adulteress. When the frantic woman appealed to her to know what in Heaven's name she meant, Mrs. Eddy replied gravely, "You have adulterated the Truth; what are you, then, but an adulteress?"

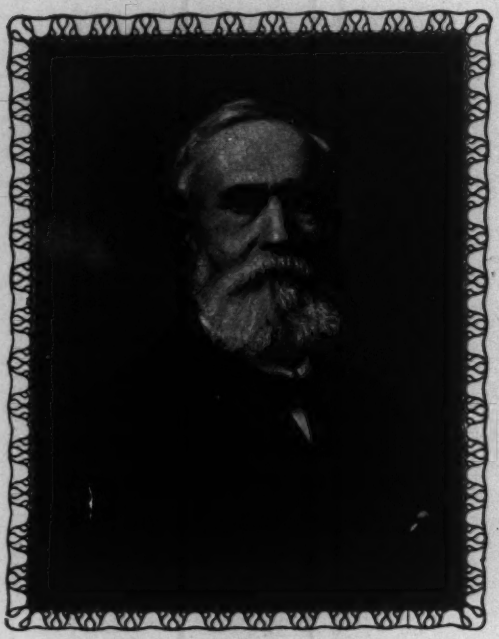
Mr. Spofford Charged with Witchcraft —Lucretia Brown his Victim

The test of loyalty in a disciple was obedience. "Whosoever is not for me is against me," Mrs. Eddy declared in an

MRS. EDDY'S HOUSE IN LYNN, MASS.

The property at Number 8, Broad Street, as it looked when the first Christian Science organization met there. The sign read "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home." On one end was painted the cross and on the other an open copy of "Science and Health"

angry interview with Mr. Spofford. If a student were "against" her, there could be but one cause for his hardening of heart — Richard Kennedy and Malicious Mesmerism. Mr. Spofford was amazed, therefore, in the spring of 1878, to find that a bill had been filed before the Supreme Judicial Court at Salem, charging him with practising



MR. DANIEL HARRISON SPOFFORD OF HAVERHILL, MASS.

Mr. Spofford is probably the only living American who has ever had a legal action brought against him for witchcraft

witchcraft upon one of Mrs. Eddy's former students, Lucretia L. S. Brown, of Ipswich.

Lucretia Brown was a spinster about fifty years of age, who lived with her mother and sister in one of the oldest houses in Ipswich, facing upon School-house Green. When she was a child, Miss Brown had a fall which injured her spine, and she was an invalid for the greater part of her life. Although not absolutely bedridden, she had often to keep to her bed for weeks together, and seldom walked further than the church. She conducted a crocheting agency, taking orders for city dealers and giving out piece-work to women in the village who wished to earn a little pin-money. Miss Lucretia was noted for her system and her neatness. On certain days of the week she gave out this crochet work at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon, and whoever arrived a few minutes early had to await the stroke of the clock, as Miss Brown was not visible until then. The women who came for work gathered in the sitting-room, and one by one they were admitted to Miss Lucretia's sleeping chamber, where she received them in a bed incredibly white and smooth. They used to wonder how Miss Lucretia could lie under a coverlid absolutely wrinkleless, and how she could handle her worsted and give all her directions without rumpling the smoothness of the turned-back sheet, or marring the geometrical outline of her pillow. As the candidate retired from Miss Brown's presence, her bundle of yarn was sharply eyed by the other women who waited in the sitting-room, as there was a rumor that Miss Lucretia gave more work to her favorites than to others, and that they rolled their worsted up tightly to conceal the evidence of her partiality.

In the matter of good housewifery, the three Brown ladies were triumphant and invincible. They carried their daintiness even into their diet, regarding anything heavier than the most ethereal food as somewhat too virile and indelicate for their spinster household. The assertion was once made that Essex was the cleanest county in Massachusetts, and Ipswich was the cleanest town in Essex, and the Browns were the cleanest people in Ipswich. Even when Miss Lucretia was suffering from her worst attacks and was supposed to be helpless in bed, she was occasionally discovered late at night, slipping about the house and "tidying up" under cover of darkness.

Before Miss Lucretia knew Mrs. Eddy and Miss Rawson, she was a Congregationalist, but after she was healed by Christian Science she withdrew from her old church. Her cure was much talked about. After she was treated by Miss Rawson, she was able to be up and about the house all day and to walk a distance of two or three miles, whereas before she had made much ado to call upon a neighbor at the other end of the Green. After her healing she made some effort to practise upon other people, but Ipswich folk were slow to quit their family doctors in favor of the new method.

Miss Brown, however, remained a devout Scientist until her death in 1883, and up to that time occasionally took a case. The story goes that she got the cold she died of by airing the house too thoroughly after

having treated one of her patients. Fifty years of frantic cleanliness were not to be overcome in an instant; and although Miss Lucretia well knew that disease was but a frame of mind, that contagion was a myth, and that dirt itself was only a "belief," the moment a patient was out of the house, up went the windows, and the draperies went out on the clothes-line.

In her last illness she called in her old family physician, but refused to let him prescribe for her, explaining that she merely wished him to diagnose her case so that her Christian Science healer would know what to treat her for. Her death was as orderly as her life. When she felt that her "belief" (pneumonia) was gaining on her, she called in her mother and sister, talked over her business, and put her affairs in order, telling them where they would find all her things. When she had given all her directions, she asked them if there were anything about which they wished to question her. When they replied in the negative, she said, "Good-by, Mother. Good-by, Sister," and smoothing once again that never-wrinkled turned-back sheet, she folded her hands and almost instantly died.

Dorcas Rawson and Miss Brown

In 1878, when Miss Brown believed that Mr. Spofford had bewitched her, she was a patient of Miss Dorcas Rawson. Miss Rawson and her sister, Mrs. Rice, it will be remembered, were among Mrs. Eddy's first students in Lynn. They were daughters of a large family in Maine, and when they were very young girls came to Lynn to make their way in the shoe shops. Miranda soon married Mr. Rice and left the factory. After the two sisters had studied with Mrs. Eddy, Dorcas also left the factory and became a practising healer. She was as ardent in her new faith as she had been before in Methodism. While a Methodist she had been one of a number who "professed holiness," that is, who felt that in their daily walk they were so near to God that His presence protected them from even the temptation to sin. Miss Rawson was a thoroughly good and unselfish woman, and so earnest and forceful that perhaps in a later day she would have been called "strong-minded." However devoted in service, such a firm and independent nature would almost inevitably clash with Mrs. Eddy's at times, and Miss Rawson had more than one painful difference with her teacher. But it was hard for Miss Rawson to give up a friend, harder than to bear with Mrs. Eddy's unreasonableness. After these disagreements she always came back, telling her friends that she could not endure to be separated from Mrs. Eddy in spirit, and that, when she was, she felt her health failing and discouragement threatening to overwhelm her.

When, under her treatment, Miss Brown suffered a relapse, Miss Rawson, in her perplexity, went to Mrs. Eddy. Mrs. Eddy had the solution at her tongue's end. Daniel Spofford, in his general opposition to truth, was exercising upon Miss Brown his mesmeric arts. Miss Rawson was at first loath to believe this. Mr. Spofford was an old and trusted friend; even had he been subsidized by Richard Kennedy, why should Mortal Mind, as exercised by Mr. Spofford, prevail over Divine Mind as employed by Miss Rawson? But Mrs. Eddy convinced her, with her will or against it, and also convinced poor Miss Brown.

Mr. Spofford's Call on Miss Brown

Mr. Spofford's acquaintance with Miss Brown had been slight. When she was studying with Mrs. Eddy, she, with other students, had entered his class in the Interpretation of the Scriptures. When Miss Brown's health began to fail, he had not seen her for some months and was ignorant alike of her illness and the supposed cause of it. After Miss Lucretia had begun to regard him as the author of her ills, Mr. Spofford was in Ipswich one day and bethought him of calling upon his old student. Accordingly he went down to the Green and knocked at her cottage. Miss Brown herself came to the door and immediately fell into great agitation. Ordinarily a pale woman, her cheeks and forehead flushed so hotly that Mr. Spofford innocently thought that she must be making preserves and had just come from the stove. She stood for a moment, very ill at ease, and, without asking him to come in, begged him to excuse her and ran back into the house. When she reappeared, she seemed even more distracted than before, and Mr. Spofford now felt sure that he had intruded upon some critical moment in preserve-making and told her that he would call again when he next happened to be in Ipswich. He went away leaving Miss Brown to wonder whether he had merely come to see how his

victim did, or whether he had come to do her further harm.

A Campaign Against Mr. Spofford

By this time Mrs. Eddy had Mr. Spofford upon her mind almost as constantly as she had Richard Kennedy. In April, a month before the charge of witchcraft was made against him, Mrs. Eddy filed a bill in equity against Mr. Spofford to recover tuition and a royalty on his practice. This suit was still pending when the witchcraft case came up, and was dismissed June 3d because of defects in the writ and insufficient service. The Newburyport *Herald* of May 16th, in commenting editorially upon the witchcraft case, said: "Mrs. Eddy tried, some time since, to induce us to publish an attack upon Spofford, which we declined to do, and we understand that similar requests were made to other papers in the county."

In preparing to prosecute the witchcraft case, Mrs. Eddy first selected twelve students from the Christian Scientists' Association — she has always been partial to the apostolic number — and called on these students to meet her at her house and treat Mr. Spofford adversely, as other students had formerly treated Richard Kennedy. She required each of these twelve students, one after another, to take Mr. Spofford up mentally for two hours, declaring in thought that he had no power to heal, must give up his practice, etc. Mr. Henry F. Dunnels of Ipswich was one of the chosen twelve. He says in his affidavit: "When the Spofford lawsuit came along, she took twelve of us from the Association and made us take two hours apiece, one after the other. She made a statement that this man Spofford was adverse to her and that he used his mesmeric or hypnotic power over her students and her students' patients and hindered the students from performing healing on their patients, and we were held together to keep our minds over this Spofford to prevent him from exercising this mesmeric power over her students and patients. This twenty-four hours' work was done in her house."

Bill of Complaint in the Witchcraft Case

Having thus prepared her case through the agency of Divine Mind, Mrs. Eddy next set about making the most of human devices. She went to her lawyer in Lynn and had him

HOUSE AT IPSWICH, MASS.

Where Lucretia Brown lived with her mother and maiden sister. The house, built by John Baker about the year 1761, faces on School-house Green, and is one of the oldest in the village

draw up a bill of complaint in Miss Brown's name, setting forth the injuries which Miss Brown had received from Mr. Spofford's mesmeric malice and petitioning the court to restrain him from exercising his power and using his arts upon her. The text of the bill is in part:

Humbly complaining, the Plaintiff, Lucretia L. S. Brown of Ipswich in said County of Essex, showeth unto your Honors, that Daniel H. Spofford, of Newburyport, in said County of Essex, the defendant in the above entitled action, is a mesmerist and practices the art of mesmerism and by his said art and the power of his mind influences and controls the minds and bodies of other persons and uses his said power and art for the purpose of injuring the persons and property and social relations of others and does by said means so injure them.

And the plaintiff further showeth that the said Daniel H. Spofford has at divers times and places since the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, wrongfully and maliciously and with intent to injure the plaintiff, caused the plaintiff by means of his said power and art great suffering of body and mind and severe spinal pains and neuralgia and a temporary suspension of mind, and still continues to cause the plaintiff the same. And the plaintiff has reason to fear and does fear that he will continue in the future to cause the same. And the plaintiff says that said injuries are great and of an irreparable nature and that she is wholly unable to escape from the control and influence he so exercises upon her and from the aforesaid effects of said control and influence.

As Mrs. Eddy's attorney flatly refused to argue the case in court, she arranged that one of her students, Edward J. Arens, should do so. At the opening of the Supreme Judicial Court in Salem, May 14, 1878, Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Arens appeared under power of attorney for Miss Brown, attended by some twenty witnesses, "a cloud of witnesses," as the Boston *Globe* put it in an account of the hearing. When they were assembled at the railway station in Lynn to take the train for Salem, one of the witnesses went to Mrs. Eddy and protested that he knew nothing whatever about the case and would not know what to say were he called upon to testify. "You will be told what to say," replied Mrs. Eddy reassuringly.

The Witchcraft Hearing

Having arrived at the Salem Court House, Mrs. Eddy and her loyal band awaited in the jury room the entrance of the chief justice. As soon as Judge Horace Gray had taken his seat, Mr. Arens arose and presented his petition for a hearing on the bill of complaint. He then made an exposition of the case to the Judge, who ordered that an order of notice be served upon Mr. Spofford, and appointed Friday, May 17th, for a hearing of the case. Mr. Arens at once took the train for Newburyport to search for Mr. Spofford, as Mrs. Eddy feared that he might escape into another State.

Meanwhile the Massachusetts press was making the most of the novel legal proceedings at Salem. A reporter from the Boston *Globe* called at Miss Brown's house in Ipswich, but was told that she was away from home. Of this call the *Globe* published the following account:

LUCRETIA L. S. BROWN OF IPSWICH

Miss Brown believed that she had been mesmerized by Mr. Spofford. In her name Mrs. Eddy brought an action against him in the Salem courts, charging him with causing Miss Brown "great suffering of mind and body and severe spinal pains."

In an interview with a sister of Miss Brown, the latter being out of town, the lady informed the *Globe* reporter that she and her family believed that there was no limit to the awful power of mesmerism, but she still had some faith in the power of the law, and thought that Dr. Spofford might be awed into abstaining from injuring her sister further. That he does so she believes there is no possibility of a doubt. In answer to a query put by the reporter, she admitted that should Dr. Spofford prove so disposed, even though he be incarcerated behind the stone walls at Charlestown, he could still use his mesmeric power against her sister.

On Friday morning the crowd which had assembled at the Salem Court House was disappointed. Mr. Spofford himself did not appear, but his attorney, Mr. Noyes, appeared for him and filed a demurrer, which Judge Gray sustained, declaring with a smile that it was not within the power of the Court to control Mr. Spofford's mind. The case was appealed, and the appeal waived the following November.

The Witchcraft Case an Anachronism

So, after a lapse of nearly two centuries, another charge of witchcraft was made before the court in Salem village. But it was an anachronism merely, and elicited such ridicule that it was hard to realize that because of charges quite as fanciful, one hundred and twenty-six persons were once lodged in Salem jail, nineteen persons were hanged, and an entire community was plunged into anguish and terror.

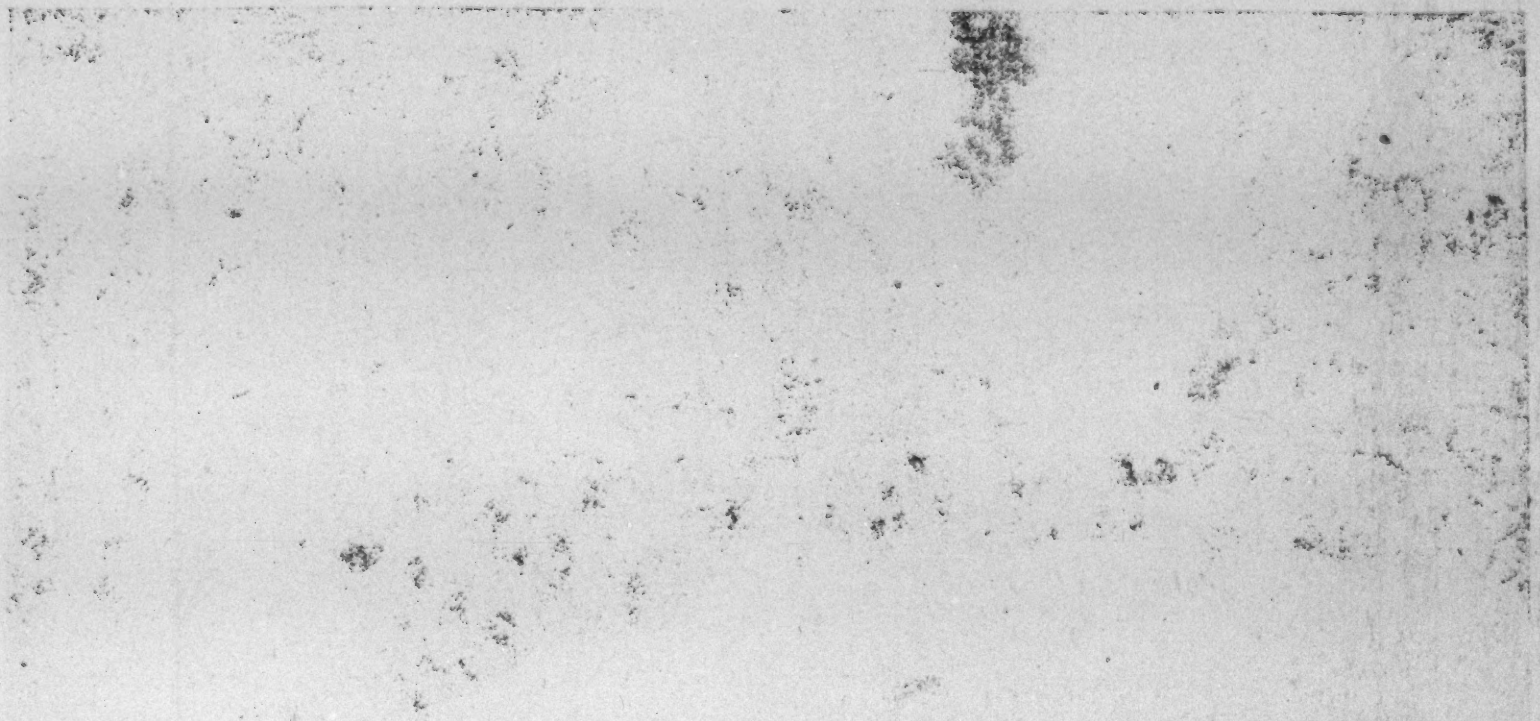
During the long years that the grass had been growing and withering above the graves of Martha Corey and Rebecca Nurse and their wretched companions, one of the most important of all possible changes had taken place in the world — a change in the mode of thinking. The work of Descartes, Locke, and Sir Isaac Newton had become a common inheritance; the relation of physical effect with physical cause had become established even in ignorant and unthinking minds, and a school-boy of 1878 would have rejected as absurd the evidence upon which Judge Hawthorne condemned a woman like Mary Easty to death.

Mrs. Eddy's attempt to revive the witch horror was only a court-room burlesque upon the grimmest tragedy in New England history. It is interesting only in that it demonstrates how surely the same effects follow the same causes. When Mrs. Eddy had succeeded in overcoming in her students' minds the tradition of sound reasoning of which they and their century were the fortunate heirs, when she had convinced them that there were no physical causes for physical ills, she had unwittingly plunged them back into the torturing superstitions which it had taken the world so long to overcome. The capacity for estimating evidence in cases of physical causation, which John Fiske calls "one of the world's latest and most laborious acquisitions," once denied, the Christian Scientists had parted with that rational attitude of mind which is the basis of the health and sanity of modern life; which has abolished religious persecution as well as controlled contagious disease, and has made a revival of the witchcraft terror as impossible as a recurrence of the Black Death. This rational habit of mind once broken down, two good women like Lucretia Brown and Dorcas Rawson could suspect a good man of the malice of a fiend. Among this little group of people who had been friends and fellow seekers after God, there broke out, in a milder form, that same scourge of fear and distrust which demoralized Salem from 1692 to 1694. In the attempt to bring the glad tidings of emancipation from the operation of physical law, which is sometimes cruel, Mrs. Eddy had come back to the cruelest of all debasing superstitions — that of attributing disease and misfortune to a malevolent human agency.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUDGMENT

BY

FRANCES S. LYMAN

JUST a look of swift surprise,
Down in deeps of childish eyes,
But my soul to judgment came,
Cowered, as before a flame,
Hid itself in dust of shame;
Not a word, a lisp of blame,
Just a look of swift surprise
In the quiet, lifted eyes.